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ADMETUS.

HE who could beard the lion in his lair,
To bind him for a girl, and tame the boar.
And drive these beasts before his chariot,



Might wed Alcestis. For her low brows' sake,
Her hair's soft undulations of warm gold,
Her eyes' clear color and pure virgin mouth,

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Though many would draw bow or shiver spear,
Yet none dared meet the intolerable eye,
Or lipless tusk, of lion or of boar.
This heard Admetus, king of Thessaly,
Whose broad, fat pastures spread their ample fields
Down to the sheer edge of Amphrysus' stream,
Who laughed, disdainful, at the father's pride,
That set such value on one milk-faced child.

One morning, as he rode alone and passed
Through the green twilight of Thessalian woods,
Between two pendulous branches interlocked,
As through an open casement, he descried
A goddess, as he deemed—in truth a maid.
On a low bank she fondled tenderly
A favorite hound, her floral face inclined
Above the glossy, graceful animal,
That pressed his snout against her cheek and gazed
Wistfully, with his keen, sagacious eyes.
One arm with lax embrace the neck enwreathed,
With polished roundness near the sleek, gray skin
Admetus, fixed with wonder, dared not pass,
Intrusive on her holy innocence
And sacred girlhood, but his fretful steed
Snuffed the large air, and champed and pawed the ground;
And hearing this, the maiden raised her head.
No let or hindrance then might stop the king,
Once having looked upon those supreme eyes.
The drooping boughs disparting, forth he sped,
And then drew in his steed, to ask the path,
Like a lost traveler in an alien land.
Although each river-cloven vale, with streams
Arrowy glancing to the blue Ægean,
Each hallowed mountain, the abode of gods,
Pelion and Ossa fringed with haunted groves,
The height, spring-crowned, of dedicate Olympus,
And pleasant sun-fed vineyards, were to him
Familiar as his own face in the stream,
Nathless he paused and asked the maid what path
Might lead him from the forest. She replied,
But still he tarried, and with sportsman's praise
Admired the hound and stooped to stroke its head,
And asked her if she hunted. Nay, not she:
Her father Pelias hunted in these woods,
Where there was royal game. He knew her now—
Alcestis—and he left her with due thanks:
No goddess, but a mortal, to be won
By such a simple feat as driving boars
And lions to his chariot. What was that
To him who saw the boar of Calydon,
The sacred boar of Artemis, at bay
In the broad stagnant marsh, and sent his darts
In its tough, quivering flank, and saw its death,
Stung by sure arrows of Arcadian nymph?

To river-pastures of his flocks and herds
 Admetus rode, where sweet-breathed cattle grazed,
 Heifers and goats and kids and foolish sheep,
 Dotted cool, spacious meadows with bent heads,
 And necks' soft wool broken in yellow flakes,
 Nibbling sharp-toothed the rich, thick-growing blades.
 One herdsman kept the innumerable droves—
 A boy yet, young as immortality—
 In listless posture on a vinegrown rock.
 Around him huddled kids and sheep that left
 The mother's udder for his nighest grass,
 Which sprouted with fresh verdure where he sat.
 And yet dull neighboring rustics never guessed
 A god had been among them till he went,
 Although with him they acted as he willed,
 Renouncing shepherds' silly pranks and quips,
 Because his very presence made them grave.
 Amphryssius, after their translucent stream,
 They called him, but Admetus knew his name—
 Hyperion, god of sun and song and silver speech,
 Condemned to serve a mortal for his sin
 To Zeus in sending violent darts of death,
 And raising hand irreverent, against
 The one-eyed forgers of the thunderbolt.
 For shepherd's crook he held the living rod
 Of twisted serpents, later Hermes' wand.
 Him sought the king, discovering soon hard by,
 Idle, as one in nowise bound to time,
 Watching the restless grasses blow and wave,
 The sparkle of the sun upon the stream,
 Regretting nothing, living with the hour:
 For him, who had his light and song within,
 Was naught that did not shine, and all things sang.
 Admetus prayed for his celestial aid
 To win Alcestis, which the god vouchsafed,
 Granting with smiles, as grant all gods, who smite
 With stern hand, sparing not for piteousness,
 But give their gifts in gladness.

Thus the king
 Led with loose rein the beasts as tame as kine,
 And townsfolk thronged within the city streets,
 As round a god; and mothers showed their babes,
 And maidens loved the crowned intrepid youth,
 And men would worship, though the very god
 Who wrought the wonder dwelled unnoted nigh,
 Divinely scornful of neglect or praise.
 Then Pelias, seeing this would be his son,
 As he had vowed, called for his wife and child.
 With Anaxibia, Alcestis came,
 A warm flush spreading o'er her eager face
 In looking on the rider of the woods,
 And knowing him her suitor and the king.

Admetus won Alcestis thus to wife,

And these with mated hearts and mutual love
Lived a life blameless, beautiful: the king
Ordaining justice in the gates; the queen,
With grateful offerings to the household gods,
Wise with the wisdom of the pure in heart.
One child she bore—Eumelus—and he throve.
Yet none the less because they sacrificed
The firstlings of their flocks and fruits and flowers,
Did trouble come; for sickness seized the king.
Alcestis watched with many-handed love,
But unavailing service, for he lay
With languid limbs, despite his ancient strength
Of sinew, and his skill with spear and sword.
His mother came, Clymene, and with her
His father, Pheres: his unconscious child
They brought him, while forlorn Alcestis sat
Discouraged, with the face of desolation.
The jealous gods would bind his mouth from speech,
And smite his vigorous frame with impotence;
And ruin with bitter ashes, worms and dust,
The beauty of his crowned, exalted head.
He knew her presence—soon he would not know,
Nor feel her hand in his lie warm and close,
Nor care if she were near him any more.
Exhausted with long vigils, thus the queen
Held hard and grievous thoughts, till heavy sleep
Possessed her weary senses, and she dreamed.
And even in her dream her trouble lived,
For she was praying in a barren field
To all the gods for help, when came across
The waste of air and land from distant skies
A spiritual voice divinely clear,
Whose unimaginable sweetness thrilled
Her aching heart with tremor of strange joy:
"Arise, Alcestis, cast away white fear.
A god dwells with you: seek and you shall find."
Then quiet satisfaction filled her soul
Almost akin to gladness, and she woke.
Weak as the dead, Admetus lay there still,
But she, superb with confidence, arose,
And passed beyond the mourners' curious eyes,
Seeking Amphyrysius in the meadow-lands.
She found him with the godlike mien of one
Who, roused, awakens unto deeds divine:
"I come, Hyperion, with incessant tears,
To crave the life of my dear lord the king
Pity me, for I see the future years
Widowed and laden with disastrous days.
And ye, the gods, will miss him when the fires
Upon your shrines, unfed, neglected die.
Who will pour large libations in your names,
And sacrifice with generous piety?
Silence and apathy will greet you there
Where once a splendid spirit offered praise.

Grant me this boon divine, and I will beat
 With prayer at morning's gates, before they ope
 Unto thy silver-hoofed and flame-eyed steeds.
 Answer ere yet the irremeable stream
 Be crossed: answer, O god, and save!"

She ceased,
 With full throat salt with tears, and looked on him,
 And with a sudden cry of awe fell prone,
 For, lo! he was transmuted to a god;
 The supreme aureole radiant round his brow,
 Divine refulgence on his face—his eyes
 Awful with splendor, and his august head
 With blinding brilliance crowned by vivid flame.



Then in a voice that charmed the listening air:
 "Woman, arise! I have no influence
 On Death, who is the servant of the Fates.
 Howbeit for thy passion and thy prayer,
 The grace of thy fair womanhood and youth,
 Thus godlike will I intercede for thee,
 And sue the insatiate sisters for this life.
 Yet hope not blindly: loth are these to change
 Their purpose; neither will they freely give,
 But haggling lend or sell: perchance the price
 Will countervail the boon. Consider this.
 Now rise and look upon me." And she rose,
 But by her stood no godhead bathed in light,

But young Amphrysius, herdsman to the king,
Benignly smiling.

Fleet as thought, the god
Fled from the glittering earth to blackest depths
Of Tartarus; and none might say he sped
On wings ambrosial, or with feet as swift
As scouring hail, or airy chariot
Borne by flame-breathing steeds ethereal;
But with a motion inconceivable
Departed and was there. Before the throne
Of Ades, first he hailed the long-sought queen,
Stolen with violent hands from grassy fields
And delicate airs of sunlit Sicily,
Pensive, gold-haired, but innocent-eyed no more
As when she laughing plucked the daffodils,
But grave as one fulfilling a strange doom.
And low at Ades' feet, wrapped in grim murk
And darkness thick, the three gray women sat,
Loose-robed and chapleted with wool and flowers,
Purple narcissi round their horrid hair.
Intent upon her task, the first one held
The slender thread that at a touch would snap;
The second weaving it with warp and woof
Into strange textures, some stained dark and foul,
Some sanguine-colored, and some black as night,
And rare ones white, or with a golden thread
Running throughout the web: the farthest hag
With glistening scissors cut her sisters' work.
To these Hyperion, but they never ceased,
Nor raised their eyes, till with soft, moderate tones,
But by their powerful persuasiveness
Commanding all to listen and obey,
He spoke, and all hell heard, and these three looked
And waited his request:

"I come, a god,
At a pure mortal queen's request, who sues
For life renewed unto her dying lord,
Admetus; and I also pray this prayer."
"Then cease, for when hath Fate been moved by prayer?"
"But strength and upright heart should serve with you."
"Nay, these may serve with all but Destiny."
"I ask ye not for ever to forbear,
But spare a while—a moment unto us,
A lifetime unto men." "The Fates swerve not
For supplications, like the pliant gods.
Have they not willed a life's thread should be cut?
With them the will is changeless as the deed.
O men! ye have not learned in all the past
Desires are barren and tears yield no fruit.
How long will ye besiege the thrones of gods
With lamentations? When lagged Death for all
Your timorous shirking? We work not like you,
Delaying and relenting, purposeless,
With unenduring issues; but our deeds,

For ever interchained and interlocked,
 Complete each other and explain themselves."
 "Ye will a life: then why not any life?"
 "What care we for the king? He is not worth
 These many words: indeed we love not speech.
 We care not if he live, or lose such life
 As men are greedy for—filled full with hate,
 Sins beneath scorn, and only lit by dreams,
 Or one sane moment, or a useless hope—
 Lasting how long?—the space between the green
 And fading yellow of the grass they tread."
 But he withdrawing not: "Will any life
 Suffice ye for Admetus?" "Yea," the crones
 Three times repeated. "We know no such names
 As king or queen or slaves: we want but life.
 Begone, and vex us in our work no more."

With broken blessings, inarticulate joy
 And tears, Alcestis thanked Hyperion,
 And worshiped. Then he gently: "Who will die,
 So that the king may live?" And she: "You ask?
 Nay, who will live when life clasps hands with shame,
 And death with honor? Lo, you are a god:
 You cannot know the highest joy of life—
 To leave it when 'tis worthier to die.
 His parents, kinsmen, courtiers, subjects, slaves—
 For love of him myself would die, were none
 Found ready; but what Greek would stand to see
 A woman glorified, and falter? Once,
 And only once, the gods will do this thing
 In all the ages: such a man themselves
 Delight to honor—holy, temperate, chaste,
 With reverence for his dæmon and his god."
 Thus she triumphant to the very door
 Of King Admetus' chamber. All there saw
 Her ill-timed gladness with much wonderment.
 But she: "No longer mourn! The king is saved:
 The Fates will spare him. Lift your voice in praise;
 Sing pæans to Apollo; crown your brows
 With laurel; offer thankful sacrifice!"
 "O Queen, what mean these foolish words misplaced?
 And what an hour is this to thank the Fates?"
 "Thrice blessed be the gods!—for God himself
 Has sued for me—they are not stern and deaf.
 Cry, and they answer: commune with your soul,
 And they send counsel: weep with rainy grief,
 And these will sweeten you your bitterest tears.
 On one condition King Admetus lives,
 And ye, on hearing, will lament no more,
 Each emulous to save." Then—for she spake
 Assured, as having heard an oracle—
 They asked: "What deed of ours may serve the king?"
 "The Fates accept another life for his,
 And one of you may die." Smiling, she ceased.

But silence answered her. "What! do ye thrust
 Your arrows in your hearts beneath your cloaks,
 Dying like Greeks, too proud to own the pang?
 This ask I not. In all the populous land
 But one need suffer for immortal praise.
 The generous Fates have sent no pestilence,
 Famine, nor war: it is as though they gave
 Freely, and only make the boon more rich
 By such slight payment. Now a people mourns,
 And ye may change the grief to jubilee,
 Filling the cities with a pleasant sound.
 But as for me, what faltering words can tell
 My joy, in extreme sharpness kin to pain?
 A monument you have within my heart,



Wreathed with kind love and dear remembrances;
 And I will pray for you before I crave
 Pardon and pity for myself from God.
 Your name will be the highest in the land,
 Oftenest, fondest on my grateful lips,
 After the name of him you die to save.
 What! silent still? Since when has virtue grown
 Less beautiful than indolence and ease?
 Is death more terrible, more hateworthy,
 More bitter than dishonor? Will ye live
 On shame? Chew and find sweet its poisoned fruits?
 What sons will ye bring forth—mean-souled like you,
 Or, like your parents, brave—to blush like girls,
 And say, 'Our fathers were afraid to die!'

Ye will not dare to raise heroic eyes
Unto the eyes of aliens. In the streets
Will women and young children point at you
Scornfully, and the sun will find you shamed,
And night refuse to shield you. What a life
Is this ye spin and fashion for yourselves!
And what new tortures of suspense and doubt
Will death invent for such as are afraid!
Acastus, thou my brother, in the field
Foremost, who greeted me with sanguine hands
From ruddy battle with a conqueror's face—
These honors wilt thou blot with infamy?
Nay, thou hast won no honors: a mere girl
Would do as much as thou at such a time,
In clamorous battle, 'midst tumultuous sounds,
Neighing of war-steeds, shouts of sharp command,
Snapping of shivered spears; for all are brave
When all men look to them expectantly;
But he is truly brave who faces death
Within his chamber, at a sudden call,
At night, when no man sees—content to die
When life can serve no longer those he loves."
Then thus Acastus: "Sister, I fear not
Death, nor the empty darkness of the grave,
And hold my life but as a little thing,
Subject unto my people's call, and Fate.
But if 'tis little, no greater is the king's;
And though my heart bleeds sorely, I recall
Astydamia, who thus would mourn for me.
We are not cowards, we youth of Thessaly,
And Thessaly—yea, all Greece—knoweth it;
Nor will we brook the name from even you,
Albeit a queen, and uttering these wild words
Through your unwonted sorrow." Then she knew
That he stood firm, and turning from him, cried
To the king's parents: "Are ye deaf with grief,
Pheres, Clymene? Ye can save your son,
Yet rather stand and weep with barren tears.
Oh shame! to think that such gray, reverend hairs
Should cover such unvenerable heads!
What would ye lose?—a remnant of mere life,
A few slight raveled threads, and give him years
To fill with glory. Who, when he is gone,
Will call you gentlest names this side of heaven—
Father and mother? Knew ye not this man
Ere he was royal—a poor, helpless child,
Crownless and kingdomless? One birth alone
Sufficeth not, Clymene: once again
You must give life with travail and strong pain.
Has he not lived to outstrip your swift hopes?
What mother can refuse a second birth
To such a son? But ye denying him,
What after offering may appease the gods?
What joy outweigh the grief of this one day?

What clamor drown the hours' myriad tongues,
 Crying, 'Your son, your son! where is your son,
 Unnatural mother, timid, foolish man?'"
 Then Pheres, gravely: "These are graceless words
 From you our daughter. Life is always life,
 And death comes soon enough to such as we.
 We twain are old and weak, have served our time,
 And made our sacrifices. Let the young
 Arise now in their turn and save the king."
 "O gods! look on your creatures! do ye see?
 And seeing have ye patience? Smite them all,
 Unsparing, with dishonorable death.
 Vile slaves! a woman teaches you to die.
 Intrepid, with exalted, steadfast soul,
 Scorn in my heart, and love unutterable,
 I yield the Fates my life, and like a god
 Command them to revere that sacred head.
 Thus kiss I thrice the dear, blind, holy eyes,
 And bid them see; and thrice I kiss this brow,
 And thus unfasten I the pale proud lips
 With fruitful kissings, bringing love and life,
 And without fear or any pang I breathe
 My soul in him."

"Alcestis, I awake.

I hear, I hear—unspeak thy reckless words!
 For, lo! thy life-blood tingles in my veins,
 And streameth through my body like new wine.
 Behold! thy spirit dedicate revives
 My pulse, and through thy sacrifice I breathe.
 Thy lips are bloodless: kiss me not again.
 Ashen thy cheeks, faded thy flower-like hands.
 O woman! perfect in thy womanhood
 And in thy wifehood, I adjure thee now
 As mother, by the love thou bearest our child,
 In this thy hour of passion and of love,
 Of sacrifice and sorrow, to unsay
 Thy words sublime!" "I die that thou mayest live."
 "And deemest thou that I accept the boon,
 Craven, like these my subjects? Lo, my queen,
 Is life itself a lovely thing—bare life?
 And empty breath a thing desirable?
 Or is it rather happiness and love
 That make it precious to its inmost core?
 When these are lost, are there not swords in Greece,
 And flame and poison, deadly waves and plagues?
 No man has ever lacked these things and gone
 Unsatisfied. It is not these the gods refuse—
 (Nay, never clutch my sleeve and raise thy lip)—
 Not these I seek; but I will stab myself,
 Poison my life and burn my flesh, with words,
 And save or follow thee. Lo! hearken now:
 I bid the gods take back their loathsome gifts:
 I spurn them and I scorn them, and I hate.
 Will they prove deaf to this as to my prayers?

With tongue reviling, blasphemous, I curse,
 With mouth polluted from deliberate heart.
 Dishonored be their names, scorned be their priests,
 Ruined their altars, mocked their oracles!
 It is Admetus, king of Thessaly,
 Defaming thus: annihilate him, gods!
 So that his queen, who worships you, may live."
 He paused as one expectant, but no bolt
 From the insulted heavens answered him,
 But awful silence followed. Then a hand,
 A boyish hand, upon his shoulder fell,
 And turning he beheld his shepherd boy,
 Not wrathful, but divinely pitiful,
 Who spake in tender, thrilling tones: "The gods
 Cannot recall their gifts. Blaspheme them not:
 Bow down and worship rather. Shall he curse
 Who sees not and who hears not—neither knows
 Nor understands? Nay, thou shalt bless and pray—
 Pray, for the pure heart, purged by prayer, divines,
 And seeth when the bolder eyes are blind.
 Worship and wonder—these befit a man
 At every hour, and mayhap will the gods
 Yet work a miracle for knees that bend
 And hands that supplicate."

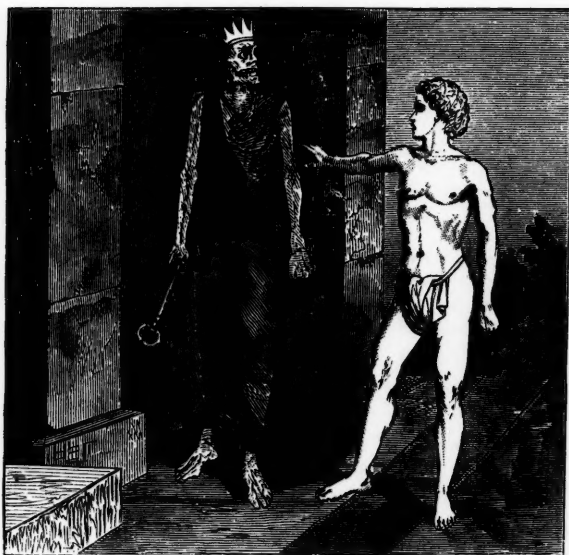
Then all they knew
 A sudden sense of awe, and bowed their heads
 Beneath the stripling's gaze: Admetus fell,
 Crushed by that gentle touch, and cried aloud:
 "Pardon and pity! I am hard beset."

There waited at the doorway of the king
 One grim and ghastly, shadowy, horrible,
 Bearing the likeness of a king himself,
 Erect as one who serveth not—upon
 His head a crown, within his fleshless hands
 A sceptre—monstrous, winged, intolerable.
 To him a stranger coming 'neath the trees,
 Which slid down flakes of light, now on his hair,
 Close-curved, now on his bared and brawny chest,
 Now on his flexile, vine-like veined limbs,
 With iron network of strong muscle thewed,
 And godlike brows and proud mouth unrelaxed.
 Firm was his step: no superfluity
 Of indolent flesh impeded this man's strength.
 Slender and supple every perfect limb,
 Beautiful with the glory of a man.
 No weapons bare he, neither shield: his hands
 Folded upon his breast, his movements free
 Of all encumbrance. When his mighty strides
 Had brought him nigh the waiting one, he paused:
 "Whose palace this? and who art thou, grim shade?"

"The palace of the king of Thessaly,
 And my name is not strange unto thine ears;
 For who hath told men that I wait for them,
 The one sure thing on earth? Yet all they know,
 Unasking and yet answered. I am Death,
 The only secret that the gods reveal.
 But who art thou who darest question me?"

"Alcides; and that thing I dare not do
 Hath found no name. Whom here awaitest thou?"

"Alcestis, queen of Thessaly—a queen
 Who wooed me as the bridegroom woos the bride,
 For her life sacrificed will save her lord
 Admetus, as the Fates decreed. I wait



Impatient, eager; and I enter soon,
 With darkening wing, invisible, a god,
 And kiss her lips, and kiss her throbbing heart,
 And then the tenderest hands can do no more
 Than close her eyes and wipe her cold, white brow,
 Inurn her ashes and strew flowers above."

"This woman is a god, a hero, Death.
 In this her sacrifice I see a soul
 Luminous, starry: earth can spare her not:
 It is not rich enough in purity
 To lose this paragon. Save her, O Death!
 Thou surely art more gentle than the Fates,
 Yet these have spared her lord, and never meant
 That she should suffer, and that this their grace,

Beautiful, royal on one side, should turn
Sudden and show a fearful, fatal face."
"Nay, have they not? O fond and foolish man,
Naught comes unlooked for, unforeseen by them.
Doubt when they favor thee, though thou mayest laugh
When they have scourged thee with an iron scourge.
Behold, their smile is deadlier than their sting,
And every boon of theirs is double-faced.
Yea, I am gentler unto ye than these:
I slay relentless, but when have I mocked
With poisoned gifts, and generous hands that smite
Under the flowers? for my name is Truth.
Were this fair queen more fair, more pure, more chaste,
I would not spare her for your wildest prayer
Nor her best virtue. Is the earth's mouth full?
Is the grave satisfied? Discrown me then,
For life is lord, and men may mock the gods
With immortality." "I sue no more,
But I command thee spare this woman's life,
Or wrestle with Alcides." "Wrestle with thee,
Thou puny boy!" And Death laughed loud, and swelled
To monstrous bulk, fierce-eyed, with outstretched wings,
And lightnings round his brow; but grave and firm,
Strong as a tower, Alcides waited him,
And these began to wrestle, and a cloud
Impenetrable fell, and all was dark.

"Farewell, Admetus and my little son,
Eumelus—oh these clinging baby hands!
Thy loss is bitter, for no chance, no fame,
No wealth of love, can ever compensate
For a dead mother. Thou, O king, fulfill
The double duty: love him with my love,
And make him bold to wrestle, shiver spears,
Noble and manly, Grecian to the bone;
And tell him that his mother spake with gods.
Farewell, farewell! Mine eyes are growing blind:
The darkness gathers. Oh my heart, my heart!"
No sound made answer save the cries of grief
From all the mourners, and the supplication
Of strick'n Admetus: "Oh have mercy, gods!
O gods, have mercy, mercy upon us!"
Then from the dying woman's couch again
Her voice was heard, but with strange sudden tones:
"Lo, I awake—the light comes back to me.
What miracle is this?" And thunders shook
The air, and clouds of mighty darkness fell,
And the earth trembled, and weird, horrid sounds
Were heard of rushing wings and fleeing feet,
And groans; and all were silent, dumb with awe,
Saving the king, who paused not in his prayer:

"Have mercy, gods!" and then again, "O gods,
Have mercy!"

Through the open casement, poured
Bright floods of sunny light; the air was soft,
Clear, delicate as though a summer storm
Had passed away; and those there standing saw,
Afar upon the plain, Death fleeing thence,
And at the doorway, weary, well-nigh spent,
Alcides, flushed with victory.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE STORY OF THE SAPPHIRE.

HOW I came to form an intimate friendship with M. le Comte de Sieyères it hardly enters into the purpose of this narrative to tell. We Americans are only too fond of boasting about such intimacies, and of minutely narrating every particular respecting their origin and progress. But as the relation I wish to give is merely that of one incident in the eventful life of the count—one, too, in which he was only a spectator, and not an actor—I shall have no occasion to offend the reader by any egotistical details.

When I first made the acquaintance of M. de Sieyères in the spring of 1865, he was about sixty years of age, though he appeared much older by reason of his infirm health. He suffered terribly at times from some painful and incurable internal malady, which forced him to lead a very quiet and secluded life; the only dissipation which he ever allowed himself being an occasional visit to the opera or the theatre, for he was passionately fond of both musical and dramatic entertainments. He was a handsome, delicate-looking, courteous old gentleman, with an air and a demeanor which always struck me as being anachronisms. Though he was always dressed with great care and in the very latest fashion, I could never look upon the garb of the nineteenth century as suited to him, and always fancied that he should

have worn the powder, the point-lace ruffles, the velvet coat and satin inexpressibles of the *ancien régime*. His white, slender hands seemed formed to be half hidden beneath folds of point de Bruxelles or point d'Alençon; his small, shapely foot required the blaze of a diamond buckle on the instep; and his finely-cut features suggested the notion of an unfinished miniature, lacking the snowy cloud of powder which should have hidden the lingering darkness of the still abundant locks.

His abode seemed as little suited to him as his costume. He occupied a suite of rooms on the newly-opened Boulevard Malesherbes—"more central and less costly than the Faubourg St. Germain," he laughingly remarked when I ventured to comment upon the singularity of his choice of residence. But when once the glowing sunshine and snowy newness of the street were left behind, a step across the threshold of his rooms swept the modern Paris and the France of to-day out of existence, and bore the visitor back to the bygone days when Robespierres and Bonapartes were as yet unknown. The *salon* was hung with fine old Gobelin tapestry (preserved as if by a miracle when the château de Sieyères had been sacked during the first Revolution), while the ponderous carved chairs, and massive cabinets dark with age, and

dim antique mirrors in tarnished gilt frames, revived memories of the magnificent age of Louis Quatorze. The dining-room was paneled with carved oak that had once adorned the chapel of some princely mansion, while the bed-chamber beyond, with its draperies of ancient but still brilliant brocade, its pictures by Watteau and Greuze, its toilet-table veiled with lace and fluttering with ribbons, recalled the days of Pompadour and Dubarry—that frivolous, sinful seed-time whose terrible harvest was the Revolution and its sickle the guillotine. The library, however, was the room where the count usually received me. It was the smallest of the suite, and was hung with dark red Utrecht velvet, whose sombre hue showed off to advantage one or two fine statues and several antique busts which stood on pedestals in the spaces between the carved bookcases. Here I spent many a pleasant hour conversing with my astute and accomplished host respecting most of the leading topics of the day, always excepting politics, for upon that subject he was ever extremely reticent. I gathered from his conversation that he was a Legitimist by birth and inclination, but an Orleanist from conviction; and some sly satirical remarks which he occasionally let fall convinced me that he regarded the reigning powers with no favorable eye. But both from temperament and ill-health he was unfitted to take an active part in political life.

The count had never married, and, like most men of cultivated tastes and ample means who are compelled through circumstances to lead lonely lives, he had become a collector—not of books nor pictures, nor yet of autographs, but of antique and historical jewelry. He had some of the finest antique gems, and certainly the most remarkable specimens of ancient Etruscan jewelry, that I have ever seen in private hands. His collection of historical ornaments was nearly as valuable, while it was still more interesting to me from the fact that he knew and delighted to relate the legend attached

to each trinket. That diamond buckle had sparkled on the arched instep of Louis XV., yon filagree bracelet had encircled the rounded arm of Madame de Mailly, and Anne of Austria had looped back her abundant tresses with this pearl spray; here was a silver-hilted dagger which had belonged to Marguerite de Valois, and there a jeweled fan which bore on the sticks Madame de Pompadour's initials, formed of tiny diamonds and minute emeralds; Louis XIV. had dipped his fingers into this enameled snuff-box, and Adrienne Lecouvreur had decked her breast with that brooch of rubies and turquoise. One compartment in the case which contained these treasures was entirely devoted to rings, of which the count possessed a great number; among them one set with a forget-me-not of sapphires, a love-token presented by Augustus the Strong to Aurora von Königsmark; and a plain hoop of gold enameled with ivy-leaves, which had been worn by the saint-like Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. Among these costly relics of departed personages and bygone days, ornaments of modern workmanship were occasionally to be met with, but the count usually passed these over in silence, and if pressed to relate their history would only shake his head and either smile or sigh as the case might be.

One evening, after we had been chatting together on indifferent subjects for some time, M. de Sieyères unlocked his jewel-cabinet to display to me a seal ring supposed to have once belonged to Henri Quatre, as it bore engraved on the topaz with which it was set the initials H. R., surmounted by a crown. On touching a spring concealed in the gold chasing, the stone rose, revealing a tiny but exquisitely-executed miniature of a fair-faced damsel, the portrait, as the count declared, of that Henriette d'Entraigues who at one time rivaled Gabrielle d'Estrées in the affections of the fickle Henri. After I had duly inspected and admired this new treasure, I continued to investigate the contents of the cabinet, finding ever fresh sources

of interest and amusement. At last I took up a ring which I had never before observed. It was of modern workmanship—a good-sized and remarkably fine sapphire of a lustrous deep azure hue in a setting of black enamel, a style in which I had frequently seen diamonds mounted, but never before any other precious stone. Portions of the enamel were cracked, and other portions partly fused, and the whole ornament, apart from the sapphire itself, looked as though it had once been subjected to the action of fire. I examined it for some moments in silence, then turning to the count, who was still busied with his new purchase, I laid it before him.

"Might I, without indiscretion, seek to learn the history attached to this ring?" I asked.

He took it up with a slight but perceptible start. "I did not know that this sapphire was here," he said, after a moment's pause. "Well, I *will* tell you its story. It is a tragic one, but I feel in a gossiping mood to-night, and not ill inclined to wander back amid the scenes and personages of the past. So, if you will pardon in advance any possible prolixity or garrulousness on my part (remember, my friend, that I am an old man), I will recall for your benefit the history of this sapphire ring.

"You know how often I have smiled at the enthusiastic admiration which the charms of our Parisian actresses have aroused in your breast. One evening you go to the Gymnase, and you come to me the next day raving about the piquant loveliness of Céline Montaland, the blonde beauty of Blanche Pierson, the splendid eyes of Madame Pasco, and the virginal charms of Made-moiselle Delaporte. Next you visit La Lyrique, and words fail you wherein to express your admiration for that beauty compounded of snow and moonlight, Christine Nilsson. You might be petrified or frozen by this admiration did you not go on the following evening to La Gaîté, where the faultless forms of Mesdemoiselles Colombyer and Thesée claim your attention and call forth your

enthusiasm. It is well that in the multitude of counsel there is safety, or I might long ere this have seen you sighing forth your soul at the feet of one of these superb but not unapproachable divinities."

I only laughed. I was by this time pretty well accustomed to the badinage of my old friend, and it was not the first time that he had rallied me on this subject.

"If you had been familiar with our stage some years ago, even so late as 1854, your admiration would have been more intelligible and more excusable. Madame Doche was then in all the brilliancy of those unrivaled charms which combined the threefold lustre of beauty, genius and rare distinction of manners. You saw her, I believe, in *Les Parasites* at the Odéon the other night, and you pronounced her to be the most distinguished-looking woman you had yet seen in Europe, with the one exception of the empress of Austria. Can you picture to yourself what she must have been years ago, when all Paris was in tears over *La Dame aux Camélias*? Then at the Français there were Madeleine Brohan, in those days beautiful as a poet's dream; her fascinating sister Augustine; charming Delphine Fix, and Judith of the snowy complexion and velvety black eyes; while imperious and splendid Cruvelli at the Opera, lovely Rose Cheri at the Gymnase, and the two goddesses of the dance, Rosati and Cerito, disputed the palm of loveliness elsewhere. Those were the palmy days of our theatres, when Rachel acted and Cruvelli sang and Rosati danced; when a *première danseuse* was an artist and ballet-dancing indeed the poetry of motion; and when Madame Allan drew crowds to the Français to weep over her acting in *La Joie fait Peur*. What replaces these great artists to-day? Instead of Cruvelli we have Schneider; instead of Rachel, Theresa; instead of Cerito, we have the *corps de ballet* of the *Biche aux Bois*; instead of the elegance, the grace, the genius of Doche, we are called upon to admire the unveiled

loveliness of Mademoiselle Colombier in the rôle of Eve in *Le Paradis Perdu*.

"But I have wandered far from my subject. You know I begged you in advance to excuse my possible garrulousness; so, craving your pardon, I will try to tell my story in a more direct fashion.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen upon the boards of a Parisian theatre was the heroine of my tale. She was a Spanish dancer, Inez Castrejon by name, and she was a member of a troupe imported from Madrid by the management of the Grand Opera. Although she was not one of the leading dancers, her extraordinary beauty and perfect grace, joined to a sort of unsophisticated gayety in her gestures and acting, which was at once novel and attractive, rendered her speedily a universal favorite. Her dancing had all the dash and daring peculiar to her native land, while at the same time it partook of the bounding, artless joyousness of a mirthful child. Her features and form were alike almost faultless, and her great, lustrous black eyes were full of expression. One of her greatest charms was her hair, which, whenever the exigencies of her rôle permitted, she suffered to fall untressed around her shoulders. It covered her like a royal mantle ('plus longue qu'un manteau de roi,' as Alfred de Musset has it), and it fell far below the border of her ballet dress—such dresses in those days being worn far longer than they are now.

"Notwithstanding her personal loveliness and the perilous nature of her profession, her reputation was spotless. She lived simply and humbly, and even contrived to save something out of her moderate salary, while palaces and parures of diamonds, carriages and cashmere shawls, were proffered for her acceptance in vain. It was said that she was of gypsy blood—a report that was probably true, as after events proved that she possessed the untamed spirit as well as the steadfast chastity of that wild race.

"One evening after the opera, I sup-

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ped at the Café Anglais. There was a large party of us assembled in one of the private cabinets, and I think we had all taken more than was good for us of the celebrated old Chablis for which that establishment is famed. The conversation turned upon the performance we had just witnessed, and several persons present extolled the beauty and modesty of Inez Castrejon. In the midst of this conversation the door opened and gave admittance to one of the most celebrated *lions* of the day—the Vicomte Gaston de Gondrecourt.

"M. de Gondrecourt had at that time the reputation of being the handsomest man in Paris. And so he was—of a romantic, novel-hero sort of beauty, a real Monte Cristo type, with pale, colorless complexion, jet black hair and moustache, and great, dark, sleepy blue eyes. He was very tall and powerfully formed, almost the only large Frenchman I have ever seen who was really handsome; for even in masculine beauty the true French type is more noted for delicacy of outline and finish than for grandeur." (M. de Sieyères himself was by no means a tall man.) "He was very unpopular with his own sex, though noted for his *bonnes fortunes* with the other; but there was a cold-blooded, Mephistophelian sort of wickedness about his profligacy which repelled many a man whose morals to all outward appearance were no purer than his own.

"He came up to the table at which we were seated. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'when I entered I think you were extolling the virtue of Mademoiselle Castrejon of the Opera.'

"Several voices answered in the affirmative.

"'Well, gentlemen,' he continued, 'I have sworn to succeed where so many have failed, and I have the honor to invite you all to a supper to take place this day next month in my hôtel, No. 7 Avenue Montespan, Champs Elysées, at which entertainment the lady in question will preside as hostess.'

"He bowed as he finished speaking, the door closed, and he was gone be-

fore any of us could recover from our astonishment.

"Many of the younger men present looked upon the whole affair as a mere theatrical scene and empty boast, but I knew the nature of the man far better. And when the month had nearly expired, I was not surprised to receive a reminder in the shape of a regular invitation for the evening in question. I did not go: I was past the age at which *petits soupers* are an irresistible attraction; and moreover there was a moral repulsion about De Gondrecourt that rendered his society distasteful to me. But I learned afterward from some of my friends that the whole affair was perfectly regal in all its appointments, and that Inez Castrejon, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk covered with delicate Chantilly lace, and blazing with diamonds, though the only female present, performed her duties as hostess with a grace and decorum which left nothing to be desired. 'So another frail bark has gone down in the fatal ocean of Parisian vice,' I thought. And then I troubled myself no more about De Gondrecourt or his affairs.

"After that time the world saw but little of the beautiful Inez. She appeared no more on the stage, and seemed to shrink from public observation; and though she was occasionally to be seen with the vicomte in a box at the Opera or at one of the theatres, she acquired no new celebrity by ostentation or extravagance, and her toilettes and her equipage made no stir in the Bois or at the races. When I learned (as I did later) how cruel was the deception De Gondrecourt had practiced in order to win her, I understood why her life and her manners differed so widely from those of most creatures of the class to which she had fallen. The poor child had been made the victim of a pretended marriage: she thought that she was the Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt, the wife of the man she adored. No wonder that she preserved the modesty of demeanor for which even as an opera dancer she had been noted. I was presented to her one evening in her box

at the Gymnase, and I was much struck by her unaffected grace and refinement, and also deeply touched by the passionate devotion for De Gondrecourt which was strikingly manifest in her every glance and gesture.

"'Mon cher,' said Léon de Beaugency to me that evening as we quitted the box, 'our friend Gaston is sowing a tempest whose harvest of whirlwind will speedily ripen. That poor girl believes herself to be his lawful wife. I know something about these Spanish women of gypsy blood, and when she once discovers that she has been betrayed, woe to him or to herself! She loves him madly now, and in proportion to the strength of her passion will be the fury of her indignation and the greatness of her revenge.'

"'And her delusion will not last long, I fancy,' was my reply.

"'Not very long. If she would only make herself notorious in some way by her dress, her diamonds or her diabolical behavior, De Gondrecourt might become proud of her, and might even come to value her as highly as he does his English race-horses, his wonderful Clos Vougeot and Cabinet Johannisberg, or his newly-purchased picture, that Poussin for which he successfully competed with the agents of the government. But she does nothing to feed his vanity or add to his celebrity. She only loves him; and, mark my words, there will be an outbreak between them before long.'

"Months passed on, and De Gondrecourt and his affairs were no longer a theme of conversation in society, when a fresh interest in him was excited by the announcement of his betrothal to one of the reigning belles of the *beau-monde*, the beautiful, wealthy and widowed Princess Olga Vasanoff, a Russian lady whose peculiar personal loveliness and fascinating manners, added to reports respecting her vast wealth, had rendered her one of the greatest social successes of the season. Her salon was always crowded on her reception evenings, and it was hard to catch even a glimpse of her in her box

at the Opera, so surrounded was she always by admirers and adorers. She was a frail, delicate-looking blonde, pale, golden-haired and petite in form, with great, dreamy blue eyes and a voice of singular softness and sweetness. She always recalled to me the mist-veiled, shadowy heroines of Ossian. She was in truth a sort of northern Undine, born of the snow-drift, and not of the waves—a Lurlei whose home was the Frozen Ocean, and not the sunny Rhine. This weird and witching being had not only been won by De Gondrecourt, but, what was stranger still, she had succeeded in winning *him*. For the first time in his life the vicomte discovered that he had a heart, which was not till it had irrecoverably passed into the possession of the Princess Olga. He was madly in love, and had she scorned him or lured him into a hopeless and unrequited passion, even justice itself would have been satisfied with the retribution which would then have befallen him. But his good fortune with the fair sex did not desert him even in the dangerous moment of his own surrender, and Madame Vasanoff in the very flush of her victory was forced to declare herself vanquished.

"And what of the fair Inez? I asked of Léon de Beaugency one day, when we were discussing the approaching nuptials of De Gondrecourt.

"De Beaugency shrugged his shoulders. 'Gaston does not take me into his confidence,' he replied. 'But I have been told that there was a fearful scene between them when he first informed her of his projected marriage. He offered her anything she might ask in the way of settlements or ready money, but she refused his offers with scorn. It is even said that she forced her way into the presence of the Princess Vasanoff one day when Gaston was visiting her. But the fair Russian knew perfectly well what manner of man her betrothed was, and I doubt if any revelations poor Inez could make would be of much weight or of great novelty to her.'

"And what says De Gondrecourt to all this? I asked.

"He declares that he will forget that such a creature ever existed, so incensed has he become at her persistent efforts to create an *esclandre*. Some one repeated that speech to her, and she has sworn to make him remember her all the days of his life. Mark me, De Sieyères, we have not yet seen the end of this affair.'

"But I thought we certainly had when some weeks later I was present at the gorgeous wedding of the Vicomte de Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. The Madeleine was densely crowded, and I must confess that my eye roved uneasily among the glittering groups in search of the unhappy Inez, so convinced was I that she would seek in some way to interrupt the ceremony. But she was not there, and I drew a sigh of relief when the pale, lovely bride, leaning on her husband's arm, passed out of the portals unmolested and unhindered."

Here M. de Sieyères rose, and going to his *escritoire* drew forth a packet of letters, one of which he selected and returned with it to his seat. "Here," said he, unfolding it as he spoke, "is a letter from my sister, the Baroness de Liançay, written from Vienna a few months after the marriage of De Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. An extract from it will give you some idea of their happiness and their mutual devotion. She writes: 'The season thus far has been unusually gay, and Vienna was never more crowded with strangers than at present. I saw, at the christening of the Archduchess Gisela the other day, your pet aversion, Gaston de Gondrecourt, with his beautiful wife. Report says they are most insanely and unfashionably in love with each other; and certainly they are the most devoted couple I ever saw outside the pages of a moral story-book. It is no small triumph even for the Northern Circe, as Madame Vasanoff used to be called, to have won the heart of such a *vaurien* as Gaston, or rather to have caused him to find out that he had a heart at all. They have just come from visiting the large estates of the bride in Russia

(she was, as I believe you know, a wealthy heiress when the sickly Prince Vasanoff married her), and they intend to travel for at least a year, as it will take that time to finish their new hôtel on the Rue Bassompierre. I hear it is to be a perfect miracle of splendor and artistic decoration. Fiagot and Vivarol are to paint the walls and ceilings, and Lesueur is to superintend the carved work both in wood and marble. It is said that the mantelpieces in the grand salon are to be of malachite, a wedding-gift from the Emperor Alexander, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I asked De Gondrecourt why he did not occupy his hôtel on the Champs Elysées while his new one was being finished, and his reply pleased me greatly. "I could not take *my wife* under that roof," he answered in a very significant tone. I admired the delicacy of feeling displayed in that answer, and I think you will join with me in agreeing that there is some good still left in the nature of a man who has shown himself capable of loving a pure-minded, high-souled woman as tenderly as De Gondrecourt undoubtedly loves his wife.

"Nearly a year later I was in Brussels, whither I had gone to pass a few weeks, the festivities attendant on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to the Archduke Maximilian having rendered the little capital of Belgium unusually gay and attractive. One evening, being wearied of the continued round of balls and fêtes, I decided to visit the Opera, being tempted thereto by the announcement of a new ballet entitled *La Reine des Brouillards*, the heroine of which was to be personated by a new danseuse, Madame Dolores by name, whom rumor declared to be of extraordinary excellence.

"I reached the opera-house rather late, but as a stupid little operetta had been played as *lever de rideau*, I arrived before the commencement of the ballet. I had one of the orchestra stalls on the first row, directly fronting the stage. The house was crowded, and I recognized many acquaintances among the audience, all Paris seemingly having

taken wing to Brussels to be present at the bridal fêtes of the future empress of Mexico. One of the proscenium boxes was occupied by M. and Madame de Gondrecourt, the latter perfectly dazzling to behold from the splendor of the diamond and opal parure with which she was adorned, and looking as Gretchen might have done when decked with the jewel gifts wherewith Mephistopheles first tempted her. She was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman present, and every opera-glass in the house was leveled at her and her handsome husband, who never left her side. I watched De Gondrecourt narrowly, and as his every look and movement revealed how real and intense was his love for his wife—a love apparently heightened, not impaired, by twelve months of matrimony—a strange, sad feeling of foreboding stole over my spirit, and I looked almost pityingly upon the gay, handsome couple who seemed so enviable in their youth, their beauty, their prosperity and their evident devotion to each other.

"The curtain rose, a few preliminary scenes passed off without anything to remark, and at last the Queen of the Mist, heralded by a brief expressive strain from the orchestra, bounded upon the stage, and was received by the audience with a stormy burst of applause. Her face and form were almost entirely concealed by a flowing veil of pale gray gauze, but before she had half finished her first *pas-seul*, I was convinced that Madame Dolores was not unknown to me. With almost breathless anxiety I awaited the moment when she should uncover her face. At last it came: the shrouding veil was cast aside, and I saw that my suspicions were correct, and that Madame Dolores was no other than Inez Castrejon.

"I cast an involuntary glance toward the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts. No trace of emotion was visible on the fair features of the vicomtesse as she leaned back in her chair, calmly drawing her point lace shawl a little closer over her white shoulders, while Gaston leveled his opera-glass at the

dancer as coolly as though she had been a total stranger. Yet the changes that were visible in the face and form of the once peerless beauty might have moved even his callous soul to pity and remorse. She was thin almost to emaciation; and though her features preserved their perfect outline and her limbs their faultless symmetry, the brightness, roundness and freshness of youth had departed for ever. Her dancing, too, had lost all the bounding animation which had formerly distinguished it, and though her every motion was still graceful and aerial, in her art as well as in her beauty she was but a shadow of her former self. I saw at once that she was aware of the presence of De Gondrecourt and his wife. There was something fearful in the expression that crossed her face, something deadly in the fire that blazed in her great burning eyes; and a premonition of some terrible tragedy which was about to be enacted caused my heart to sink within me. Yet after the first glance at the proscenium box—a glance wherein I read recognition and desperate determination—she looked no more in that direction. But through all the changes of her rôle her face never lost that look of fatal, terrible resolution—such a look as I have seen Rachel wear in *Phèdre* when the guilty queen comes to denounce Hippolyte.

"I could not divest myself of the idea that some awful event was about to take place. I strove to shake off the impression. I tried to direct my attention to the other actors, the audience, the piece itself, but in vain. I could see nothing but that white, set face, those burning eyes: I could think of nothing but the ghastly energy, the desperate resolution which were painted on that pallid countenance. The showy scenery, the spangled and silk-garbed actors, the brilliant audience, all seemed to me a mockery, and I sat as a spectator at the Coliseum might have done in the awful hush which preceded the entrance of the wild beasts and the Christian captives.

"Yet the ballet progressed smoothly

though languidly, the evident preoccupation of the principal danseuse having tended to mar the perfection of the representation. It was with a feeling of relief that I saw the last scene disclosed, and I began to hope that my fears and forebodings had been without any foundation. This last scene represented a wild mountain landscape. A lofty rock towered in the foreground at the side of the stage directly opposite to the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts, and I learned from the play-bill that it was upon this peak that *La Reine des Brouillards* was to make her appearance to denounce her faithless lover, and to summon up the mists which were to surround his path and cause his destruction by concealing from him the abyss into which he was consequently to fall. The hero and his followers made their appearance, went through the usual pantomime expression of distress and dread, a wild wailing strain sounded from the orchestra, and the Queen of the Mist rose up, a splendid but threatening vision, before them.

Inez was enveloped in a flowing robe and veil of pale gray gauze interwoven with silver—a light but voluminous garb adapted to be worn above the usual ballet costume, and to be easily and quickly cast aside. She wore no rouge, and her pale face and large, dilated eyes looked even more strangely than before when seen under the shadow of that vaporous drapery. Before the hurried, expressive movement played by the orchestra was ended, a sudden crash startled the audience. Inez had pushed away the ladder by which she had reached her lofty elevation, and it had fallen heavily to the floor. Before the last echoes of this sound had died away, another and still more startling one rang through the crowded theatre: it was these words shrieked rather than spoken:

"Gaston de Gondrecourt! do you think *now* that you will ever forget me?"

"And then I saw Inez gather together the folds of her silvery drapery with one hand and thrust them deliberately into

the blaze of one of the gas-burners that illumined the side scenes. In an instant the unhappy girl was enveloped in flames. The uproar that ensued was something indescribable. Screams, shrieks, cries of 'Fire! save her!' were intermingled in a wild commotion: many gentlemen (one of whom was myself) sprang upon the stage; ladies fainted or went into violent hysterics; while in the midst of all that awful blazing figure stood out upon its lofty pedestal, erect, silent and perfectly motionless.

"In less time than I have taken to relate the incident the ladder was raised, and one of the actors rushed up it, tearing loose one of the stage carpets, with which he enveloped Inez and succeeded in subduing the flames. But during those few instants the fire, fed by her light and combustible raiment, had done its work effectually.

"She was borne to the green-room, and a physician was instantly summoned. But there was nothing to be done—nothing but to cover the poor scarred body tenderly and wait for the end.

"She lived scarcely half an hour after the flames were extinguished. When the brief medical examination was ended she requested that I should be summoned, having apparently recognized me during the performance. I came at once, and she whispered to me with a failing voice to take her sapphire ring (which the physician had already removed from her finger) to Gaston de Gondrecourt. 'He gave it to me to recall the hue of his eyes: let him keep it in remembrance of this night,' she murmured. I promised to do her bidding, and she added, 'I think now. I have stamped my image on his soul. *I have burnt it in. Il ne m'oubliera jamais.*'

"Those were her last words. A few minutes later the sobbing breathing ceased, the moaning lips were still, and Inez Castrejon, slain by her own desperate hand, had ceased to exist.

"And now, my friend, I fear that you will think that I committed a doubly

dishonorable action. I never delivered her message to De Gondrecourt, and I kept the ring.

"I set out in search of him the following day. I found that he had taken apartments at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and I proceeded thither at once. But on reaching the hôtel I found myself face to face with a new horror—another terrible calamity. Madame de Gondrecourt was, as I have before said, of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization, and the fearful scene she had witnessed at the theatre had proved her death-blow. She was taken home in a state of total insensibility: a premature confinement ensued, followed by an attack of prostration from which she never rallied; and not twelve hours after the death of Inez Castrejon the beautiful, brilliant, idolized Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt lay a corpse in the arms of her half-frantic husband. Thus terribly though unwittingly had Gaston's victim avenged herself.

"I could not bring myself to plant another thorn in the already lacerated heart of the wretched De Gondrecourt by delivering to him the ring and the last message from Inez. I sought out her only surviving relative, a little actress in one of the minor theatres of Madrid, and to her I paid the value of the sapphire ring, which thus became my property with her full consent."

"And what became of M. de Gondrecourt?" I asked.

"He entered the army, but resigned when the civil war in America broke out. He joined the Confederates, was made a colonel and finally a general, but after some years of hard fighting, foreseeing probably the failure of the Confederacy, he left the United States and went to Mexico to proffer his services to the Emperor Maximilian. I believe he holds quite an elevated position among the military chieftains of the Imperial army, and he may some day become one of the greatest dignitaries of the new empire."

In the autumn of 1867 I received a letter from M. de Sieyères (with whom

I constantly correspond), which contained the following paragraph: "Do you remember my sapphire ring, and the history of the danseuse and of Gaston de Gondrecourt? I have just heard of the sad fate of the latter. He refused to quit Mexico with the French troops, preferring to remain and share

the fortunes of his ill-fated master. He was captured at Queretaro, and two days after the execution of Maximilian was shot by order of Juarez. His last words, addressed to his executioners, were—"You bring me a boon which for years I have sought in vain—death!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

BY STEAM AND PADDLE TO MANITOBA.

I.

A NARROW jetty standing out some thousands of feet into the bay. A network of iron rails covering its whole extent. A large paddle-wheel packet, with steam up, at its farthest extremity. A few loiterers on the footpath looking at the setting sun. In the background, on the very edge of the primeval forest, a new settlement, laid out only a few years ago, and already rejoicing in the name of city, with mayor and municipality. Is it an American town? Yes, in the sense that it has all the energy and ambition of frontier towns of this continent, and much of their marvelous progress. Its streets are wide and clean. There are gardens and bits of meadow around each house, testifying to the good sense of the pioneers in laying out their land. At present that land is worth little: in a few years it will sell at so many dollars the square foot. The public buildings are neat and substantial, though, as usual, the city hall and churches are inferior in beauty and size to the hotels. The population is two thousand; commerce steadily increasing; position for trade unsurpassed. The town is American indeed, but it is not in the United States. Its name is Collingwood, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Its inhabitants differ little from ours, having the same habits, language, religion; the same aptitude for business; the same quiet, persistent activity. But a brief

intercourse with them shows that they are thoroughly British in sentiment, and have the same confidence in the destiny of their new Dominion that we have in the future of our new republic. And Canadians have reason to be proud of their country. Whatever may be said of the Quebec Province, where the winter is uncommonly severe and the rivalry of races is a serious drawback to concerted and harmonious national action, it is certain that Ontario has flourished and increased as much as any of our own States of the same size. Nay, if we are to believe official statistics, it is ahead of most of our States, yielding only to Illinois and a few others of our great Western settlements.

Yes, we are in a British town. Would you have other proofs of the fact? See the flag which is at this moment being run up to the masthead of the steamer at the quay. It is the Union Jack. The same emblem is simultaneously displayed from all the public edifices and many of the private houses. There must be some celebration or other on hand. Men are gathering in groups; gayly-dressed women decorate the streets; there is already a vast crowd at the railway station. Presently a rumbling is heard from afar, the whistle resounds in the belt of woods behind the town, and soon after an immense train, bedecked with streamers and boughs, rushes into the town. Cheer follows cheer, hats wave, bells ring,

artillery booms: the whole place is in an uproar.

The cause of the excitement is presently explained. From every one of the cars soldiers step out, form in front of the station and march down to the boat, followed by the acclaiming multitude. They wear the bottle-green uniform of riflemen, and form part of the corps of twelve hundred men despatched by their government to Manitoba. They are commanded by Colonel Wolseley, who, in addition to his other qualifications, has the advantage of having served in the Abyssinian campaign. They are starting for the far North-west, their way leading through a wilderness of woods and waters, discovered centuries ago, but as solitary, savage and dangerous as when the white man first beheld them. Before going farther, we may as well give in a few words the history of this expedition, in so far, at least, as its origin and object are concerned.

When the confederation of the British North American Provinces was established, arrangements were made for the cession to the Dominion of all the Hudson's Bay territory, including Rupert's Land, the Red River and Saskatchewan districts. Last autumn, Mr. William McDougall was sent out there as lieutenant-governor. This gentleman was well fitted for the office, having held an important position in the Ottawa Cabinet, and been one of the special commissioners to London for the negotiation of this very North-west business. But, to his utter surprise and disgust, when he presented himself at the outpost of Pembina he was very uncereimoniously stopped and informed that the best thing he could do was to return whence he came. This was the first proof the Canadians had that the half-breeds of that distant country had got up a conspiracy to resist their amalgamation with the Dominion. The half-breeds did more. They organized a provisional government under the able headship of a certain Riel, and drew up a Bill of Rights. At first, the Canadians were puzzled: a policy of repres-

sion was then thought of, but wiser councils prevailed and a little diplomacy was tried. Three gentlemen—Rev. Mr. Thibault, an old Red River missionary, and Messrs. Desalaberry and Donald Smith—were sent to Fort Garry as special commissioners. The result of their mission was, that the malcontents consented to send three delegates to Ottawa with a list of their grievances and a demand for their redress. These delegates were Rev. Mr. Ritchot, Judge Black and a Mr. Scott. After consultation with them, and with others who understood the state of things in the disaffected country, the Canadian Ministry drew up a bill which incorporated it in the Dominion, under the name of the Province of Manitoba, with all the rights and privileges belonging to the other provinces. So far, this looked like an easy and pacific solution, but somehow, simultaneously with the bill, appeared the project of a military expedition, composed two-thirds of Canadian and one-third of British troops, which was intended for Red River. In a few days the expedition was organized, equipped and officered. A battalion volunteered in Quebec, another in Ontario. Both rendezvoused in Toronto, where they were joined by the regulars. Thence they proceeded in squads by the Northern Railway to Collingwood, where we saw them disembark. This expedition has been represented to our government as altogether pacific, and on the strength of this declaration its transports have been allowed to pass through Sault Ste. Marie. Still, it is only by a stretch of courtesy that it can be called pacific. It is not to be expected that it will provoke war, but it is no less certain that if it meets with any resistance, it will fight its way through at every cost, and when once quartered in Fort Garry will put down every symptom of disaffection with military celerity and thoroughness.

It is this expedition which we are going to follow from Collingwood to Fort William, and from Fort William to the foot of Lake Winnipeg. The first part of the voyage is by steam across

the lakes—the second, upon almost un-navigable rivers in canoes.

II.

LET us take passage on board of the Algoma. Having received her freight of stores and as many troops as she can accommodate, she steams away from Collingwood amid the shouts of the hundreds that throng the quay. In a few minutes she is out of sight of the town, and in a few hours balances in the dark-brown waters bounded on every side by the low lines of the horizon. A strange feeling suddenly comes over us, the loneliness of a great solitude and silence. Where are we indeed? We might be on some vast African lake, or even on the wide sea, for aught we know. Certainly, we have to think twice to convince ourselves that we are in the heart of the American continent, within only a few miles of the comfort and civilization of American cities. Everything about us is new and almost unexplored. The first sheet of water through which we steamed was Nottawassaga Bay, on which Collingwood is situated. Thence we passed through the Georgian Bay, which is the northern portion of Lake Huron. Of our vast fresh-water seas, Lake Huron is the second in size, being two hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty wide and one thousand feet in depth. Georgian Bay has an area of six thousand square miles, and extends along Cabot's Head and the Manitoulin Islands to Sault Ste. Marie.

One great name starts to memory as we gaze upon the broad expanse of these waters. It is that of Champlain. He it was who discovered Lake Huron, two hundred and fifty years ago. He discovered it, too, before seeing Lake Ontario, and before the existence of Erie and Michigan was known to Europeans. Yonder, to the north of us, where the tide of French River pours into the Georgian Bay, the canoe of the celebrated explorer shot into the *Mer Douce*, and so struck was he by its extent that he traversed it to the Bay of Matche-

dash, that beautiful basin which receives the tribute of Lake Simcoe. It was in that unfortunate expedition in which the founder of Quebec sought out the Hurons and Algonquins to enlist them against the Iroquois, thereby inaugurating an Indian war which was a fertile source of disaster to New France. In 1613, Champlain, deceived by the representations of one Nicholas Vignan, resolved to proceed westward in search of a transcontinental passage to Asia. He ascended the Ottawa as far as the land of the Algonquins. Some writers assert that he penetrated as far as Lake Nipissing, but that is a mistake. The extreme point which he reached was an island a little above Lake Coulange, where he was hospitably entertained by the Ottawa chief Tessouat. From him, too, he learned that Vignan had seen no such western sea as he had indicated, and acting on this information Champlain retraced his steps to Quebec. It is hardly credible that the Indians were ignorant of the existence of Lake Nipissing and of the large lake beyond; and, as they were friendly to the French, it was through motives of kindness that they prevailed upon Champlain to proceed no farther west. However, Champlain was a man to make search for himself, and two years after he completed the exploration which he had left unfinished.

There was question for the French of organizing a band of Indian allies to protect their frontier against the incursions of the famous Six Nations. To effect this more readily, Champlain left Quebec in 1615 on a second expedition up the Ottawa. He reached the rapids of the Calumet as before, coasted along the fair Isle des Allumettes, and then pushed boldly forward to the waters of the Mattawan. He then crossed a portage through the forest which led him to Lake Nipissing. Here was a great discovery, and it increased the adventurer's ardor. His canoe glided along its shores until it came up to the village of the Nipissings or Sorcerers, a clan of the Algonquin nation. After negotiating with them, Champlain continued

his way to the mouth of the lake as far the fine stream which, in honor of this visit, has retained the name of French River. On his way down he encountered a band of Indians, who sharpened his curiosity and ambition by informing him that he was approaching the margin of the great North Sea. He ordered his paddlers to augment their speed: he himself gazed eagerly forward from his canoe. Finally, the banks of the river grew more level and its waters spread out far and wide. Insensibly, the French traveler found himself on the bosom of an inland sea. He tasted of its waters: there was no brine in them. Forthwith he marked out on his rude chart *Mer Douce*. The name of Georgian Bay, subsequently given to this northern portion of Lake Huron, is supposed by some to have been given by Champlain himself, in honor of his friend, the Captain Georges who commanded the vessel on which he had made his last sea voyage. Champlain, as we have said, is regarded as the discoverer of Lake Huron. He first explored it to some extent, and gave it a name. But the first white man who set eyes upon it was Le Caron, a Recollect missionary, who belonged indeed to Champlain's party, but who had preceded him—as the missionary generally did both the warrior and the adventurer—by a few weeks. He traversed, so far as we know, the same route which Champlain subsequently followed, and the latter came up with him at the Huron village of Carhagouha, somewhere in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe.

We mention these facts through regard for historic truth, but we have another and a special reason. It is because of a coincidence which deserves to be rescued from the comparative oblivion in which it has hitherto been hidden.

Just two hundred and fifty years after Le Caron, spurred by the zeal of the apostles, ventured into the far land of the Algonquins, another missionary, of the Oblate order, fired by the same spirit, passed step by step over the same route, and at its terminus pressed for-

ward to still farther regions buried amid the snows of the North-west.

It was in June, 1845, that Père Aubert and a young companion received orders from their superior to leave Montreal for Rupert's Land. Taking with them two Sisters of Charity, belonging to the order of Gray Nuns, which had been established in New France by Madame Youville, they engaged a birch-bark canoe propelled by six of those skillful *voyageurs* whose fame is so intimately linked to all the legends of the North-west. Imagine a canoe-voyage from Montreal to Red River! It was the only mode of transport in those days, and exposed the travelers to hardships which seem almost incredible now, when the journey is made by rail to St. Paul, and thence to Fort Gary by light wagons over easy prairie roads. The intrepid band ascended the Ottawa as far as Bytown, then a lumber station, but at present the capital of the Dominion of Canada. After resting there for a few hours, they continued their route to the head-waters of the Ottawa, thence to the Mattawan. They traversed Lake Nipissing to its southern outlet, and descended French River till it drifted them far out into Lake Huron. From this point the missionary of the seventeenth century had turned southward to meet the Indians who were gathered all along the fertile coasts. In the nineteenth century the missionary moved northward from the same point, for the poor Indians whom he sought had been driven from their fair fields, and were to be found no nearer than the bleak banks of the Winnipeg. Northward, then, the canoe sped along the rock-bound shores of Lake Huron. It glided through Sault Ste. Marie unchallenged, we may well believe, by any jealous customs officer, and boldly attempted the perilous navigation of Lake Superior. Providence protected the frail craft through this inland ocean till it found a haven in Thunder Bay, and the travelers rested on the wooded banks of the Kaministiquia. It was at this place that the young companion of Aubert experienced one of

those sublime emotions felt only by the heroic, who sacrifice everything for the cause to which they are devoted. In leaving Lake Superior he was abandoning the spring-head of his own St. Lawrence. He was about to bid farewell to the majestic river on the banks of which he was born, and where he had first entertained the thought of consecrating himself to the missions of Rupert's Land. He drank of its waters for the last time, and in the draught mingled a few tears, to which he confided some of his most secret thoughts, his most cherished affections. It seemed to him that a few drops of that limpid wave, after having traversed the chain of the great lakes, might kiss the distant beach near which his mother knelt in prayer for her absent son.

After performing this pious duty the youth arose refreshed and imbued with new courage. He joined his companions on the wearisome march which lay before them through swamps and morasses and over the innumerable rapids of torrential rivers. Through the forest and the jungle, along glassy lakes and turbid streams, over long stretches of desert and miles of billowy prairies, now carrying their canoe over the portage or walking along the flowery bank while the Indians steered through the half-hidden rocks, they went forward from Thunder Bay to the Thousand Islands, thence to Rainy Lake; down Rainy River to Lake-of-the-Woods; next to Grand Décharge, flooded by the formidable Winnipeg; thence, debouching into the southern outlet of the lake of the same name, up Red River to Saint Boniface, the missionary station lying opposite Fort Garry. This was the limit of their journeying. They arrived on the 25th of August, 1845, after a tedious and perilous voyage of sixty-two days.

The name of the young missionary was Alexander Taché, now bishop of St. Boniface—the same who recently, at the call of the Canadian Government, left his seat in the Œcumenical Council at Rome and hurried over to his people in the character of pacificator. Twenty-

five years has this good man labored for the whites, the half-breeds and the Indians of that distant country, and now, when a political disturbance threatens to injure their fortunes, he returns among them to preach peace and good-will. History will record how well he succeeded.

We have signalized one coincidence between his early career and that of Le Caron. We may mention another. The Red River territory, as well as a great part of the immense basin of Lake Winnipeg, was discovered in 1731 by Sieur Varennes de la Verandrye. One hundred and fourteen years afterward the first priestly consecration in that remote region was made in the case of young Taché, one of the descendants of Varennes through the family De la Broquerie.

Finally, we may remark that the route which Taché traced out is precisely the same which the present military expedition will have to follow, and to which, therefore, we must return.

III.

WE read of the Grecian and Indian archipelagoes, but how few of our young geographers know that the most extensive and picturesque archipelago in the world is to be found on our own continent, nearly within cannon-shot of the Michigan shore! If we had the taste of genuine tourists, as the English and some other Europeans have, we could desire no finer vacation excursion than that which is offered by the Manitoulin Islands. It is a marvelous cluster. There are four principal ones—Great Manitoulin, Fitzwilliam, Cockburn and Drummond—but in all they reach the incredible figure of twenty-two thousand. Everything about them is poetic and interesting. In their origin they literally form part of

"The land of the Ojibways,

* * *
The regions of the home-wind,
Of the north-west wind, Keewaydin,
The islands of the Blessed,
The kingdom of Ponemah,"

which the genius of song has rendered

familiar to every schoolboy. Their waters abound with a great variety of fish, of rare species and extraordinary size. The wooded interior is full of game. In their labyrinth of channels canoe practice most exhilarating, yet comparatively free from danger, may be had. The geologist finds much to study in their rocks, metals and the remains of their thousand caverns. The botanist would be well repaid by an examination of their peculiar flora. The artist would be charmed with the most romantic views, affording him sketches here grand in boreal bleakness, there gorgeous in tropical exuberance and warmth. The valetudinarian here could breathe the most invigorating breezes, remarkably free from moisture; and even the mere prosy traveler would be pleased at seeing something new and entirely unlooked for.

Our steamer touches at Petit Courant, a village of the Great Manitoulin, for the purpose of delivering the mails and wooding. We shall take advantage of this short stoppage to sketch the history and character of this island, which gives its name to all the others. Manitoulin, or Manitoulin, means sacred to the Manitou, or Supreme Being. This is the most general and the simplest interpretation, but some pretend that the word is a corruption of Manitowaning, or "Home of the Spirit," because in Indian legend the island was supposed to be full of spirits of the air and water, and its inhabitants were famed as sorcerers and magicians. The Indians still call it the Isle of the Ottawas, a name given it in various forms by the ancient missionaries. Champlain, in his map, writes Kaoutatan, probably another name for Oudatawawa, or Puffed Hair, an appellation proper to the primitive Ottawas from their fashion of combing their hair in formidable rolls and balls, thus anticipating the modern chignon! Later, the island was inhabited by the Ojibways or Chippewas. In 1835 the government of Upper Canada attempted to unite all the Indians scattered over the province into one body, and make over to them

Manitoulin Island as their exclusive domain, where they should live in their own way, under the protection of Great Britain. The plan was a wise and philanthropic one. A treaty was accordingly drawn up between Sir Francis Bond Head, lieutenant-governor, on the one part, and four Ottawa chiefs on the other. Several thousand Indians crossed over to their new home; the villages of Manitowaning and Wikwemikong were established; Protestant and Catholic missions were opened; schools organized, and in a word all the improvements of a civilized settlement adopted. For about a quarter of a century the experiment seemed in a fair way of succeeding, when suddenly the cupidity of the white man blasted all the efforts of benevolent rulers and zealous missionaries. The land was represented as so good and the climate as so salubrious that even the government agents declared it was a pity that the country should be left exclusively to the lazy and improvident Indians. After much negotiation, Hon. William McDougall, Canadian Commissioner of Crown Lands, was sent in 1862 to conclude a treaty with the Ottawas, Chippewas and Potowatomies then inhabiting Manitoulin, whereby the latter ceded three-fourths of the island to the government. Since that date the Indians have suffered, and the white settlers have not prospered. Some four or five years ago, Manitoulin was explored for its petroleum, but though several oil companies were formed, none of them amounted to anything.

From the Isle of Sorcerers we steer north to Spanish River, and thence southward direct to the mouth of Sault Ste. Marie. Here again we are upon historic ground. These straits are connected with the ancient days of our continent, and ought therefore to be full of interest for Americans. Through them glided the Indian canoes which fled to the setting sun from the encroachments of the pale face. Through them passed the Lasalles, the Joliets, the Hennepins on their voyages of discovery in the immense West. Almost

within call is Michilimackinac, where rest the bones of Father Marquette, the immortal explorer of the Mississippi. The missionaries established a central mission at the Sault, whence they could set out to visit all the tribes of the North and West, and to which they periodically returned to recruit their strength and provide their stores. As far back as 1640 the celebrated martyr of the Iroquois, Father Jogues, planted his tent there. In 1671, on the very spot where the modern city now stands, an envoy of the French king had a grand parley with several thousand Indians for the purpose of entering into a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance.

The Sault, or Rapid proper, is only three-quarters of a mile in length, and navigable enough for the light birch canoe, but the straits of the same name are forty miles long, forming the boundary between American and British-Canadian territory. On our side of the narrows everything betokens life and prosperity: on the opposite side, unfortunately, there is no such enterprise, though the Hudson's Bay Company had long the start of us in the fur trade of those regions. The great reason of this difference is that we have the canal as our property. That canal, connecting Lake Huron with Lake Superior, is the only outlet for the immense grain-trade of Chicago and Milwaukee, and consequently we reap the benefits of the transit, while our neighbors simply look on. This splendid work belongs to the State of Michigan, having been built with its funds, supplemented by a grant from Congress of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. The canal is a mile and three-quarters long, with two locks. It is seventy feet deep, and the masonry is colossal. Its business is very good, averaging a million of tons, but when the Welland Canal shall have been widened, and more especially when the Champlain and St. Lawrence Canal shall have been built—an event to be looked for within two or three years—its trade will increase immeasurably. Then ship navigation to Chicago, and perhaps to the Mississippi,

will be accomplished without any of the delays and dangers which have hitherto obstructed it.

Here we are at last on Lake Superior. How few of us know anything of this wonderful sheet of water, the largest fresh-water lake in the world—four hundred and twenty miles long by one hundred and sixty miles in breadth! Its shores are almost uninhabited now, but a century hence millions will have settled there, and the wonder then will be that the climate and natural resources of that country had not been sooner appreciated. Lake Superior is famous for its mineral wealth, although only a very little of it has been explored. There is copper on the American side, and on the British side are found copper, silver, and even gold. The working of these mines is still somewhat hazardous, because it requires considerable capital and the facilities of transportation are meagre; but later this will be remedied, and the Lake Superior country will become one of the great workshops of the world.

The fisheries of the lake are simply inexhaustible. To all the Western country, so distant from the sea, this is a providential advantage. The white-fish, more especially, is an unrivaled variety, whose fame has spread even in Europe.

From the Sault we steer direct to Michipicoten Bay, a distance of about one hundred miles, where is situated an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here are stored provisions for trappers who roam over that tract of the North-west territory. Thence we make for Fort William, and at this last stage of our lake voyage are treated to a view of cyclopean scenery. We enter the shadowed waters of Thunder Bay, flanked on the right by Thunder Cape, fourteen hundred feet high—on the left by another crag, eight hundred feet in height. In the background, thirty miles away, stands vast and sombre the gigantic front of Mount McKay, towering perpendicularly to an altitude of twelve thousand feet. This is the home of thunder, lightning and arctic tempest. In these recesses *Æolus* might have es-

tablished his throne. On these cliffs Gitche Manito might have stood gathering in all the winds of heaven.

Fort William is simply another post of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is neither a fort nor a town, but a collection of houses and out-houses devoted to the use of the resident chief factor. Here the expedition leaves the steamer. This it does in boats, for the vessel cannot approach nearer than two miles from the fort.

IV.

THE distance which we have just traveled from Collingwood to Fort William is seven hundred miles. The service is made by the steamers of the Lake Superior Royal Mail Line, one leaving the former point every five days—viz., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th and 30th of each month. The duration of the trip averages four days. The distance which remains to be gone over from Fort William to Fort Garry, the capital of Manitoba, is five hundred miles.

So far, the military expedition has had an interesting time of it, but now the rest of the journey will be highly romantic, being largely attended with hardship and peril in a struggle with the unknown.

The beach is covered with stores; the splendid Clydes and other draught-horses are harnessed to their loads; the Caughnawaga Indian guides are adjusting their gear for their running tramp; the steel battery is mounted in its particular fashion; the troops fall into line; the loud word of command is given, and slowly the gay pageant passes into the forest. The deep summer woods are stirred with the echo of their tread, for surely since the days when the Chippewas and the Crees retreated sullenly along that same path after their last fatal encounter with their conquerors, the tufted dingle has heard no sound louder than the eagle's cry from his eyrie on McKay, or the catamount's footfall on the shingle of Thunder Bay.

Before the Dawson road was built, the only route to Dog Lake was by the

Kaministiquia River, which empties into Thunder Bay at Fort William. It took five days to make the distance. But now there is a road, twenty-eight miles in length, which carries the expedition over this first stage. From Dog Lake a portage of a few miles is to be made to two small lakes and a river called the Savanne. This stream leads to the Thousand Lakes and Islands, one of the finest bits of wild landscape to be found in that picturesque country. Then follows a series of little rivers and lakes which lead to Rainy Lake. This is the first important relay on the inland journey. Rainy Lake is easily crossed in one day, and the expedition comes to a halt under the palisades of Fort Frances. We are now one hundred and twenty miles from Fort William. Here the troops disembark, and seek rest wherever they can find it, under the trees or in the houses of the fort. Arms and accoutrements are refurbished, and the commissariat is looked after. But the main object of care is the repairing of the canoes, as without them the expedition cannot proceed. The troops brought out with them a number of these boats made in Quebec and Toronto. They are substantially on the Mackinaw model, clincker-built, about twenty-eight or thirty feet keel, with a long rake, eight feet beam and not very flat at the bottom. They carry no more than ten men and from seventy to eighty pieces of one hundred weight. It takes about fourteen men to run them over the portages. Boats of this kind are exclusively used by the Hudson's Bay Company to bring supplies from their main depôt at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, to Fort Garry, and thence to Fort Frances on Rainy Lake.

Leaving Fort Frances, the troops launch their boats in Rainy River. They might tramp it along the banks of the stream, but the poplar and balsam woods are too dense to allow of rapid progress, and besides, as the current is swift, time is gained by taking to the canoes. Lake-of-the-Woods is soon reached, and no time is lost in steering to its north-west angle.

Here an important question presents itself: Shall the expedition abandon the boats and march overland to Fort Garry, which is only ninety miles due west, or retain the boats and go around by Winnipeg River, a route nearly three times as long as the former?

The land route to Fort Garry is short but difficult. About two-thirds of it are, it is true, traversed by a good road, in part a natural prairie road, but the remaining thirty miles are beset with obstacles which might appall any traveler. The ground is for the most part spongy or even swampy, a few sandy ridges being met with, and some scraggy poplar, spruce and tamarac. The troops might corduroy or fascine the road, but they would then have to throw aside their arms and set to work chopping wood, gathering brush, carting sods and gravel. This would take time, and it is, besides, not precisely the labor for which these men volunteered. In addition to these objections there is a strategic reason why the expedition should choose the longer route by water. If Riel took it into his head to make resistance, he would have a vantage-ground on the prairie, whereas he can do nothing against the boats on the Winnipeg, where such population as there is, being English and Scotch, opposes his pretensions and favors the arrival of the troops.

The water-route is, therefore, decided upon—down the Winnipeg, past Grand Décharge and Islington, across the mouth of English River, through Bonnet Lake, in front of Oiseau River and Bear River, till we reach Fort Alexander at the inlet of Winnipeg River in the lake of the same name. There is no need of tarrying at Fort Alexander, for the last stage of the voyage is at hand, and the few miles that are left offer easy paddling. The prows of the canoes are turned southward, and soon the bright waters of Red River are seen pouring into the lake. Red River! This is the stream which these soldiers have come so far to see. On its banks they are to stack their arms, keeping watch over the new province which has

just been created. They enter the channel: people flock from the habitations on either bank to see them pass. At last the silvery spires of St. Boniface Cathedral on the one hand, and the gray stockades of Fort Garry on the other, rise to view, and the end of the long, weary journey is attained.

The Hon. Mr. Archibald, of Nova Scotia, is the newly-appointed lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. Whether he will be at his post to receive the troops, or wait for their coming before attempting to exercise rule, is at the present writing a matter of uncertainty. But whether he is at Fort Garry or not, the expedition is instructed to stand more on a civil than a military footing, and the probabilities are that nothing will arise to alter this determination. Let us at least so hope. The little army of occupation will lose nothing of its glory by having had to battle against the wilderness and the elements alone.

We might conclude here, but perhaps our readers will expect us to add a few words on the population of Manitoba. To do this more satisfactorily we will draw our materials from the impartial testimony of Bishop Taché.

In this province, as throughout the North-west territory, there is a singular diversity of people, claiming different origins and speaking various tongues. They represent no less than fourteen civilized nations, twenty-two Indian tribes, and the half-breeds sprung from the amalgamation of these races.

The Scotch head the list, both in numbers and enterprise. They form the majority of the Hudson's Bay officials. Manitoba has its Scotch settlement, and from the extremity of Rupert's Land to the Saskatchewan and the Mackenzie, the "Orkney laborers" are everywhere to be met with—active, shrewd and intent on gain.

Next in importance is the French-Canadian element. It is imperiously required to recruit those bands of "voyageurs" and "courriers des bois" without whom the trade of the distant posts could not be carried on. The French language is in general use even among

the Scotch and English, the intercourse with the Indians and half-breeds being carried on mostly in that tongue.

Besides these two, the other nationalities to be met with in the North-west are the English, Irish, German, Swiss, French, Norwegian, Italian, American, Mexican and South American. Our countrymen are few in numbers, and live very quietly, notwithstanding that some of them are accused of occasionally indulging in the irritating pastime of magnifying their nation at the expense of their adopted country.

Speaking generally, there are two principal divisions of the population, founded on language, religion and social habits—the English and the French. Bishop Taché admits that the former occupy a higher position than the latter, and gives three reasons for the difference. In the first place, the English population has almost monopolized the wealth of the territory, as it is among them that the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company are to be found. In the second place, this part of the population includes a greater number of women of the better classes from the old countries. And lastly, the English have enjoyed from the beginning the advantage of education.

The number of whites does not exceed four thousand in all. The half-breeds, on the other hand, amount to fifteen thousand. These are divided again, according to their paternity, into English half-breeds and French Métis. These names sound ill in our ears, and we regard them as denoting an inferior race. But in the North-west a great distinction is made which is worthy of being noted. The offspring of concubinage or promiscuous intercourse generally inherits the vices of his progenitor. He is consequently looked down

upon. But the children of white fathers and Indian mothers, born in lawful wedlock, receive due consideration, and every honorable career is open to them. Since the advent of the missionaries most of the Métis belong to the latter category.

The English have always regarded the French half-breeds as beneath them, but recent events must for ever dissipate that prejudice. Whatever we may think of the insurrection itself, no impartial observer will deny that it has been conducted with remarkable ability and moderation. Riel and his council are educated men, and have carried on their deliberations with parliamentary method and lucidity. When firmness and courage were to be displayed, they proved that they were possessed of those soldierly qualities, and when mercy was to be exercised, as in the case of Major Boulton, they knew how to pardon. They committed one blunder and an inexcusable crime—the murder of Scott. But this was an exception to their general conduct. One thing is certain—that hereafter the English half-breeds must recognize the French Métis as their equals in all the qualities of true manhood. And as a representative of the latter we shall not be surprised to see Riel next year seated in the Commons of Ottawa as one of the members of Parliament for Manitoba.

The Indians of the North-west require no special notice, for they have the same characteristics as we find in their red brethren everywhere. They belong chiefly to the Chippewa, Cree, Sioux, Montagnais, Monomonee and Dakota tribes. At the extreme north are the Esquimaux, a distinct race, about whose history little is really known.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

ABOUT DOGS.

I WAS sitting in my porch yesterday afternoon, enjoying the really first warm breath of spring, and turned from the charming pages of *Lost Abroad* to notice three hungry, lean cows lounge in at my open gate, a quarter of a mile, more or less, from my door. I spoke to my friend and companion, who was stretched in a picturesque pose at my feet, on the subject:

"Roguey, do you see those hungry beasts raiding on our lawn?"

He raised his superb head slowly, looked sleepily at me, then at the cows.

"Well?" I continued.

But he only wagged his bushy tail and dropped his head between his paws. I could see that he was pretending not to notice the cows—affecting ignorance of their intrusion. All the while I knew the cunning scamp was meditating a famous run when the cows should get far enough on the lawn to justify a start. I said no more upon the subject, but watched him closely. Out of the corners of his eyes went sharp glances taking note of the progress of the paupers as they eagerly ate the rich, tender grass. After a time his muscles began to twitch with the excitement incident to such unusual self-restraint. I could see the internal working of his canine intellect as his impatience overcame his scheme for fun. At last, up he started, bounded from the porch, and, driving the superb machinery furnished him by Nature at the highest rate of speed, fairly tumbled, without the legal notice of a bark, amid the astonished kine, which with wild eyes, expanded nostrils and elevated tails made for the gate.

Roguey was having a splendid run, when, unhappily for him, the cows were joined by a blooded Durham calf that had a right to the enclosure. It was an admirable study of dog-nature to note how the sense of fun gave way to that of duty as the faithful animal undertook to drive out the cows and

keep in the calf. But, as my man Richard remarked, "That calf warn't going to be bossed by a dog;" and with head down and tail up, throwing out a vigorous kick at intervals, the willful creature dodged the dog and kept on out at the gate with its low company. Then Roguey devoted himself exclusively to the calf, and with a whining sort of bark, expressive of great anxiety, he kept at the giddy animal's nose, turning it in every direction but that of the gate. At last he brought it to bay in a corner of the fence, and I going to his assistance, we drove the refractory Durham back to the meadow.

We call this sort of thing *instinct*. What is meant by it we do not well know. Having given the mysterious manifestation a name, we rest satisfied with its scientific disposal. It is science when the fact is recognized, named and classified. But how far we share the instinctive faculty with the brute, and the brute takes part in our much-vaunted intellectual processes, is yet to be known. We claim superiority in that we think, will and remember. Yet in the little incident referred to—and it is one of daily occurrence—there had passed through the skull of my dog Roguey all that gives to humanity its supposed superiority. We go so far as to consult the family guardian on many doubtful matters: Richard's common remark is, that Roguey "knows more than a Dutchman."

One day last summer I observed an unusual disturbance in the wheat-field. The wavy tops of the thick-growing grain were strangely agitated in one spot. I said to Roguey, "I believe there are hogs in the wheat." He looked wistfully at me for a second as I pointed in the direction of the disturbance, and then away he darted. I soon heard the "Woof! woof!" of the startled hogs, and the dog's indignant bark. Now observe: he did not fight the

beasts by seizing the ear, as his dog instincts dictated. He knew that his duty was to drive them away. When they were outside the enclosure a dismal squealing gave evidence of punishment for the transgression.

My neighbor, William Enoch, was accustomed to drive his flock of sheep into his barn at night to protect them from the hungry hounds of the countryside. The love of dogs drives every man into the ownership of one or more. But such companions are expensive luxuries, and the consequence is that the poor animals are forced to forage for themselves, and the sheep suffer. One bitter cold night, Mr. Enoch heard his dog barking vociferously. It was not the ordinary note of alarm that a watchdog gives when stirred by a suspicion. Bowser whined between his barks, as if trying to tell of some disaster, and his owner fell asleep after hearing the dog scratch and throw himself at every outer door of the dwelling. In the morning the master was met in the early wintry dawn by his faithful guardian, who approached him with drooping tail, bloodshot eyes and every evidence of utter exhaustion. He followed the dog to the barn, and found sad havoc among the sheep from hounds that had crept between the logs through a space too narrow for the larger Bowser to follow. A path had been worn in the snow from the barn to the house, and this, with the scarred doors, gave proof of the labor the dog had undergone in his attempt to alarm the family. Could a human being deprived of voice and hands have done more through our intellectual processes of thought, will and remembrance?

I know of an aged ox who gave yet more extraordinary evidences of thought. Old Buck, of the famous firm of Buck & Brindle, had gone through life without being remarked for any intellectual superiority beyond responding slowly and with a certain senatorial dignity to the ordinary commands of "Whoa, haw!" and "Whoa, gee!" He would close meekly his superb eyes when suffering from the impatient blows of his

driver, and when released from work and filled with food he had a certain contemplative look, as if taking his laborious life in a sensible, philosophical way. His owner was therefore astonished to find Old Buck one morning guarding a breach in the corn-field fence. He watched him for a while in perfect amazement. The cattle had not only broken through the fence, but the tracks in the soft earth showed that they had been driven out again. Before this opening the faithful old Nestor of the farm walked to and fro like a sentinel, lowering his long sharp horns in preparation to charge whenever the hungry cattle made a move toward the tempting corn. By what instinctive process did the old ox come to the quick conclusions that prompted him to this faithful protection of his master's property? and what more have we in the way of reasoning powers that makes us liable to debt here and damnation hereafter?

If indeed, lying back of these eyes of brutes, there is a certain amount of reasoning power lacking expression, and yet not wholly undeveloped, what a cruel race of oppressors we, created in God's likeness, must appear to the oppressed! How wantonly we torture the poor creatures under the impression that they do not perceive or apprehend this cruelty, and above all that they are incapable of resistance! How ashamed we should be did we once realize that we were known! and how quickly we should get out of the way had the poor things power to resist!

- But to go back to the dogs. When a boy I had one that I called Sloof. It was a boy's name for a supposed quality in the animal that defies definition. Sloof was a long, low, schooner-built dog, with his steering apparatus shaped like a hammer. The tail came out with great vigor for two or three inches, and then shot off at a right angle, giving the appendage, when elevated, the appearance of a flag. His head was large, round, and possessed of a certain canine-Websterian massiveness that would have awed the spectator, as the big

Massachusetts dog was wont to do, but for the comical expression that came from one eye being larger than the other, causing Sloof to appear in a perpetual state of wink. Every dog, whether possessed of two or four legs, has his giant, whom he is called upon to kill if he do not wish to be killed. I am sorry to confess that my giant is yet alive, and when last heard from was in good health and spirits. Poor Sloof's giant was an appendage to a butcher's boy in the shape of a full-blooded bull-dog of a vicious disposition, and armed, not with needle-guns, but, far worse for Sloof, with needle teeth; and many times my dog, much to my disgust, was driven, terribly wounded, from the front pavement to the rear of the house. He gave up the contest at last, and in the morning, when he saw approaching in the distance the heartless merchant of choice bits for cheap boarding-houses, and his ugly beast, Sloof would drop his hammer-like tail and retreat in a melancholy way to the back yard.

The lazy butcher-boy, however, conceived the happy idea of muzzling Bull and putting him in harness before his wheelbarrow. The first morning Sloof got sight of this new arrangement he waited to examine it from curiosity, and then it struck him that he had Bull where he wanted him; and with bristles up, tail erect, he waited for the unhappy dog in harness and gave him a handsome dressing. After that he was ever on the lookout for the enemy, and would recognize the creak of the wheelbarrow squares away. The result was, however, a transfer of the fighting from the dogs to their masters. Of course, the sturdy little butcher's boy came to the relief of his dog, and I to the defence of Sloof, and while my protégé escaped without scars, my eyes were in mourning for weeks at a time. The consequence was a prejudice on my part against butchers which continues to this day. A great moralist has told us that man's life becomes precious through his property—that the roads to the devotional shrines are highways of

human bones until the shrines become markets for merchandise, and then the routes grow safe. But a man will fight for his dog who will not risk his person for his religion, property or government. One seldom witnesses a dog-fight that does not end in the infuriated owners punching each other. I have seen the mildest fathers of families and best of citizens drawn by their dogs into disgraceful street-fights.

My dog Sloof had a democratic hatred for rags and negroes. It was a white man's government with him. I saw this beautifully illustrated once. While climbing over a gate one of his hind feet slipped through a knot-hole, and his head pitching over, he found himself hopelessly suspended by one extremity. It was unpleasant, not to say painful. Sloof tried to help himself, and, failing, gave utterance to a dismal howl of remonstrance. A benevolent negro, happening to pass at the moment, had his charitable impulses so worked upon that he lifted the dog, extricated his leg and put him down. Sloof submitted to the relief, but the moment he found himself safe his democratic instincts overcame his gratitude, and flying at the negro, he tore off the seat of his pantaloons. "Fore de Lord!" exclaimed Cuff, backing against the fence to conceal his lacerated condition, "dat dog's de meanest white man's dog I eber did see, sure!"

I remember a little history of a dog, told me many years since, which will appear scarcely credible to one unacquainted with dogs, but to the student of dog-nature very characteristic. A gentleman possessing a noble Newfoundland dog had trained him to go to market with a basket and a piece of money to purchase the morning steak. The money, with a napkin, being deposited in the basket, Bowser, with much dignity and thoughtfulness, would trot away to the butcher's stall, when, the man of beef having taken the money and put in the steak, the faithful dog would trot home. Turning a corner one unfortunate morning on his way home from market, Bowser came upon two dogs

engaged in bitter fight. With the same feeling that will induce a crowd of human dogs to throng about a prize-ring to see two other brutes pound each other, Bowser paused, and for a second looked on: then, excited by the fight, he dropped his basket and rushed in. He whipped both impartially, but while thus engaged a hungry hound stole his beefsteak. Bowser picked up the rifled basket. The loss in weight told the story. He stopped and investigated. The treasure was gone, and the poor dog's worry was comical. He looked in every direction for the lost meat, all the while growling and whining as if discussing the situation. Some gentlemen, who saw the affair and knew the dog, watched him curiously to see how he would solve the difficulty. The poor fellow stood for some time as if in doubt, and then, as though a happy idea had struck him, he set off for the market again. A little crowd followed. They saw him approach the butcher's stall, but instead of marching up boldly, he stopped, looking wistfully at the meat. At last, when the butcher's back was turned for a second, he suddenly seized the largest steak on the block, and ran home with it as if chased by the Devil.

A brother quill-driver, something of a Bohemian, told me that in early youth he had been turned by a dog from the paths of steadiness and virtue. He was the son of a clergyman, and noted as the good little boy of the congregation. He was so meek and studious, and so truthful, that even George and his little hatchet ceased to be cited as an example. The father, overworked as a clergyman, was in the habit of calling for assistance on a neighbor, who, although not of the profession, was so full of pious enthusiasm that he preached at intervals. One Sunday morning the clergyman said to his son Ichabod, "Go to Brother Tubbs, and ask him to fill my pulpit this afternoon." The son obeyed. At least, he started with the best intentions, but as he approached the house of the pious neighbor he remembered a fierce dog whose ugly temper was noted through-

out the neighborhood. Sure enough, when he arrived in sight of the exhorter's house, there sat Bull, looking out upon the world with the cynical expression peculiar to a disappointed animal that has been crossed in love or ruffled by solitary confinement. The poor boy's heart failed him. He stole safely by the house of the orthodox neighbor, and then, cutting across the fields, returned to inform his apostolic parent that Mr. Tubbs was not at home. That was his first transgression. A dog had turned the good little boy from the path of rectitude. On the following Sunday the poor lad did not go near Brother Tubbs', but he reported that he had done so, and that the good man was so much engaged as to be obliged to decline the proffered honor. Of course, in due time an explanation followed, and the good little boy fell from his high estate, and dates his wicked course from that event. He has since been a journalist, and is now on the downward road to Congress.

The Hon. Charles Anderson once kept me awake nearly all night on a railroad train with a talk on dogs. I suspect Governor Anderson understands dogs better than he does men. I consider this a high compliment. Among other interesting matters, he told me much about the shepherd dogs of Texas. Soon after he settled in that wild region he was riding over a wide plain one day, and came across a flock of sheep grazing, without man, woman or child in sight. A hungry-looking hound, however, rose from his bed and gave Governor Anderson a long, close scrutiny, and then, as if satisfied that he had encountered a suspicious character, gathered the sheep together and drove them away. Governor Anderson sat on his horse in mute disgust and astonishment at the treatment shown him by one of a race in which he numbered his truest friends and companions. He learned subsequently that the sheep and cattle of the country were taken care of principally by the dogs. The way in which these animals are trained is singular and interesting. They are

neither of the Scotch nor the Spanish breed, but ordinary mongrels, and the pup designed for a shepherd-dog is taken from its parent as soon as born, and given to a ewe. In due time Puppy opens his eyes to the startling fact that its true parent is of the sheep breed, and thenceforth he associates with, and is easily taught to care for, his supposed relations.

The steadiness and sagacity of these dogs are wonderful. At dawn the dog drives the flock to the range, sometimes miles away from human habitations, and in the afternoon, having during the day kept them together, he cocks his eye at the sun, and concluding that it is time for supper, collects his flock and drives them home. He will do this, as Governor Anderson discovered, at any time during the day at the approach of danger.

The singular tendency a man has to turn to dogs for companionship when soured by disappointments and the many ills that human flesh is heir to, is complimentary to the humbler race. One of the stories of the Revolution that charmed me most in early youth related to General Charles Lee. I had it not only from the books, but from one who knew him personally. My grandfather, Colonel Jacob Piatt, was wounded in the disastrous battle of Monmouth. He was sitting on the roadside, attempting to stanch with a handkerchief the blood that flowed from his wound, when Generals Washington and Lee met directly in his presence. And his story illustrates the way in which history is made dignified by manufacture. The Father of his Country was in a terrible rage, and shaking his Revolutionary fist at the Englishman, called him "a d——d coward," to which Lee responded in a like style. For a minute or more the two officers cursed each other like common troopers. Lee was an educated, accomplished officer, and held the American officers in great contempt. After the finding of the court-martial that disgraced him, he retired to a lone-

ly country-house, became soured and morose, and gave the rest of his life to his books and dogs. Many stories are yet told in the neighborhood of his eccentricities; and his speech to the more successful rival, who remarked that he was leading a lonely sort of life, that he had his dogs, is yet numbered among the traditions.

When one who is at all sensitive, sickens at the wickedness or weakness of humanity, he *goes to the dogs*. I do not confess to being in this cynical state, but I do say that I find more comfort and companionship in the brave, faithful animal than in his more pretentious owner. A dog does not suffer from dyspepsia, he has no turn for politics, and he is incapable of ingratitude. He lives in history, and has been made immortal by poets from Homer down. Shakespeare, it is true, makes Cassius say that he would rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman. Why the noble Cassius should object to Tray's baying the moon, or find anything ignoble in it, I cannot understand. Perhaps he had been irritated at having his sleep disturbed by such music, without possessing a boot-jack to shy at the animal. But with few exceptions the testimony is in favor of the dog. The only proof I have of Byron's sincerity was his love of dogs, and I consider his epitaph on one as the most genuine bit of feeling in all his works. It begins—

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below:
When all is done upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been;"

and ends with the brief statement—

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:
I never had but one, and here he lies."

If certain feminine revelations are to be relied on, the noble lord did not deserve this one; and it is at all events a sad thing to remember how many noble dogs have mean men for masters.

DONN PIATT.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

CHAPTER XIII.

I WILL NOT DESERT HIM.

SIR HARRY, before he had left Humblethwaite for London in October, had heard enough of his cousin's sins to make him sure that the match must be opposed with all his authority. Indeed he had so felt from the first moment in which George had begun to tell him of what had occurred at Airey Force. He had never thought that George Hotspur would make a fitting husband for his daughter. But, without so thinking, he had allowed his mind to dwell upon the outside advantages of the connection, dreaming of a fitness which he knew did not exist, till he had vacillated and the evil thing had come upon him. When the danger was so close upon him as to make him see what it was, to force him to feel what would be the misery threatened to his daughter, to teach him to realize his own duty, he condemned himself bitterly for his own weakness. Could any duty which he owed to the world be so high or so holy as that which was due from him to his child? He almost hated his name and title and position as he thought of the evil that he had already done. Had his cousin George been in no close succession to the title, would he have admitted a man of whom he knew so much ill, and of whom he had never heard any good, within his park palings? And then he could not but acknowledge to himself that by asking such a one to his house—a man such as this young cousin who was known to be the heir to the title—he had given his daughter special reason to suppose that she might regard him as a fitting suitor for her hand. She of course had known—had felt as keenly as he had felt, for was she not a Hotspur?—that she would be true to her family by combining her

property and the title, and that by yielding to such a marriage she would be doing a family duty, unless there were reasons against it stronger than those connected with his name. But as to those other reasons, must not her father and her mother know better than she could know? When she found that the man was made welcome both in town and country, was it not natural that she should suppose that there were no such stronger reasons? All this Sir Harry felt, and blamed himself, and determined that though he must oppose his daughter and make her understand that the hope of such a marriage must be absolutely abandoned, it would be his duty to be very tender with her. He had sinned against her already in that he had vacillated, and had allowed that handsome but vile and worthless cousin to come near her.

In his conduct to his daughter, Sir Harry endeavored to be just and tender and affectionate; but in his conduct to his wife on the occasion he allowed himself some scope for the ill-humor not unnaturally incident to his misfortune. "Why on earth you should have had him in Bruton street when you knew very well what he was, I cannot conceive," said Sir Harry.

"But I didn't know," said Lady Elizabeth, fearing to remind her husband that he also had sanctioned the coming of the cousin.

"I had told you. It was there that the evil was done. And then to let them go to that pic-nic together!"

"What could I do when Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked to be taken? You wouldn't have had me tell Emily that she should not be one of the party."

"I would have put it off till he was out of the house."

"But the Fitzpatricks were going too," pleaded the poor woman.

"It wouldn't have happened at all if you had not asked him to stay till the Monday," said Sir Harry; and to this charge Lady Elizabeth knew that there was no answer. There she had clearly disobeyed her husband; and though she doubtless suffered much from some dim idea of injustice, she was aware that as she had so offended she must submit to be told that all this evil had come from her wrong-doing.

"I hope she will not be obstinate," said Sir Harry to his wife. Lady Elizabeth, though she was not an acute judge of character, did know her own daughter, and was afraid to say that Emily would not be obstinate. She had the strongest possible respect as well as affection for her own child: she thoroughly believed in Emily—much more thoroughly than she did in herself. But she could not say that in such a matter Emily would not be obstinate. Lady Elizabeth was very intimately connected with two obstinate persons, one of whom was young and the other old; and she thought that perhaps the younger was the more obstinate of the two.

"It is quite out of the question that she should marry him," said Sir Harry, sadly. Still Lady Elizabeth made no reply. "I do not think that she will disobey me," continued Sir Harry. Still Lady Elizabeth said nothing. "If she gives me a promise, she will keep it," said Sir Harry.

Then the mother could answer, "I am sure she will."

"If the worst come to the worst, we must go away."

"To Scarrowby?" suggested Lady Elizabeth, who hated Scarrowby.

"That would do no good. Scarrowby would be the same as Humblethwaite to her, or perhaps worse. I mean abroad. We must shut up the place for a couple of years, and take her to Naples and Vienna, or perhaps to Egypt. Everything must be changed to her; that is, if the evil has gone deep enough."

"Is he so very bad?" asked Lady Elizabeth.

"He is a liar and a blackguard, and

I believe him to be a swindler," said Sir Harry. Then Lady Elizabeth was mute, and her husband left her.

At this time he had heard the whole story of the pawning of the commission, had been told something of money raised by worthless cheques, and had run to ground that lie about the Goodwood races. But he had not yet heard anything special of Mrs. Morton. The only attack on George's character which had as yet been made in the hearing of Emily had been with reference to the Goodwood races. Mrs. Stackpoole was a lady of some determination, and one who in society liked to show that she was right in her assertions and well informed on matters in dispute; and she hated Cousin George. There had therefore come to be a good deal said about the Goodwood meeting, so that the affair reached Sir Harry's ears. He perceived that Cousin George had lied, and determined that Emily should be made to know that her cousin had lied. But it was very difficult to persuade her of this. That everybody else should tell stories about George and the Goodwood meeting seemed to her to be natural enough: she contented herself with thinking all manner of evil of Mr. and Mrs. Stackpoole, and reiterating her conviction that George Hotspur had not been at the meeting in question.

"I don't know that it much signifies," Mrs. Stackpoole had said in anger.

"Not in the least," Emily had replied, "only that I happen to know that my cousin was not there. He goes to so many race-meetings that there has been some little mistake."

Then Mr. Stackpoole had written to Cousin George, and Cousin George had thought it wise to make no reply. Sir Harry, however, from other sources had convinced himself of the truth, and had told his daughter that there was evidence enough to prove the fact in any court of law. Emily when so informed had simply held her tongue, and had resolved to hate Mrs. Stackpoole worse than ever.

She had been told from the first that her engagement with her cousin would

not receive her father's sanction; and for some days after that there had been silence on the subject at Humblethwaite, while the correspondence with Mr. Boltby was being continued. Then there came the moment in which Sir Harry felt that he must call upon his daughter to promise obedience, and the conversation which has been described between him and Lady Elizabeth was preparatory to his doing so.

"My dear," he said to his daughter, "sit down: I want to speak to you."

He had sent for her into his own morning-room, in which she did not remember to have been asked to sit down before. She would often visit him there, coming in and out on all manner of small occasions, suggesting that he should ride with her, asking for the loan of a gardener for a week for some project of her own, telling him of a big gooseberry, interrupting him ruthlessly on any trifle in the world. But on such occasions she would stand close to him, leaning on him. And he would scold her playfully, or kiss her, or bid her be gone from the room, but would always grant what she asked of him. To him, though he hardly knew that it was so, such visits from his darling had been the bright moments of his life. But up to this morning he had never bade her be seated in that room.

"Emily," he said, "I hope you understand that all this about your cousin George must be given up." She made no reply, though he waited perhaps for a minute. "It is altogether out of the question. I am very, very sorry that you have been subjected to such a sorrow. I will own that I have been to blame for letting him come to my house."

"No, papa, no."

"Yes, my dear, I have been to blame, and I feel it keenly. I did not then know as much of him as I do now, but I had heard that which should have made me careful to keep him out of your company."

"Hearing about people, papa! Is that fair? Are we not always hearing tales about everybody?"

"My dear child, you must take my word for something."

"I will take it for everything in all the world, papa."

"He has been a thoroughly bad young man."

"But, papa—"

"You must take my word for it when I tell you that I have positive proof of what I am telling you."

"But, papa—"

"Is not that enough?"

"No, papa. I am heartily sorry that he should have been what you call a bad young man. I wish young men weren't so bad—that there were no race-courses and betting, and all that. But if he had been my brother instead of my cousin—"

"Don't talk about your brother, Emily."

"Should we hate him because he has been unsteady? Should we not do all that we could in the world to bring him back? I do not know that we are to hate people because they do what they ought not to do."

"We hate liars."

"He is not a liar. I will not believe it."

"Why did he tell you that he was not at those races, when he was there as surely as you are here? But, my dear, I will not argue about all this with you. It is not right that I should do so. It is my duty to inquire into these things, and yours to believe me and to obey me." Then he paused, but his daughter made no reply to him. He looked into her face, and saw there that mark about the eyes which he knew he so often showed himself—which he so well remembered in his father. "I suppose you do believe me, Emily, when I tell you that he is worthless."

"He need not be worthless always."

"His conduct has been such that he is unfit to be trusted with anything."

"He must be the head of our family some day, papa."

"That is our misfortune, my dear. No one can feel it as I do. But I need not add to it the much greater mis-

fortune of sacrificing to him my only child."

"If he was so bad, why did he come here?"

"That is true. I did not expect to be rebuked by you, Emily, but I am open to that rebuke."

"Dear, dear papa, indeed I did not mean to rebuke you. But I cannot give him up."

"You must give him up."

"No, papa. If I did I should be false. I will not be false. You say that he is false. I do not know that, but I will not be false. Let me speak to you for one minute."

"It is of no use."

"But you will hear me, papa. You always hear me when I speak to you." She had left her chair now and was standing close to him—not leaning upon him, as was her wont in their pleasantest moments of fellowship, but ready to do so whenever she should find that his mood would permit it. "I will never marry him without your leave."

"Thanks, Emily: I know how sacred is a promise from you."

"But mine to him is equally sacred. I shall still be engaged to him. I told him how it would be. I said that as long as you or mamma lived I would never marry without your leave. Nor would I see him or write to him without your knowledge. I told him so. But I told him also that I would always be true to him. I mean to keep my word."

"If you find him to be utterly worthless, you cannot be bound by such a promise."

"I hope it may not be so. I do not believe that it is so. I know him too well to think that he can be utterly worthless. But if he were, who should try to save him from worthlessness if not his nearest relatives? We try to reclaim the worst criminals, and sometimes we succeed. And he must be the head of the family. Remember that. Ought we not to try to reclaim him? He cannot be worse than the prodigal son."

"He is ten times worse. I cannot tell you what has been his life."

"Papa, I have often thought that in our rank of life Society is responsible for the kind of things which young men do. If he was at Goodwood—which I do not believe—so was Mr. Stackpoole. If he was betting, so was Mr. Stackpoole."

"But Mr. Stackpoole did not lie."

"I don't know that," she said, with a little toss of her head.

"Emily, you have no business either to say or to think it."

"I care nothing for Mr. Stackpoole, whether he tells truth or not. He and his wife have made themselves very disagreeable: that is all. But as for George, he is what he is because other young men are allowed to be the same."

"You do not know the half of it."

"I know as much as I want to know, papa. Let one keep as clear of it as one can, it is impossible not to hear how young men live. And yet they are allowed to go everywhere, and are flattered and encouraged. I do not pretend that George is better than others. I wish he were. Oh how I wish it! But, such as he is, he belongs in a way to us, and we ought not to desert him. He belongs, I know, to me, and I will not desert him."

Sir Harry felt that there was no arguing with such a girl as this. Some time since he had told her that it was unfit that he should be brought into an argument with his own child, and there was nothing now for him but to fall back upon the security which that assertion gave him. He could not charge her with direct disobedience, because she had promised him that she would not do any of those things which, as a father, he had a right to forbid. He relied fully on her promise, and so far might feel himself to be safe. Nevertheless, he was very unhappy. Of what service would his child be to him or he to her if he were doomed to see her pining from day to day with an unpermitted love? It was the dearest wish of his heart to make her happy, as it was his fondest ambition to see her so placed in the world that she might be the

happy transmitter of all the honors of the house of Humblethwaite, if she could not transmit all the honors of the name. Time might help him. And then if she could be made really to see how base was the clay of which had been made this image which she believed to be of gold, might it not be that at last she would hate a thing that was so vile? In order that she might do so he would persist in finding out what had been the circumstances of this young man's life. If, as he believed, the things which George Hotspur had done were such as in another rank of life would send the perpetrator to the treadmill, surely then she would not cling to her lover. It would not be in her nature to prefer that which was foul and abominable and despised of all men. It was after this, when he had seen Mr. Boltby, that the idea occurred to him of buying up Cousin George, so that Cousin George should himself abandon his engagement.

"You had better go now, my dear," he said after his last speech. "I fully rely upon the promise you have made me. I know that I can rely upon it. And you also may rely upon me. I give you my word as your father that this man is unfit to be your husband, and that I should commit a sin greater than I can describe to you were I to give my sanction to such a marriage."

Emily made no answer to this, but left the room without having once leaned upon her father's shoulder.

That look of hers troubled him sadly when he was alone. What was to be the meaning of it, and what the result? She had given him almost unasked the only promise which duty required her to give, but at the same time she had assured him by her countenance, as well as by her words, that she would be as faithful to her lover as she was prepared to be obedient to her father. And then, if there should come a long contest of that nature, and if he should see her devoted year after year to a love which she would not even try to cast off from her, how would he be able to bear it? He, too, was firm, but he

knew himself to be as tender-hearted as he was obstinate. It would be more than he could bear. All the world would be nothing for him then. And if there was ever to be a question of yielding, it would be easier to do something toward lessening the vileness of the man now than hereafter. He, too, had some of that knowledge of the world which had taught Lady Allingham to say that the young people in such contests could always beat the old people. Thinking of this, and of that look upon his child's brows, he almost vacillated again. Any amount of dissipation he could now have forgiven, but to be a liar, too, and a swindler! Before he went to bed that night he had made up his mind to go to London and to see Mr. Boltby.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERTINACITY.

ON the day but one after the scene narrated in the last chapter, Sir Harry went to London, and Lady Elizabeth and Emily were left alone together in the great house at Humblethwaite. Emily loved her mother dearly. The proper relations of life were reversed between them, and the younger domineered over the elder. But the love which the daughter felt was probably the stronger on this account. Lady Elizabeth never scolded, never snubbed, never made herself disagreeable, was never cross; and Emily, with her strong perceptions and keen intelligence, knew all her mother's excellence, and loved it the better because of her mother's weakness. She preferred her father's company, but no one could say she neglected her mother for the sake of her father.

Hitherto she had said very little to Lady Elizabeth as to her lover. She had, in the first place, told her mother, and then had received from her mother, at second hand, her father's disapproval. At that time she had only said that it was "too late." Poor Lady Elizabeth had been able to make no useful answer to this. It certainly was too late. The

evil should have been avoided by refusing admittance to Cousin George both in London and at Humblethwaite. It certainly was too late—too late, that is, to avoid the evil altogether. The girl had been asked for her heart, and had given it. It was very much too late. But evils such as that do admit of remedy. It is not every girl that can marry the man whom she first confesses that she loves. Lady Elizabeth had some idea that her child, being nobler born and of more importance than other people's children, ought to have been allowed by Fate to do so, as there certainly is a something withdrawn from the delicate aroma of a first-class young woman by any transfer of affections; but if it might not be so, even an Emily Hotspur must submit to a lot not uncommon among young women in general, and wait and wish till she could acknowledge to herself that her heart was susceptible of another wound. That was the mother's hope at present—her hope, when she was positively told by Sir Harry that George Hotspur was quite out of the question as a husband for the heiress of Humblethwaite. But this would probably come the sooner if little or nothing were said of George Hotspur.

The reader need hardly be told that Emily herself regarded the matter in a very different light. She also had her ideas about the delicacy and the aroma of a maiden's love. She had confessed her love very boldly to the man who had asked for it—had made her rich present with a free hand, and had grudged nothing in the making of it. But having given it, she understood it to be fixed as the heavens that she could never give the same gift again. It was herself that she had given, and there was no retracting the offering. She had thought, and had then hoped, and had afterward hoped more faintly, that the present had been well bestowed—that in giving it she had disposed of herself well. Now they told her that it was not so, and that she could hardly have disposed of herself worse. She would not believe that; but, let it be as it might, the

thing was done. She was his. He had a right in her which she could not withdraw from him. Was not this sort of giving acknowledged by all churches in which these words, "for better or for worse," were uttered as part of the marriage vow? Here there had been as yet no church vow, and therefore her duty was still due to her father. But the sort of sacrifice—so often a sacrifice of the good to the bad—which the Church not only allowed, but required and sanctified, could be as well conveyed by one promise as by another. What is a vow but a promise? and by what process are such vows and promises made fitting between a man and a woman? Is it not by that compelled rendering up of the heart which men call love? She had found that he was dearer to her than everything in the world besides; that to be near him was a luxury to her; that his voice was music to her; that the flame of his eyes was sunlight; that his touch was to her as had never been the touch of any other human being. She could submit to him—she who never would submit to any one. She could delight to do his bidding, even though it were to bring him his slippers. She had confessed nothing of this, even to herself, till he had spoken to her on the bridge; but then, in a moment, she had known that it was so, and had not coyed the truth with him by a single nay. And now they told her that he was bad.

Bad as he was, he had been good enough to win her. 'Twas thus she argued with herself. Who was she that she should claim for herself the right of having a man that was not bad? That other man that had come to her, that Lord Alfred, was, she was told, good at all points, and he had not moved her in the least. His voice had possessed no music for her; and as for fetching his slippers for him, he was to her one of those men who seem to be created just that they might be civil when wanted and then get out of the way! She had not been able for a moment to bring herself to think of regarding him as her husband. But this man, this

bad man! From the moment that he had spoken to her on the bridge, she knew that she was his for ever.

It might be that she liked a bad man best. So she argued with herself again. If it were so, she must put up with what misfortune her own taste might bring upon her. At any rate, the thing was done, and why should any man be thrown over simply because the world called him bad? Was there to be no forgiveness for wrongs done between man and man, when the whole theory of our religion was made to depend on forgiveness from God to man? It is the duty of some one to reclaim an evident prodigal, and why should it not be her duty to reclaim this prodigal? Clearly, the very fact that she loved the prodigal would give her a potentiality that way which she would have with no other prodigal. It was at any rate her duty to try. It would at least be her duty if they would allow her to be near enough to him to make the attempt. Then she filled her mind with ideas of a long period of probation, in which every best energy of her existence should be given to this work of reclaiming the prodigal, so that at last she might put her own hand into one that should be clean enough to receive it. With such a task before her she could wait. She could watch him and give all her heart to his welfare, and never be impatient except that he might be made happy. As she thought of this, she told herself plainly that the work would not be easy—that there would be disappointment, almost heart-break, delays and sorrows; but she loved him, and it would be her duty; and then, if she could be successful, how great, how full of joy would be the triumph! Even if she were to fail, and perish in failing, it would be her duty. As for giving him up because he had the misfortune to be bad, she would as soon give him up on the score of any other misfortune—because he might lose a leg, or become deformed, or be stricken deaf by God's hand. One does not desert those one loves because of their misfortunes. 'Twas thus she argued with herself, thinking that

she could see, whereas, poor child! she was so very blind.

"Mamma," she said, "has papa gone up to town about Cousin George?"

"I do not know, my dear. He did not say why he was going."

"I think he has. I wish I could make him understand."

"Understand what, my dear?"

"All that I feel about it. I am sure it would save him much trouble. Nothing can ever separate me from my cousin."

"Pray don't say so, Emily."

"Nothing can. Is it not better that you and he should know the truth? Papa goes about trying to find out all the naughty things that George has ever done. There has been some mistake about a race-meeting, and all manner of people are asked to give what papa calls evidence that Cousin George was there. I do not doubt but George has been what people call dissipated."

"We do hear such dreadful stories!"

"You would not have thought anything about them if it had not been for me. He is not worse now than when he came down here last year. And he was always asked to Bruton street."

"What do you mean by this, dear?"

"I do not mean to say that young men ought to do all these things, whatever they are—getting into debt, and betting, and living fast. Of course it is very wrong. But when a young man has been brought up in that way, I do think he ought not to be thrown over by his nearest and dearest friends"—that last epithet was uttered with all the emphasis which Emily could give to it—"because he falls into temptation."

"I am afraid George has been worse than others, Emily."

"So much the more reason for trying to save him. If a man be in the water you do not refuse to throw him a rope because the water is deep."

"But, dearest, your papa is thinking of you." Lady Elizabeth was not quick enough of thought to explain to her daughter that if the rope be of more value than the man, and if the chance of losing the rope be much greater than

that of saving the man, then the rope is not thrown.

"And I am thinking of George," said Emily.

"But if it should appear that he had done things—the wickedest things in the world?"

"I might break my heart in thinking of it, but I should never give him up."

"If he were a murderer?" suggested Lady Elizabeth, with horror.

The girl paused, feeling herself to be hardly pressed, and then came that look upon her brow which Lady Elizabeth understood as well as did Sir Harry. "Then I would be a murderer's wife," she said.

"Oh, Emily!"

"I must make you understand me, mamma, and I want papa to understand it too. No consideration on earth shall make me say that I will give him up. They may prove, if they please, that he was on all the race-courses in the world, and get that Mrs. Stackpoole to swear to it—and it is ten times worse for a woman to go than it is for a man, at any rate—but it will make no difference. If you and papa tell me not to see him or write to him—much less to marry him—of course I shall obey you. But I shall not give him up a bit the more, and he must not be told that I will give him up. I am sure papa will not wish that anything untrue should be told. George will always be to me the dearest thing in the whole world—dearer than my own soul. I shall pray for him every night, and think of him all day long. And as to the property, papa may be quite sure that he can never arrange it by any marriage that I shall make. No man shall ever speak to me in that way if I can help it. I won't go where any man can speak to me. I will obey, but it will be at the cost of my life. Of course I will obey papa and you, but I cannot alter my heart. Why was he allowed to come here—the head of our own family—if he be so bad as this? Bad or good, he will always be all the world to me."

To such a daughter as this Lady Elizabeth had very little to say that

might be of avail. She could quote Sir Harry, and entertain some dim distant wish that Cousin George might even yet be found to be not quite so black as he had been painted.

CHAPTER XV.

COUSIN GEORGE IS HARD PRESSED.

THE very sensible, and, as one would have thought, very manifest idea of buying up Cousin George originated with Mr. Boltby. "He will have his price, Sir Harry," said the lawyer. Then Sir Harry's eyes were opened, and so excellent did this mode of escape seem to him that he was ready to pay almost any price for the article. He saw it at a glance. Emily had high-flown notions and would not yield: he feared that she would not yield, let Cousin George's delinquencies be shown to be as black as Styx. But if Cousin George could be made to give her up, then Emily must yield; and, yielding in such a manner, having received so rude a proof of her lover's unworthiness, it could not be but that her heart would be changed. Sir Harry's first idea of a price was very noble—all debts to be paid, a thousand a year for the present, and Scarrowby to be attached to the title. What price would be too high to pay for the extrication of his daughter from so grievous a misfortune? But Mr. Boltby was more calm. As to the payment of the debts, yes—within a certain liberal limit. For the present, an income of five hundred pounds he thought would be almost as efficacious a bait as double the amount; and it would be well to tack to it the necessity of a residence abroad. It might, perhaps, serve to get the young man out of the country for a time. If the young man bargained on either of these headings, the matter could be reconsidered by Mr. Boltby. As to settling Scarrowby on the title, Mr. Boltby was clearly against it. "He would raise every shilling he could on post-obits within twelve months." At last the offer was made in the terms with which the reader

is already acquainted. George was sent off from the lawyer's chambers with directions to consider the terms, and Mr. Boltby gave his clerk some little instructions for perpetuating the irritation on the young man which Hart and Stubber together were able to produce. The young man should be made to understand that hungry creditors, who had been promised their money on certain conditions, could become very hungry indeed.

George Hotspur, blackguard and worthless as he was, did not at first realize the fact that Sir Harry and Mr. Boltby were endeavoring to buy him. He was asked to give up his cousin, and he was told that if he did so a certain very generous amount of pecuniary assistance should be given to him; but yet he did not at the first glance perceive that one was to be the price of the other—that if he took the one he would meanly have sold the other. It certainly would have been very pleasant to have all his debts paid for him, and the offer of five hundred pounds a year was very comfortable. Of the additional sum to be given when Sir Harry should die, he did not think so much. It might probably be a long time coming, and then Sir Harry would of course be bound to do something for the title. As for living abroad, he might promise that, but they could not make him keep his promise. He would not dislike to travel for six months, on condition that he should be well provided with ready money. There was much that was alluring in the offer, and he began to think whether he could not get it all without actually abandoning his cousin. But then he was to give a written pledge to that effect, which, if given, no doubt would be shown to her. No: that would not do. Emily was his prize; and though he did not value her at her worth, not understanding such worth, still he had an idea that she would be true to him. Then at last came upon him an understanding of the fact, and he perceived that a bribe had been offered to him.

For half a day he was so disgusted at

the idea that his virtue was rampant within him. Sell his Emily for money! Never! His Emily and all her rich prospects, and that for a sum so inadequate! They little knew their man when they made a proposition so vile! That evening, at his club, he wrote a letter to Sir Harry, and the letter as soon as written was put into the club letter-box, addressed to the house in Bruton street; in which, with much indignant eloquence, he declared that the baronet little understood the warmth of his love or the extent of his ambition in regard to the family. "I shall be quite ready to submit to any settlements," he said, "so long as the property is entailed upon the baronet who shall come after myself: I need not say that I hope the happy fellow may be my own son."

But on the next morning, on his first waking, his ideas were more vague, and a circumstance happened which tended to divert them from the current in which they had run on the preceding evening. When he was going through the sad work of dressing he bethought himself that he could not at once force this marriage on Sir Harry—could not do so, perhaps, within a twelvemonth or more, let Emily be ever so true to him—and that his mode of living had become so precarious as to be almost incompatible with that outward decency which would be necessary for him as Emily's suitor. He was still very indignant at the offer made to him, which was indeed bribery of which Sir Harry ought to be ashamed, but he almost regretted that his letter to Sir Harry had been sent. It had not been considered enough, and certainly should not have been written simply on after-dinner consideration. Something might have been inserted with the view of producing ready money—something which might have had a flavor of yielding, but which could not have been shown to Emily as an offer on his part to abandon her; and then he had a general feeling that his letter had been too grandiloquent—all arising, no doubt, from a fall in courage incidental to a sick stomach.

But before he could get out of his hotel a visitor was upon him. Mr. Hart desired to see him. At this moment he would almost have preferred to see Captain Stubber. He remembered at the moment that Mr. Hart was acquainted with Mr. Walker, and that Mr. Walker would probably have sought the society of Mr. Hart after a late occurrence in which he, Cousin George, had taken part. He was going across to breakfast at his club when he found himself almost forced to accompany Mr. Hart into a little private room at the left hand of the hall of the hotel. He wanted his breakfast badly, and was altogether out of humor. He had usually found Mr. Hart to be an enduring man, not irascible, though very pertinacious, and sometimes almost good-natured. In a moment he thought he would bully Mr. Hart, but when he looked into Mr. Hart's face his heart misgave him. "This is a most inconvenient time—" he had begun. But he hesitated, and Mr. Hart began his attack at once:

"Captain 'Oshspur, sir! let me tell you this von't do no longer."

"What won't do, Mr. Hart?"

"Vat von't do? You know vat von't do. Let me tell you this. You'll be at the Old Bailey very soon if you don't do just vat you is told to do."

"Me at the Old Bailey?"

"Yes, Captain 'Oshspur—you at the Old Bailey. In vat vay did you get those moneys from poor Mr. Valker? I know vat I says. More than three hundred pounds! It was card-sharping."

"Who says it was card-sharping?"

"I say so, Captain 'Oshspur, and so does Mr. Bullbean. Mr. Bullbean vill prove it." Mr. Bullbean was a gentleman known well to Mr. Hart, who had made one of a little party at Mr. Walker's establishment, by means of which Cousin George had gone, flush of money, down among his distinguished friends in Norfolk. "Vat did you do with poor Valker's moneys? It was very hard upon poor Mr. Valker—very hard."

"It was fair play, Mr. Hart."

"Gammon, Captain 'Oshspur! Where is the moneys?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"Oh, very well. Bullbean is quite ready to go before a magistrate—ready at once. I don't know how that vill help us with our pretty cousin with all the fortune."

"How will it help you then?"

"Look here, Captain 'Oshspur: I vill tell you vat vill help me, and vill help Captain Stubber, and vill help everybody. The young lady isn't for you at all. I know all about it, Captain 'Oshspur. Mr. Boltby is a very nice gentleman, and understands business."

"What is Mr. Boltby to me?"

"He is a great deal to me, because he vill pay me my moneys, and he vill pay Captain Stubber, and vill pay everybody. He vill pay you too, Captain 'Oshspur—only you must pay poor Valker his moneys. I have promised Valker he shall have back his moneys, or Sir Harry shall know that too. You must just give up the young woman: eh, Captain 'Oshspur?"

"I'm not going to be dictated to, Mr. Hart."

"When gentlemen is in debt they must be dictated to, or else be quodded. We mean to have our money from Mr. Boltby, and that at once. Here is the offer to pay it, every shilling, and to pay you! You must give the lady up. You must go to Mr. Boltby and write just what he tells you. If you don't—!"

"Well, if I don't?"

"By the living God, before two weeks are over you shall be in prison. Bullbean saw it all. Now you know, Captain 'Oshspur. You don't like dictating to, don't you? If you don't do as you're dictated to, and that mighty sharp, as sure as my name is Abraham Hart, everything shall come out. Every d—d thing, Captain 'Oshspur! And now good-morning, Captain 'Oshspur. You had better see Mr. Boltby to-day, Captain 'Oshspur."

How was a man so weightied to run for such stakes as those he was striving to carry off? When Mr. Hart left him he was not only sick in the stomach, but sick at heart also—sick all over.

He had gone from bad to worse; he had lost the knowledge of the flavor of vice and virtue; and yet now, when there was present to him the vanishing possibility of redeeming everything by this great marriage, it seemed to him that a life of honorable ease—such a life as Sir Harry would wish him to live if permitted to marry the girl and dwell among his friends at Humblethwaite—would be much sweeter, much more to his real taste, than the life which he had led for the last ten years. What had been his positive delights? In what moments had he actually enjoyed them? From first to last had there not been trouble and danger and vexation of spirit, and a savor of dirt about it all which even to his palate had been nauseous? Would he not willingly reform? And yet, when the prospect of reform was brought within reach of his eyes—of a reform so pleasant in all its accompaniments, of reform amidst all the wealth of Humblethwaite, with Emily Hotspur by his side—there came these harpies down upon him, rendering it all impossible! Thrice, in speaking of them to himself, he called them harpies, but it never occurred to him to think by what name Mr. Walker would have designated him.

But things around him were becoming so serious that he must do something. It might be that he would fall to the ground, losing everything. He could not understand about Bullbean. Bullbean had had his share of the plunder in regard to all that he had seen. The best part of the evening's entertainment had taken place after Mr. Bullbean had retired. No doubt, however, Mr. Bullbean might do him a damage.

He had written to Sir Harry, refusing altogether the offer made to him. Could he, after writing such a letter, at once go to the lawyer and accept the offer? And must he admit to himself, finally, that it was altogether beyond his power to win his cousin's hand? Was there no hope of that life at Humblethwaite which, when contemplated at a distance, had seemed to him to be so green and

pleasant? And what would Emily think of him? In the midst of all his other miseries that also was a misery. He was able, though steeped in worthlessness, so to make for himself a double identity as to imagine and to personify a being who should really possess fine and manly aspirations with regard to a woman, and to look upon himself—his second self—as that being; and to perceive with how withering a contempt such a being would contemplate such another man as was in truth the real George Hotspur, whose actual sorrows and troubles had now become so unendurable.

Who would help him in his distress? The Allinghams were still in Scotland, and he knew well that, though Lady Allingham was fond of him, and though Lord Allingham liked him, there was no assistance to be had there of the kind that he needed. His dearly intimate, distinguished friends in Norfolk, with whom he had been always George, would not care if they heard that he had been crucified. It seemed to him that the world was very hard and very cruel. Who did care for him? There were two women who cared for him, who really loved him, who would make almost any sacrifice for him, who would even forget his sins, or at least forgive them. He was sure of that. Emily Hotspur loved him, but there were no means by which he could reach Emily Hotspur. She loved him, but she would not so far disobey her father and mother, or depart from her own word, as to receive even a letter from him. But the other friend who loved him—he still could see her. He knew well the time at which he would find her at home, and some three or four hours after his interview with Mr. Hart he knocked at Mrs. Morton's door.

"Well, George," she said, "how does your wooing thrive?"

He had no preconceived plan in coming to her. He was possessed by that desire which we all of us so often feel, to be comforted by sympathy; but he hardly knew even how to describe the want of it.

"It does not thrive at all," he said,

throwing himself gloomily into an easy-chair.

"That is bad news. Has the lady turned against you?"

"Oh no," said he, moodily—"nothing of that sort."

"That would be impossible, would it not? Fathers are stern, but to such a one as you daughters are always kind. That is what you mean; eh, George?"

"I wish you would not chaff me, Lucy. I am not well, and I did not come to be chaffed."

"The chaffing is all to be on one side, is it, George? Well, I will say nothing to add to your discomforts. What is it ails you? You will drink liqueurs after dinner. That is what makes you so wretched. And I believe you drink them before dinner, too."

"Hardly ever. I don't do such a thing three times in a month. It is not that; but things do trouble me so."

"I suppose Sir Harry is not well pleased."

"He is doing what he ought not to do, I must say that—quite what I call ungentlemanlike. A lawyer should never be allowed to interfere between gentlemen. I wonder who could stand it if an attorney were set to work to make all manner of inquiries about everything that he had ever done?"

"I could not, certainly. I should cave in at once, as the boys say."

"Other men have been as bad as I have, I suppose. He is sending about everywhere."

"Not only sending, George, but going himself. Do you know that Sir Harry did me the honor of visiting me?"

"No!"

"But he did. He sat there in that very chair, and talked to me in a manner that nobody ever did before, certainly. What a fine old man he is, and how handsome!"

"Yes, he is a good-looking old fellow."

"So like you, George."

"Is he?"

"Only you know, less—less—less—what shall I say?—less good-natured, perhaps."

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"I know what you mean. He is not such a fool as I am."

"You're not a fool at all, George, but sometimes you are weak. He looks to be strong. Is she like him?"

"Very like him."

"Then she must be handsome."

"Handsome! I should think she is, too!" said George, quite forgetting the description of his cousin which he had given some days previously to Mrs. Morton.

She smiled, but took no notice aloud of his blunder. She knew him so well that she understood it all. "Yes," she went on, "he came here and said some bitter things. He said more, perhaps, than he ought to have done."

"About me, Lucy?"

"I think that he spoke chiefly about myself. There was a little explanation, and then he behaved very well. I have no quarrel with him myself. He is a fine old gentleman; and having one only daughter and a large fortune, I do not wonder that he should want to make inquiries before he gives her to you."

"He could do that without an attorney."

"Would you tell him the truth? The fact is, George, that you are not the sort of son-in-law that fathers like. I suppose it will be off; eh, George?" George made no immediate reply. "It is not likely that she would have the constancy to stick to it for years, and I am sure you will not. Has he offered you money?" Then George told her almost with accuracy the nature of the proposition made to him.

"It is very generous," she said.

"I don't see much of that."

"It certainly is very generous."

"What ought a fellow to do?"

"Only fancy that you should come to me to ask me such a question!"

"I know you will tell me true."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes."

"With all your heart?"

"What is the meaning of that? I do love her."

"Better than her father's money?"

"Much better."

"Then stick to her through thick and thin. But you don't. I must not advise you in accordance with what you say, but with what I think. You will be beaten, certainly. She will never be your wife; and were you so married, you would not be happy with such people. But she will never be your wife. Take Sir Harry's offer, and write her

a letter explaining how it is best for all that you should do so."

He paused a moment, and then he asked her one other question: "Would you write the letter for me, Lucy?"

She smiled again as she answered him: "Yes: if you make up your mind to do as Sir Harry asks you, I will write a draft of what I think you should say to her."

MEXICAN REMINISCENCES.

I.

IN the spring of 1847 I went from New Orleans to Vera Cruz in the same vessel that carried the commission of peace—Nathan Clifford, minister, and Robert M. Walsh, secretary. At Vera Cruz the only conveyances which could be procured for the diplomats were some of the army ambulances, in one of which I was allowed to seat myself upon a trunk, with my back against other trunks, and my legs locating themselves where they could amidst various luggage. As there were no springs to the wagons, and as the roads were in the most horrible condition from the passage of big guns and other vehicles of old Mars, who had only just smoothed his wrinkled front, the locomotion was not easy or pleasant. Sometimes there were absolute abysses, so to speak, over which our mules must almost have leaped, dragging us after them in convulsive agony. Then, too, there was some excitement in regard to the "Greasers," as the natives were styled, whose feelings toward us had not yet recovered their amicable tone; but as we had an escort of sixty stalwart dragoons, there was no great dread of an attack.

We were five days on the road, and were not a little rejoiced when we reached the spot where the troops occu-

pying the city of Mexico were drawn up to receive the members of the commission with all due honor. Mounting horses, they rode into the town amid a brilliant cortège of plumed and epauletted heroes, and underwent from every window, as they passed, a scorching fire of the brightest and most perilous glances. Enemies or not, the Mexican damsels and dames were determined to see all that was going on and going by. The multitudinous and magnificent display which they made was far more worthy of admiration than the martial array, whose members, therefore, had much the pleasanter time as they moved along through the spacious streets, with optics ever upturned in spite of the combined dazzle of the divinities and a glorious noontide sun. Eagerly did the goddesses dart their glances to discover the distinguished strangers; but as these worthies, after their long and dusty travel, were by no means clad like Solomon the Superb, they passed without notice, except, perhaps, as blots upon the splendid pageant. *Tulit alter honores*; and that other was an American gentleman, who had come in his carriage to meet the commission and offer it for their accommodation, and when they declined had returned therein with the procession, preceded by the eques-

trian magnificoes and followed by the embattled troops, looking for all the world as if he were the great escorted, the central figure and hero of the day. "Aquel es el ministro!"—"That's the minister!"—might have been heard from excited lips as the equipage passed; and, "That's the secretary!" was the compliment paid to the gentleman's companion, none other than this deponent, to whom he had offered a seat, and who meekly accepted the flattering mistake, gazing and gazing and gazing the while until he had lunched so full of lovely looks as almost to lose his appetite for the subsequent substantial meal. What a world of witchcraft lies in the bright orb of one particular eye!—what a universe, therefore, of the same sorcery in the sparkling peepers of bewitching myriads! A single pretty face anywhere will pale the vision splendid of the most gorgeous spectacle, at least for those who are not yet "*nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.*" Gentlemen whose sight is enfeebled by years, and who can only see angels as through glasses dimly, are not so liable to have their attention distracted from surrounding scenes of earth.

The younger officers in whose blazing circle we moved seemed to be on agreeable terms with the balconied syrens of the palatial mansions which filled the upper-ten-ish streets. Nods and smiles and friendly agitation of fans à *l'Espagnole*, were rained upon them in enviable profusion, showing clearly that if they had conquered the Mexican male, they had done their best to be conquered by the Mexican female, and were not less delighted with submission than triumph. The fact is, as I afterward learnt, the ladies of the land had been so disgusted with the poltroonery of their lords, and so enraptured by the bravery of our boys, that they made no bones, as poets say, about exhibiting their sentiments and confirming the great truth that none but the brave deserve the fair. The dimensions of the white feather shown by the Mexican militiaires were certainly remarkable. They had been so demoralized by the

victories of General Taylor that the army of Scott had a much easier fight than it would have had if the war had begun at Vera Cruz. To have been taken prisoner was a thing to boast of, as it served to prove the unfortunate one had stood his ground long enough to come to close quarters. As I passed through the valley of Cerro Gordo it appeared incredible that any host, however potent, could have overcome the natural obstacles if duly taken advantage of by a few resolute men. The lofty heights are perpendicular, and as I gazed at their rugged precipices, and pictured our fellows clambering up and over them, I could not help thinking of Gray's famous photograph of the long array of King Edward winding with toilsome march up the craggy steep of Snowden. But the wild dismay that was scattered o'er the crested pride of the monarch by the words of the Welsh bard had no counterpart in the sensations of our militiamen when they heard the shouts of their foe. Stout Gloster might have stood aghest in speechless trance, but stouter Twiggs didn't as he woke the echoes of the frowning rocks with his "Onward!" and waved his sword instead of couching his quivering lance like Sir Mortimer. Up they went, and as they climbed the only dismay felt was that which scattered the multitudinous Montezumians almost before they could be got at. When once quite convinced that the Yankees really meant to mount and drive them off, off they went with the most rapid discretion, to the amazement, doubtless, as well as to the satisfaction, of their assailants. The stories I used to hear of the scampering of whole squads of Mexicans at the mere sight of a few "*demonios ayankeados*," even after the most liberal deductions for patriotic exaggeration, indicated a sort of panicky epidemic quite fatal to their nerves. There was one hero, known in society as "*el general de los obstáculos*," from the circumstance of his having been ordered to attack a battery and objecting to do so on account of obstacles. "What obstacles?" asked his superior.

looking about in all directions to see what he meant, and not perceiving any unusual impediments. "Why, those cannon—aquellos cañones," responded the warrior, as he pointed to the unpleasant instruments that were making an uproar which seemed to tell him very plainly to keep off; and keep off he did.

But to return to our muttons. When the diplomatics arrived at the residence of the commander-in-chief, they were received with all due honors, and ushered into a spacious saloon, in which were assembled most of the principal officers of the army. Among them were some whose names have since been written in very large characters on the page of history, and who had already given earnest of what they could do on fitting fields of display. None of them, however, dreamt at the time that those fields would ever be found in the domains of *E Pluribus Unum*, whose spangled flag was then waving over the mansion, and that the brothers-in-arms thus gathered beneath its folds, and triumphing in the lustre reflected upon it by their deeds, would a few years afterward be striking at one another with far more fury than they ever struck together at the Mexican. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuri*. It is well that the shadow of the future was not cast upon that brilliant assemblage, or faces that then wore exulting smiles would have been sicklied o'er with the palest cast of thought. If, for instance, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, the first in reputation, could have foreseen the battles around Richmond and the retreat to Atlanta—if fields of fratricidal strife in which he was to command armies arrayed against that flag had at the time rushed red on his sight—he certainly would not have felt so comfortable as he doubtless then did, even with the anticipation of becoming one of the demigods of fame. The generalissimo was William O. Butler, who had shown himself no unworthy successor of Scott, lately removed from command preparatory to the court of inquiry ordered by the government. The worst fight

that veteran ever got into was unquestionably the one in which he was so worsted by the roughest and readiest of fighters, Marshal Marcy—the man, of all others, who could stand no nonsense, and who had the direst dislike to every description of fuss and feathers. Scott, of course, was not at the reception, but in the evening we paid our respects to him, and, seated around his hospitable table, listened to his stories and disquisitions. Much given to garrulity was the old chief, whose wisdom was not equal to his valor, and whose sword was more efficient than his tongue. Had he wielded the latter as skillfully as the former, nothing could have prevented him from being President; but he talked himself out of the good graces into which he had so splendidly fought his way. Had he even known how to be silent!—for as a Castilian warbler sings, in Anglicised verse:

"Some cats there are that make no sound,
And feed on pigeons fat;
While others that go mewling round
Can never smell a rat."

I was told by an officer who was in Scott's suite when he first entered the Halls of the Montezumas, that after a moment's gaze he turned to him and exclaimed, "Now, sir, I have the Presidency in my grasp." And so he had, but he wouldn't let it stay there until he could fairly clutch it. The emperorship of Mexico was in his grasp too, if he could have stooped from his lofty aspirations; for there can be little doubt that had he done what the Mexicans expected he would do when he was ousted from the pride of place in which he so literally towered, they would have lifted him with unanimous arms upon their shields. They were quite sure when the news of his removal arrived that he would resist and make a pronunciamiento, and were equally disappointed and amazed at the patriotic dignity with which he submitted to a trial in the very scene of his glory. How long he might have played emperor, even if Secretary Marcy had let him alone, is another question. To be

Iturbided after a short strut is not so tempting a prospect as that of a quiet seat in the chair of George Washington; and he certainly chose the better part.

Among the guests was Colonel Robert E. Lee, his aide-de-camp and right hand, to whom a large share of the success of the campaign was unanimously attributed—a silent, thoughtful, gentlemanly person, whose countenance indicated the self-reliant nature of the man of well-matured action. If *his* future, too, could have flashed upon his eye!—if he could have caught but a glimpse of the paleness that came upon the face of his chief when the news of his defection was announced! But, fortunately for him, he didn't know anything more about the morrow than the rest of us.

The residence first assigned to the legation was of palatial dimensions. They did not, however, occupy it long, as the family to whom it belonged was numerous and composed chiefly of ladies, who were obliged to huddle together in very close quarters at the back. This spectacle the gallantry of the commission could not stand, especially after a black-eyed damsel had meekly intimated to the secretary that it was hard to be expelled from their pleasant and spacious premises for the benefit of two male bipeds, who had more room and rooms than they knew what to do with. So, as the town was all before them where to choose, they asked the quartermaster to select another establishment, where they would run no risk of feminine reproaches. That functionary soon conducted them to the dwelling of a bachelor, who had just fitted it up for his own particular enjoyment with Sybaritic luxury. It was a big feeling, by the way, that of owning, as it were, every house in a big town—domicils à discrétion, which one was quite at liberty to appropriate. To walk through metropolitan streets for the purpose of choosing the most attractive residence, without any need of inquiring the cost, was a novel sensation for modest mortals. A powerful sovereign is the sword—more so even than the “*poderoso caballero*, Don

Dinero,” celebrated in Spanish verse. The unfortunate bachelor in question was Señor Haro y Tamariz, who had been Santa Anna's minister of finance, and of course—à *la Mexicaine*—had nicely feathered his nest, although he was not suffered to rest quietly therein. He was a young, good-looking person, with a perpetual smile, which at first we might have fancied was an evidence of satisfaction at the honor conferred on him. But as the simper never left his face, and it could not have been delightful to be driven from a splendid saloon and comfortable chamber into a little outhouse designed for financial and other studies, we were forced to the conclusion, confirmed by other circumstances, that his excellency was not altogether of soul sincere. A charming proof thereof was afforded when a tertulia was given at the legation, about going to which there was no little agitation among the natives, by his causing it to be announced in the papers next day that, although specially invited, he had refused, from patriotic sentiments, to appear. A still more forcible proof was his success in inducing a resident American to buy his desecrated furniture at at least double its value. At a subsequent period he became a general, and as a “pronouncing” leader made a good deal of noise. Defeated and exiled, he went to Italy, where the writer met him a few years since, with the identical smile on his face which he had worn on a former occasion.

Señor Haro was an intelligent gentleman and agreeable talker, and was fond of coming for a chat into his own drawing-room, into which he was always graciously admitted, to the apparent increase of his gratitude at having been expelled therefrom for the benefit of his highly-esteemed guests. It must be pleasant to see gentlemen taking their ease in one's own bright particular room, and Señor Haro showed by the frequency of his visits that he appreciated the pleasure. His stories about the war, in which he had served as aide-de-camp to Santa Anna, were full of interest, and as impartial as could be ex-

pected. In one of them, which related to the battle of Molino del Rey, he grew dramatic as he described the fearful slaughter of our troops, and the anguish of his own feelings when an attack was not made by the Mexican cavalry, which he believed would have spread discomfiture and rout. It must in fact have been a terrific struggle, that attempted surprise in the gray of the morning of what was supposed to be a weak and ill-manned mill, in which the assailants were themselves surprised by a hurricane discharge that swept whole regiments away. The Mexican government had got wind of the intended attack, and had secretly strengthened the place in such a way that all the valor of our men and all the skill of General Worth were tried to the utmost before success was achieved. The general was censured for the affair, as it was deemed quite unnecessary, the capture of the Molino having no influence upon the result of the campaign. It was also stated that a gentleman long resident in Mexico had sent him information a few hours before the fight of the preparations made for his repulse, and that he pooh-poohed the intelligence. Whatever the truth of this story, there can be no doubt of the dreadful carnage which made this the bloodiest conflict of the war. A more gallant soldier than Worth never breathed, and few more skillful leaders, but he dearly loved to fight, and did not like to be balked of an anticipated triumph: at least this was the common opinion at the time and on the spot. He had the look of a hero, and as he one day took us over some of the battle-fields near the city and pointed out the various memorable spots, his tone and manner and aspect left an impression not easily erased. Other chiefs also accompanied us on different occasions to the scenes of their exploits, and explained the mysteries thereof, talking history the while. Study of that important branch of knowledge could not be made under more interesting circumstances. The fight at the Pedregal, when our troops under Riley had to clamber to the attack over im-

mense piles of lava, which looked like big billows suddenly congealed, was an achievement which seemed absolutely impossible to the unmilitary eye. It was worth the journey to Mexico to hear it described by the chief workers of the miracle, in presence of the obstacles which entitled it to be so called.

Poor Bohlen, the gallant general since killed in the fatal Valley, but then one of the aides-de-camp of Worth, was our constant companion on those exciting expeditions. What a fondness for fighting was his! Wherever it was going on in almost any part of the world, there would he go to enjoy its pomp and circumstance, if not to mingle in the strife; until at last he met his death in the way which perhaps he preferred to the enjoyment of his opulence and enviable position. He and the *preux chevalier* Kearney left Europe and all the appliances of earthly happiness about the same time, to offer their services to the Federal government, and both were taken from the scenes in which they reveled at very brief intervals both of time and place. Almost the last time I saw Kearney was at a dinner given by him in his luxurious apartment at Paris to a number of distinguished French officers, with whom he had served in Algeria, a few days before his return. The probabilities of war between North and South were the great topic of conversation, and few believed in them; but *he* did, his martial instinct snuffing the battle from afar. One of the guests, a snow-capped general, a veteran of Waterloo and a senator, kept the banquet waiting some time. When at last he appeared, he hastened to apologize by stating that he had been detained at the Senate by "un discours magnifique" of Prince Napoleon about Italy; and such was his excitement that he plunged at once into a full account of it to the hungry guests, which kept them still longer from the table. After dinner, Major Phil took us into his sanctum and exhibited his camp equipage, all ready for the start. It must have been potent patriotism to tear a man from such a pleasant life as

his. Neither Bohlen nor himself could have had any sympathy with the feelings of Molière's hero, who declares that, "n'en déplaît à la gloire," he much prefers a couple of years in the world to a thousand in history. *Our* hero's empty sleeve was a token of the opposite sentiment that animated him. The brilliant exploit in which he lost his arm was often a theme of talk among foreigners in Mexico; and it was frequently said that when he dashed up to the gate of the city, he could have entered and captured it, so little disposed or prepared were the inhabitants to resist. Many were the regrets expressed at his wound and his untimely recall. But for the wound perhaps he would not have heard the bugle that stopped him in the career of victory. Who would then have been the hero of Mexico? As it is, no one deserved that title more than General Persifer F. Smith—a man whom it was impossible to know without feeling for him the deepest respect. His dignified yet genial manner, excellent sense and varied information inspired as much regard for the man, as his steady courage, promptitude of resource and strategic skill awakened admiration for the soldier. Like the great Captain immortalized by Tasso,

"Molto oprò con senno e con la mano."

I believe the army of occupation did not comprise more than six thousand men, but they were quite sufficient to control the population of the city, lawless and ferocious as a large portion of it was, and is, and always will be, until it succumbs to manifest destiny. The *lepers*, of whom there are tens of thousands, are, beyond all question, the most detestable wretches on the face of the earth—or at least of the civilized part thereof. Neapolitan lazzaroni are gentlemen and Christians in comparison; and even the worst niggers of Hayti have superior social and political attractions. Mongrels of mixed white and Indian blood, they seem to have all the vicious qualities of both races without the redeeming virtues of either

—an observation which may be made in regard to all half-breeds of the same kind. Everywhere they may be said, as a general rule, to degrade the different characteristics of their parents, "making that hideous which was not, and leaving that which was, so." The mulatto, on the contrary, is a decided improvement upon one of his producers, and is not at all incapable of reaching the full stature of mental and moral manhood. An infusion of white blood seems to intellectualize black and bedevil red—a fact which may explain the superiority of Brazil over the Spanish-American countries. In the former the fusion, to a certain extent, of Caucasian and African elements has not greatly impeded progress; whilst in the latter there has been nothing but Kilkennycatism from the outset, to result at last in universal destruction of the inhabitants, whose land will pass to civilized or civilizable successors. *Detur digniori* is the law by which Nature has provided for the turning of her gifts to account. When the people of any region are not fit for the task of developing its resources for their own benefit and the world's, they must sooner or later give place to those who are. The garden-spots of creation lie to the south of us—mere dunghills at present, but in due time to become Edens through the labor of hands that prefer digging and planting to slaughter and theft. If poor Maximilian could have taken over with him some hundreds of thousands of sturdy Germans, he would not only have established the dominion which no inglorious aspirations caused him to covet, with the full consent of the better classes of Mexicans, but have even won such good-will from ourselves as might have prevented interference with his beneficent efforts. The tremendous penman then at the head of the State Department might, to be sure, have worded him to death with lectures on the superiority of republican over monarchical institutions, whatever the characteristics of the population—perhaps even have taught him how to extract sunbeams from cucumbers before Nature

gave way; but the universal Yankee nation would have been too much gratified by the spectacle of Mexico in progressive peace to refuse to let well alone, whatever the source of the blessing. When they clearly see that "*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*," they are not the folks to inquire too curiously into the cause thereof, even if the dignity of Monroe doctrines be concerned. The very clearing of Mexican streets from the leperos aforesaid would entitle any sort of ruler to the gratitude of mankind, and more especially of neighbors. Where the unsavory, unsightly creatures dwelt was a mystery, for day and night they cumbered the thoroughfares, ever ready for mischief in all its varieties, from picking a pocket to "pronouncing" vociferously and savagely for any popular or lucrative leader. Nothing could better demonstrate the awe-inspiring result of our army's triumphs than the absolute cowering of that ruthless populace, so that the soldiers could go about with little care or fear, as they certainly did. Ever and anon there were reports of assassinations, but they were mostly the consequences of private revenge for acts which are apt in all places to draw down such retribution. In general, the deportment of the troops did as much credit to the

good name of their country as their arms had done to its renown. It may be asserted, indeed, that the reputable and responsible inhabitants were not at all desirous of getting rid of us, and that one difficulty in the way of the ratification of the treaty was a decided willingness to remain conquered. For the first time the rich had been protected and the poor had been paid, and both looked forward with dismay to a return to the old ways. Chaos "staring a community in the face with giant strides" (to appropriate the wonderful trope of a celebrated advocate) is not an agreeable prospect for those who have aught to lose. Accordingly, when the "star-spangled" was hauled down from its eminence above the Halls of the Montezumas, and the Mexican flag hoisted in its place, the vivas from the immense crowd which thronged the square were so few and far between that there could be little mistake as to the feelings of the spectators. National sentiments were weak in the conflict with individual regrets, for which there was certainly abundant excuse. What is the good of a government that governs for itself, and not for the governed?—a question which, in the course of human events, will prompt a good deal of annexation as well as separation.

A PILGRIMAGE.

I.

WELLINGTON STREET, Strand! Close to the arteries of London, one of its important veins, and keeping up a healthy circulation. Teeming with life, a busy, yet quiet thoroughfare. Among that hive of men too intent upon their labor to notice it or you, and heeding them as lightly, you make your way to a plain, unobtrusive, little-noticed corner house, claimed by Wellington

and York streets—the nursery, for many years, of a world-famed journal. How often you have observed that building, and wished to look upon its owner! How you long to look upon him now! How willingly you would give up a part of your own existence to see him at this moment, a living man and entering that doorway! You cannot realize that he is dead: you listen vainly for the footfall that will never come, for the

sound of a voice that none will ever hear again.

All the Year Round is published in that building: all the year round privileged fingers have put into leaden type the golden fancies of his master mind. Who shall take his place hereafter? An idle pen, a deserted desk, a vacant chair: who is worthy to assume that throne? Willing but sad hearts are there, working with honest purpose to fulfill his wish, paying his memory the tribute of the sighs they could not, if they would, conceal. Fill as they may the column, the page must be a blank: the leaf is withered, the book is closed, the building is in mourning, the temple is a ruin. The illustrations of his works alone lie on the window shelves. The works themselves adorn the walls within. You enter and purchase the latest number issued in his life, and look your last upon a spot you will not wish to see again; yet linger on the threshold for the sad interest attaching to it. There is a sense of desolation upon everything around it that you cannot wonder at, and that you fully share. It is no longer a habitation: it is a tomb. You cast your eyes upon the opposite walls, and they rest upon these words: "THE TABLET;" "Catholic Truth Society." Strange! The catholic truths have emanated from this tomb: its tablet is the title-page, "The Story of our Lives from Year to Year." Turn aside, pilgrim: you are intent upon the Story of a Death, for which you are but one of many million mourners.

II.

ALONG the crowded Strand to the South-eastern Railway. So many flowers greet you on each side that it might seem the country had responded to your wish and sent its roses to invite your coming. No man so poor but wears a flower in his coat—the driver of the omnibus, the cabman, the newsboy, the bootblack, the fusee-vender—and not one among them but would drop that flower as a token of respect and love

upon Charles Dickens' coffin: they would hide his grave with roses. It is not strange that you associate all things with him: humanity itself recalls the man who drew its scenes with such a wondrous and graphic power. His writings lie on every bookstand, and the walls yet bear the promise of that never-to-be-unraveled *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. No one seems to notice them: why should they? He died a week ago: the whole world felt the blow upon the following morning, and now the pain alone remains—the dull, dead, ceaseless, aching sense of something lost for ever. The very engine shrieks its lamentations as it ploughs its way through villages and fields that knew him almost as he knew them. How lately he admired the flint-bordered gardens of yonder signal-station—the varied colors of the wild "dragon's-head" upon the chalky sides of the excavated road—the red poppies in your field of oats that bowed to him as he passed by! They droop their heads as if in mourning now.

Higham! Here he left the noisy train to walk or drive a mile up yonder hill, to what was yesterday his home. You travel on to Strood, and thence by omnibus—the "short, squat omnibus, with a disproportionate heap of luggage on the roof—like a little Elephant with infinitely too much Castle"—to Rochester, for you are seeking the home of his boyhood. You leave the omnibus—or, rather, it leaves you—at "The Clock" in High street, and find yourself in Cloisterham.

Every stone in this old city was known to him, and every man and child knew him. You cannot look upon an inch of space he had not seen and analyzed. Cloisterham! He has so well described it in his latest chapters that it seems familiar to you too. You enter that old gateway and wander round the cathedral close, meeting an acquaintance at every step. You recognize each face, for you have seen it in his books. Turn from the living to the dead, and the first tombstone that meets your gaze bears the name of "Dorritt." You have

his own authority for saying that, excepting appellations coined for the wise purposes of his sermon-stories, he found the names for almost all his characters in the graveyard of that old cathedral. On a sign in the High street you meet the name of "Barnaby," and look involuntarily for "Rudge."

A few steps farther on, upon "Star Hill," is the "drooping and despondent little theatre" (where he first saw a play), "with its poor strip of garden" of "scarlet beans or oyster-shells, according to the season." Returning to the "one narrow street" of Cloisterham—High street—you soon perceive "the Nuns' House," and look up at the leaden-latticed, diamond-shaped panes of glass for a glimpse of "Rose Bud," Miss Twinkleton or Mrs. Tisher. One of the three houses opposite was once, evidently, the home of Mr. Sapsea. They would be interesting relics of antiquity at any time: how much more so are they from being pictured in his *Mystery*!

And that old building near to the "Nuns' House," with the stone tablet and inscription over the door, is "Watts' Charity," known to you in the *Seven Poor Travelers*. Why, "Cloisterham" teems with dear old friends: it is the moss-grown well from which he drew the sacred truths of much that is simple, homely and honest in his writings.

Even "old Weller" might have lived here once, for the man whom you engage to drive you to Gadshill looks so wonderfully like him you are tempted to ask his name. "The Old George," the "Crown and Anchor," and other signs—familiar in most English towns—are more familiar here by reason of his mention. You select the paths you think he would have chosen, and they lead you through the oddest windings of this choicest of old cities: you make the circuit of the castle walls and enter its gates.

Rochester Castle! Perhaps the grandest ruin in Old England, mentioned in King John's time as an ancient structure then. The moat is now a kitchen-garden: apricot and fig trees dispute

with ivy possession of the crumbling walls, and the ruin looks grimly down on beds of careful cultivation. You penetrate the winding passages and stairways, the halls, corridors and dungeons, and ascend, by the aid of ropes nailed to the walls, the stone steps of the castle towers. From the highest of these you look down on the city—"its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead; its moss-softened, red-tiled roofs and red-brick houses of the living; its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as if that were its source."

And, looking out from this grand old ruin upon the ruin that surrounds it, musing on the words above, in which he pictured "Cloisterham" so deftly, it does not need much stretch of fancy to believe that the shadow of his form still rests upon the time-bleached castle wall—that the echoes of his voice still linger on the silent summer air.

III.

THE road from Rochester to Higham-on-the-Hill forms part of the old high-road from Canterbury to London. Every foot of it is holy ground, for by this road the pilgrims journeyed centuries ago. The shrine you seek, sadder pilgrim than they, is built upon Gadshill, where Ned Poins and Prince Hal conjured visions to the doughty knight of "thirteen men in buckram," and the "Falstaff Arms" opposite commemorates the revel. You give little thought to associations with the past: yon quaint brick building, from which as it seems but yesterday he "went the silent road into which all earthly pilgrimages merge, some sooner, and some later," absorbs your feelings and enchains your thoughts.

Sixteen years back it was the vicarage of Higham, and how its late tenant, as a boy, admired it, he has oddly told us in his *Uncommercial Traveler*:

"So smooth was the old high-road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester when I no-

ticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Hallo,' said I, 'where do you live?'"

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' says I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"'I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says—

"'This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But do let us stop at the top of the hill, please, and look at the house there.'

"'You admire that house?' said I.

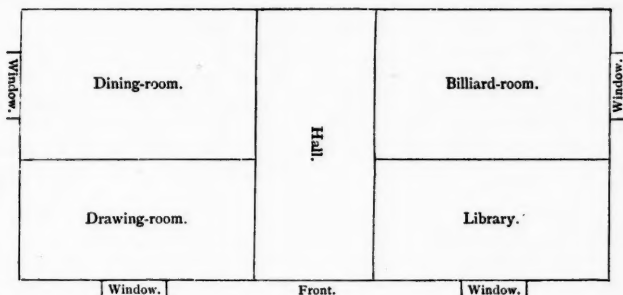
"'Bless you, sir!' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me—"If you were to be very persevering and work hard, you might some day come to live in it."

Though that's impossible,' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and staring at the house with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be my home, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

It became his home through the mere accident of his hearing, at a dinner-party, that the old vicarage was suddenly for sale. The dinner was left untasted, the bargain made, and Gadshill Place became as immortal as Stratford-on-Avon. The grounds had been embellished from his own designs, but the house would seem to have been left untouched except by Time. There is a tunnel under the high-road connecting the two gardens, and the noble cedars upon either side stand like watchers at a grave and mourn the nobler dead. Ivy and the Virginia creeper overhang the walls and the arched entrance to the tunnel, and red geraniums dot the velvet lawn and crowd the windows in rich profusion.

The ground-floor of the house is thus divided:



On the couch by the bay-window in the dining-room he breathed his last, too weak to be moved to the bed that had been brought down from his chamber. His portrait by Maclise (so lately gone before him), and other pictures by Frith, Cameron, Stanfield, Cattermole, Frank and Marcus Stone, etc.—many representing characters of

his own creation—hang on the walls, while in the halls and the sleeping-rooms above stairs lie the many books that have been crowded out of his well-stocked library, rich in treasures, chief of which are the bound manuscripts of his various works, interlined with his own corrections. The library doors are covered over with imitation covers of

odd works, christened in merry moments by himself and kindred spirits: *Cat's Lives*, in nine volumes; *Life of Zimmerman*, by himself;—*Catalogues of Statues to the Duke of Wellington*, 29 large vols.; *The World*, one very thin 8vo.; *Hanging the Best Policy*, by Our Wise Forefathers;—*A Brief Autobiography*, 3 large quartos; *Encyclopædia of Knowledge*, a skeleton duodecimo; *A Peep at the Pyramids*, 5 vols.; *Five Minutes in China*, 4 gigantic folios; etc.

Back of the library is the billiard-room, to which a miniature table had been fitted for the amusement of his friends, and where Fechter, Marcus Stone, Lord Darnley (his near neighbor), Charles Collins, and like companions, whiled away the pleasant hours, lightened as they were by the polished wit and kindly satire of their host, who, as marker of the game, contributed not a little to the spirit of the *partie*.

It is a strange waking from the dreamings of the past to the sorrow of the present, as, turning toward the "Falstaff Arms," the landlady, dressed in deep mourning—you need not ask for whom: her unaffected sadness speaks a volume—remarks: "Ah! he was a kind friend, sir, to every one, and a kind man to us!" You ask if the surviving family still remain at Gadshill House. "Yes, sir, but not for long: it is to be sold in a few days." "Sold! that's strange!" "Why, they couldn't live there, you know, sir: why he died in that dining-room: they couldn't live there now!"

With all its wealth of cultivated land, its fields of fruits and flowers, this is the saddest ruin you have seen. To the broken hearts within, the rooms his taste adorned are far more desolate than the barest wall in Cloisterham: the flowers have lost their perfume, the foliage its vitality: the life of all the house departed with him. It is a ruin!

Plucking, in sad remembrance, a sprig of ivy from the garden wall, you turn toward London by the road over which, only five days before, all that remained of him was borne to its final rest.

IV.

POETS' CORNER! Surrounding an enclosure of rude oaken benches, an ever-changing crowd look down upon a cross composed of scarcely-withered flowers, dropped since yesterday upon the hallowed stones that overlie the coffin. For a few days it was exposed to view, until the six feet of space above it were all but filled up with flowers fallen from the hands of those who thronged Westminster Abbey to pay tribute to the last comer among these mighty dead. He sleeps in goodly company, and you feel that since it was Heaven's will to call a noble spirit to its home, the earthly frame lies in "the only spot in England worthy to receive it." Mark the great and cherished names carved on the walls or graven in the ground, and see what spirits welcome him to his eternal rest:

Thomson.	Rowe.	Gay.	Goldsmith.	
Shakespeare.	Garrick.	Henderson.	Cumberland.	A. Campbell.
Southery.	Johnson.	Sheridan.	Handel.	Handel.
T. Campbell.				

Statue of Handel.
Thackeray.
Addison.
Macaulay.

Death casts no richer harvest, and the scythe of Time shall mow the earth in vain to find a nobler sheaf than it has just cut down.

Your pilgrimage is over. His office,

his home, his cherished town — his grave. His undying works alone exist for mankind to share in common: he lives but in the memory of man, whence he shall never die.

BARTON HILL.

THE HOUSE OF PENNYPACKER & SON.

WARRENER stretched his head far out of the window of the carriage as we passed a small, low-built, old-fashioned house, that looked as if it might have seen better days, but at that particular moment seemed to be what is technically termed "going to the dogs." There was a deep and eager interest in his gaze which I could not help noticing, and which he could not help seeing excited my curiosity.

"Do you see that house?" he asked.

"Of course I do. Who could help seeing it that had eyes?"

"Well, sir, I could tell you a story connected with that house which has influenced my whole life."

If there is anything I am always open for, it is a story, provided there is anything in it. Therefore I said,

"And why don't you?"

We were going out of town to dine, Warrener and I, and when these words were spoken were passing through what had once been, and in a less degree is still, a prominent business street in Philadelphia. As we went he told the story, and I shall give it in his own words, suppressing merely such as were in answer to the exclamations of the listener.

That house twenty years ago was one of the strongest and sturdiest of our private banking-houses, and I was a clerk in it half a dozen years, learning under excellent tuition principles of finance that have since stood me in good stead. It was known as the house of "Pennypacker & Son;" and though,

strictly speaking, there was no son, the elder Pennypacker having departed this life before I knew of the establishment, yet it kept the old title and retained the old sign. Ephraim Pennypacker, who had been originally the "Son," was, when I first knew him, past sixty, and looked at least twenty years older. There was a legend in the office that he never bought any clothes for himself, but went on wearing those of his late progenitor, by which he always remained twenty years behind the age in dress, as in all things else. Not but what the house of Pennypacker & Son knew the one grand secret of making money, but they, if I may use the term, made it stolidly and steadily: there was no flash about their operations, and I verily believe that if anybody had proposed to old Ephraim such a thing as speculation, he would have stood a rare chance of immolation before escaping into the street.

But if there was no son, there was a daughter, and a very nice girl she was. Lydia Pennypacker was her name. At some time, without doubt, Lydia had had a mother, but not within her own recollection; and we—that is, myself and the other clerks—had no legend in reference to this to guide our researches. We all knew that Lydia was a pretty girl and a good girl, that she was just turned twenty—at the time, I mean, when my story really begins—and that her father treated her badly; not merely through neglect and niggardliness, but sometimes to the extent of brutal harshness, including even the infliction of

blows. In saying this I do not mean to assert that Ephraim Pennypacker was in all respects a bad man; but he was absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and in his treatment of his daughter seemed to act as though he resented the cost of her support, or was wreaking upon her some malice nurtured against Nature for having cast upon him a useless burden, in place of the "Son" to whom the house of Pennypacker had a natural claim. Many a time I have caught the poor girl in tears, and many a time have I had to dissuade her from a resolve to run away from home and earn her own living in some other city.

The clerks of Pennypacker & Son all lodged and boarded with Ephraim, in a house not far distant from the office. The discipline was strict. We could not be out after nine in the evening. Our meals were symbols of dyspepsia, not only in the quality of the viands, but in the silence and gravity with which they were consumed. I have often thought since that nothing could have saved us all from the pangs of that terrible disease, save the fact that the quantity served out to us was too small to make any serious demand upon the digestive organs of a babe.

When I speak of *all* the clerks, I speak only of four, for Ephraim believed in getting the largest amount of work out of the smallest amount of clerk, and carried this belief into extreme practice. Of these clerks my story is concerned with only one—John Barrett. He was my room-mate, and acting cashier and paying teller in the absence of Ephraim, and sometimes in his presence. John was seven years my senior—though he never claimed anything on that score—and not of a social nature: I have known him sit a whole evening in our little room without speaking a word. His associations were very limited: indeed, under our discipline they could not well be otherwise, as but part of Sundays, and about an hour between breakfast and work, was all the time we had to cultivate out-door courtesies, save the evening hours from

seven to nine, and these were not always our own. And now, having to a certain extent described my personages, I will proceed to give the opening scene in the drama.

It was a very hot day in midsummer, and every one in the office went about his work in a dozy condition. I know that as it approached three o'clock I several times caught myself napping on my high stool, and should perhaps have proceeded farther than a nap but for two reasons—firstly, that the high stool would inevitably have dropped me; and, secondly, that Mr. Ephraim Pennypacker, who was out upon 'Change, might be expected to pop in at any moment. Toward three there entered a lady, rather elegantly dressed, not very young, but with a face which once seen could not easily be forgotten. It was somewhat handsome in outline, but hard and stony, with a cold blue eye that spoke little of sentiment and everything of business. She went straight to John Barrett's desk, which was next to mine, and presented a cheque. Her entrance, though quiet, aroused every one in the office, for ladies were not so often seen in places of business then as now. Only John and I, however, saw her face. John took the cheque, looked it over in the usual way, gave a glance at the lady, and, after asking her how she would have it, paid it, in conformity with her request, in small bills. She took them carelessly, without counting, put them into a leathern reticule, and went out, the whole transaction not consuming over two minutes. When she had gone I rose from my desk, went over to John's and cast a glance over his shoulder. He was holding the cheque in his hand at the time, and after giving me an angry side stare, thrust it into his drawer. I took the rebuff quietly, as I knew I had deserved it, and returned to my seat.

A few days had passed, when one evening, just as we were about to close the office, we were electrified by a passionate outburst from old Pennypacker

directed against John Barrett. For some minutes none of us understood the matter, but at last, through the investigations of Ephraim and the explanations of a gentleman who had entered with him, it came out that John had paid a forged cheque for eight thousand dollars, bearing the name of Abendroth & Co., one of our largest depositors. The forgery had been discovered on the monthly return of cheques to that house, and the spurious paper now lay on John's desk, apparently striking him speechless. When he could find tongue, it was to tell that this was the cheque presented by the lady some days before; and as it was drawn to the order of Messrs. Abendroth & Co., and endorsed in their usual manner, he had felt no doubt about the propriety of paying it. The forgery had been neatly executed: there could be no doubt of that. In those days, even some very large houses—that of Abendroth & Co. among others—did not have cheques printed especially for their own use, but availed themselves of such as were to be found at the stationers. I shall never forget the rage of old Penny-packer. He showed it in every way short of using his fists upon the unfortunate culprit: he had just method enough in his madness not to do that.

This affair upset the equanimity of the establishment for a week. John was banished to an inferior position, and under threat of having his whole salary cut off for a hundred years—for nothing less than that would have made good the loss—was kept a close prisoner at the desk, except when summoned (as was also frequently my own case) before an inquisitorial board consisting of Penny-packer and a corps of detectives. On such occasions we were called upon to repeat the descriptions we had so often given of the woman who had presented the cheque. In these descriptions John and I did not agree, but as it was supposed that he had enjoyed a better opportunity of seeing her, and had more interest in her detection than I, his account seemed to carry the most weight. However, no

clue was found, and in a few months John was restored to his former position, for well old Penny-packer knew that he could get no one of equal ability at the same salary. The forged cheque was filed away in the archives of the establishment, and the affair ceased to be discussed.

Now comes the second event in my story. I have spoken of Lydia Penny-packer, but I have not mentioned that I always knew that John Barrett was very fond of her, and took every opportunity to show it when her father was out of the way. In fact, it was about the only subject upon which John was not taciturn, and upon that he would talk with me for hours if I gave him a chance; which I did not often do, for I liked Lydia myself, though not in the way John did, but rather in a brotherly manner. I could not say that Lydia liked him: on the contrary, I thought she repulsed him at every opportunity; so much so, sometimes, as to excite his deepest ire, and draw forth, in the solitude of our chamber, threats I did not like to hear, but feared to resent. Then I considered that John was a fine young man, and likely to rise in the world, being steady and industrious, and I could think of no good reason why Lydia should not like him, unless the fact that I had seen her many times in the street, especially on the way home from church, with a handsome young Scotchman, an engineer, named Alexander Graham, had something to do with it. I said as much to her one evening, and the blush and faint laugh which were her only reply went a good way to confirm my suspicions. As the meetings with Graham grew more frequent, Lydia's dislike to John and her disgust with home were more plainly expressed. Trouble was rising, and one night it culminated in a contention between father and daughter heard all through the house, and ending in the sound of blows. I stood trembling at the foot of the stairs, and in a few moments down rushed the girl, with hair disheveled and dress torn, making straight for the

street door. It was but a little after dark, and I was the only one of the clerks left in the house. I caught her in my arms, but she tore herself fiercely away, exclaiming,

"Let me go! The last blow is struck that I'll ever bear."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere! anywhere! so that I get away from this accursed place."

I still struggled to hold her, and after a few moments she seemed to relent: suddenly bursting into tears, she caught my hand and said,

"Oh no! I was wrong to speak so, for you have always been kind to me, but I must go."

I drew her to me, trembling all the while—not with passion, but from fear of old Ephraim coming upon us—and tried every persuasion to make her forego her purpose. I pictured the perils of a young girl going forth into the world penniless and with no means of earning her bread. For a time she was resolute, and no words could dissuade her, even though, as she owned, she was going to certain ruin. God help me! what could I do for her with my beggarly two hundred dollars a year?—just enough to provide me with clothes and such necessities as old Ephraim did not comprise in his stingy tariff. At last I extracted a promise from her that she would go to her room and put off her intention till morning, when we might consider the situation more calmly. So I parted from her, drying her tears with my handkerchief, and kissing her as she went away. That night I loved Lydia Pennypacker well enough to have made her my wife—an act of pure madness, for I was then only eighteen.

The next morning she did not come to breakfast, and as this omission was a fearful breach of discipline, the servant was sent for her. She was gone!—gone, taking with her nothing but a bonnet and cloak in addition to the clothes which she had worn the evening before, and in which, as was to be inferred from the appearance of her bed, she had passed the night, without other covering. In the early morning she

had fled. Had a cat or dog strayed away, I think it would have affected Ephraim Pennypacker as much. He asked no questions, ate, as usual, half of what was on the table, and then went to his business. From that time forth no one mentioned the name of his daughter to him or in his presence, and she remained as a thing that had never existed, save in the whispered conversations of the clerks or in my searches, which for months occupied all my vacant time. They were wholly fruitless, and, what was strange, seemed to awaken the especial opposition of John Barrett, who told me, when he found how my time was disposed of, that I might as well desist, as I was only getting myself into trouble: he even tried to abridge my off-hours as much as possible. And so went Lydia Pennypacker off the scene.

Once or twice after that I met Graham in the street. He looked hard at me, but there was no expression in his face as though he mourned the missing girl, and so I was obliged to believe that there had been nothing between them but a flirtation. A few weeks passed and I saw him no more, and on inquiry learned that he had received an engagement in some South American city, to which he had departed.

I come now to the third incident, which for a time puzzled me extremely, but which can here be disposed of quickly. One warm evening in the summer following the events already narrated, I was following out a rule I had adopted of walking, every evening I could get away from my desk, at least five miles rapidly, as a health preservative. On this particular evening I had crossed the Schuylkill at the Wire Bridge, and was trotting away under a bright moonlight, my back being turned to the orb, when I saw a couple coming toward me with the rays full in their faces. At a glance I took in both figures. The one was John Barrett, and the other—good Heavens!—was the lady of the forged cheque, changed as to the style and every point

of her dress, but the same in every lineament and in the expression of the face; for never could I mistake that cold blue eye and stony look, which made her in the moonlight seem like an animated statue. I stared her full in the face, but to this day I cannot tell whether I stood still as they passed or went on at my regular pace. I remember looking after them and noticing that John never turned his head: something told me that he had not recognized me. By the time I had recovered my presence of mind they were out of sight, and as all my efforts to trace them were in vain, I drew the conclusion that my first supposition was wrong, and that I had been seen and purposely avoided. The storm of conflicting emotions in which I went home that night was terrible. Never before had any suspicion of John entered my mind, but here was real evidence, and the duty of revealing it seemed clear and unavoidable. We had never been very friendly, but the daily intercourse of years had produced a certain intimacy, and on my part at least a feeling of regard; and I was now in a state of agony. I walked the streets till the last allowable hour, and when I reached my room found John already there. It was plain from his composed, even cheerful look, that I had *not* been seen; but soon a steady glance showed that he noticed something in my face that differed from its usual expression. I could see the change myself as I glanced at the glass. At last the question came from him:

"What is the matter?"

"I saw you this evening."

"Ah! did you? Why didn't you speak?"

This staggered me a little, for there was a pleasant smile upon his face.

"You know the reason why."

"Oh, you needn't have minded that. I would have introduced you."

Good Heavens! What did the man mean? I only exclaimed,

"Introduced me!"

"Yes, certainly! She's a very clever girl. I'm very fond of her, and had I

met her a few months sooner, there's no knowing what might have happened. I was bringing her home from her brother's, where she had been spending the afternoon."

I echoed his words:

"A clever girl!"

"Yes, very clever. What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, John, do you not know with whom you were walking, or do you think I have forgotten her?"

"'Forgotten her!' 'Do I know with whom I was walking!' What the deuce do you mean?"

"Do you talk to me in this way, knowing that the woman you were walking with is the one to whom you paid the forged cheque?"

The smile went out of his face now, but his lip curled in derision. I was getting frightened. There was a dead silence of some seconds. At last he spoke:

"See here, Warrener! If I had ever seen you drink, I should say you were drunk. As it is, I can only believe you to be laboring under some hallucination, for I know you would not dare to try such a thing as this on me as a joke."

I was speechless. He went on:

"The young lady with whom you saw me is of unimpeachable character. I never met her until within a few months, and she no more looks like the woman who brought that accursed cheque than she looks like you. Your madness and folly, possibly, would lead you to repeat this tale to others, and in so doing, though you cannot permanently injure her or me, you could revive the sorest subject of my life, and bring an estimable girl into notoriety and suspicion. To avert all this, if you are not too positively insane to see truth when it is set before you, I will give you a chance to meet me with the same lady, at the same place and same hour, to-morrow evening: speak to her and satisfy yourself of your delusion. In the mean time, let me advise you to sleep off the wild air your countenance wears. It won't look well in the office to-morrow. Good-night!"

He turned from me coldly, and in a few minutes was in bed and apparently asleep.

That night I tossed and tumbled fearfully in my bed. The coolness and confidence of Barrett had staggered my convictions. I turned the matter over in my thoughts, and wondered whether it were possible that the memory of this woman dwelling always on my mind could have led me to identify her appearance with that of another. I remembered how two or three times within the past year I had caught sight of faces in the street which had startled me for a moment by a resemblance to that of the woman whom I had seen but for two minutes, but whose features remained too deeply engraven in my memory to allow of any mistake or uncertainty after a full examination of those which had recalled them.

The next day I went about my work as composedly as I could, and waited for evening. As Barrett left the office he said coldly, "Remember — eight o'clock." I nodded, and at the hour mentioned found myself slowly traversing the path I had trodden so quickly the night before. The moon was obscured this evening, but it was not really dark, and my heart beat wildly as I saw the two figures approaching in relief against the sky. There was no mistaking John Barrett, his figure and walk were too marked. As they drew near, I gathered in the other more distinctly. I saw the form, the dress, the arrangement of hair, the blue eyes, the cold look, the light complexion, but *not* the resemblance of the night before. It was enough: improbable as it had seemed, I had deceived myself, and as Barrett introduced me and mentioned the name of Miss Brinsmade, I felt so abashed and penitent that I could have gone down on my knees on the spot and begged pardon for my blunder. Not knowing, however, whether John had said a word to her on the subject, I feared to broach it, and notwithstanding the efforts of both to remove my restraint, I very soon sneaked off and found my way home. On John's ar-

rival I was as profuse in apologies as he was cold in receiving them. He repeated the assertion that he had only taken the trouble of setting me right for the young lady's sake, not his own. There was a subsequent coolness between us for some weeks, but it wore off in time.

The fourth incident I have to tell is one of more importance. It occurred about six months after Lydia's disappearance. One morning, coming out from breakfast and passing through the hall, I picked up a pocket-book. I did not recognize it, and as I was going to my room, took it with me, supposing that I should be able to identify it by the contents. The first thing that met my eye was a small sum of money. This afforded no indication, and I drew out the first paper my fingers touched. Judge my surprise when I saw the forged cheque, which I had thought safely stored in Mr. Ephraim's safe! Of course I took the book to be his, and imagined that for some reason he had transferred the document to it. I was about to close it with the purpose of returning it to him, when some feeling which I cannot define impelled me to draw out the next paper. This, to my dumb surprise, was a certificate of marriage, dated almost a year back, testifying that John Barrett and Lydia Pennypacker had, upon a day stated, been joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony. A tumult of thought rushed over me at this discovery. Now I could understand the apparent uneasiness on his part at my searches for the lost girl. Now I understood his frequent absences from the house, and his remark in reference to Miss Brinsmade, that "had he met her a few months sooner there was no knowing what might have happened." I revolved all this, and many smaller things bearing upon the matter, in my mind. The discovery relieved me of a heavy anxiety in regard to the welfare of Lydia, while it made me think better of John to find that he had taken the homeless girl and made her his wife. I felt that he must have done

so unselfishly as far as the hope of any pecuniary benefit from the marriage was concerned, since it was certain that in Mr. Ephraim's will she would not stand for a dollar, not only from the old man's positive hatred toward her, but from the fact that he had over and over again expressed his intention of devoting every cent of his money, to the founding of a certain charity, the plan of which had been long since drawn up in all its details.

But the cheque! What was the cheque doing in John's possession? This troubled me, but I determined not to act so hastily as I had done once before. I closed the book, and as by returning it personally to Barrett I should only be letting him know that I was in possession of his secret, I concluded to lay it upon his dressing-table and await events. I did so, and went quietly to my desk. John was already at his, and in less than an hour—for I was watching him as a cat does a mouse—he started, turned pale, searched all his pockets rapidly, examined the floor, and then started out. In two or three minutes he was back, and by the flush on his face and the brightness of his eye I perceived that he had found the missing object.

The fifth incident in my story occurred exactly one week from the date of the last, and was announced by a fearful shriek, which rang through the house one morning just as we had finished dressing. I say *we*, though John had been up and dressed a good hour or two before daylight, and was apparently writing at his table by candlelight. We all ran, and in an instant found the scream to proceed from the servant—or housekeeper, as she was called—who stood in the hall and cried, "Come here!" in a sharp, shrill voice. We flew to where she pointed, Mr. Ephraim's room, and there saw the old man lying stark and stiff in his bed. No one touched him: the fact of his death was too apparent for question; and though a doctor was immediately sent for, no one doubted that the event had occurred

some hours before. There was no coroner, the doctor gave a certificate, "disease of the heart," and the third day after the earth received all there was of Ephraim Pennypacker. During this time I watched and expected every hour to see Lydia make her appearance, and marked every movement of Barrett's countenance, waiting impatiently for him to surrender his secret. But to my utter surprise she did not come. She must, then, be far away from the city, and I had no right to intrude myself on Barrett's or her privacy and ask questions. I felt sure that Lydia would not have carried her resentment so far as not to be present at the old man's funeral, if it were possible. There were no near relations, and failing Lydia's appearance the public administrator stepped in and took possession. And then came a revelation that astounded everybody. Ephraim Pennypacker had died without a will, and without anything to bequeath, his effects being barely sufficient to meet the claims upon him, and leaving, when everything was settled, the old banking-house as Lydia's property. She did not put in an appearance for this, and so it stood closed and awaiting her claim. It was not worth enough to worry the lawyers much, and was therefore unmolested. There was something very strange in this semi-bankruptcy of Ephraim Pennypacker, as by the evidence of a most respectable firm of lawyers they had drawn his will only three years before his death, and he had then bequeathed to found the before-mentioned charity nearly a quarter of a million in bonds, money and securities of various kinds. This will had gone into his own hands, but as his private cash-book showed during these three years immense sums withdrawn from the bank, and the disposal not accounted for, it was generally conceded that the old banker had been engaged in some secret speculation—however unlike him—had silently sunk his whole capital, and in consequence of this had destroyed the will.

Some of the clerks found employment in the city, but John announced

to me his intention of going abroad. He was sick of Philadelphia and wanted change, and would take any engagement to get away. I was not surprised, therefore, when I heard, some weeks after, that he had gone to Valparaiso as bookkeeper for an American house there, but I was surprised that he did not bid me or write me good-bye. As he sailed from New York, I could get no definite information as to whether his wife went with him, but I took that point for granted.

I shall take a flight now over three years, during which the only event connected with the subject of my story was the reception from Valparaiso of a regularly-executed set of documents put in by Mrs. John Barrett, once Lydia Pennypacker, claiming the old house, and giving directions that it should remain closed and untouched until her own or her husband's return. This occurred about six months after John's departure, about the time required for them to arrive at their destination; and it brings me to my sixth incident, which relates to the Pennypacker house, but not to the house of Pennypacker & Son.

One night—and a bitter cold night it was—there was an alarm of fire. I was returning from the theatre, a kind of dissipation I now sometimes indulged in, for I was no longer under a cruel discipline. I did as a young man is apt to do, and took a run with the engines. Off they went to the eastern part of the city, and brought up next door to the old house, at a pork-packer's, which was in full blaze. Pork is a good thing to burn, and burn it did, with such effect that I was surprised the flames did not take the Pennypacker house and one or two more with it. As it was, the gable of the old place was knocked off, the door burst open, and the firemen took full range through the building, which did not by any means improve it.

The next day came the insurance people, and in a few days the workmen to repair, under the direction of the authorities who held the property in trust.

And now came a most extraordi-

nary revelation. I got it long before it became public from a young man whose acquaintance I made in the office of the public administrator.

The workmen, in pulling down the shattered parts, unearthed some suspicious-looking packages, and in a few minutes the whole of Mr. Ephraim's lost property—bonds, stocks, money and securities—lay in the hands of the master workman, who fortunately was an honest man. Ephraim had used as a hiding-place a wooden panel under a window, where stood a heavy desk, in a room to which he was wont to retreat at times from the office and lock himself up. He had been too suddenly hurried into eternity to reveal his hoarding-place to any one.

Of course this was a serious matter, and as there was good picking for lawyers and public functionaries, Mr. John Barrett and wife were communicated with at Valparaiso immediately. The return mail brought an answer expressing great joy at the finding of the property, but regretting that the dangerous illness of Mrs. Barrett would prevent her immediate return to Philadelphia. As soon as her health permitted she would set out. Within a month came a second letter from Barrett, announcing the death of his wife, a will made by her in his own favor, and his intention of being in Philadelphia almost as soon as this intelligence, with all legal documents to dispose of the matter.

And sure enough, within two weeks I heard of his arrival. I called at his hotel, sent up my card, and received the answer that Mr. Barrett was too ill to see anybody. My pride started at this. Could it be the rich man cutting off his old associates? I contented myself with sending up a second card with my address, in order that if he wanted to see me he might be able to do so, and then went my way. From my friend in the public office I heard that John Barrett had put in all his proofs and complied with all the legal forms, after which, having taken possession of the property, amounting in all to about three hundred thousand dollars,

he had left the city, in what direction nobody knew. He never saw fit to call on me, and I did not meet him.

Twelve years now pass over us, and I come to the seventh incident in my story, which more nearly concerns myself than all the rest put together. You know that whatever little share of this world's goods I now possess I have won within the last five years: in other words, five years ago I was poor, and of course in no position to fall in love or marry; and yet, absurd as it is for a man of thirty-three to talk of being romantically in love, I was so for the first time in my life, and the object of my passion was Katie Earnshaw, of whom I shall say nothing except that she was as good as she was pretty. Katie was on my side, but I am sorry to say I had all the elder branches of her family arrayed against me. They believed in my little lady marrying somebody with mints of money, and the father especially had just the man picked out for her that he thought would suit. This man, Waring de Lille, claimed to be of French extraction, born in New Orleans. He was tall, dark, bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun, wore a heavy moustache, dressed exquisitely, and was about forty years of age. He had been but a few months in Philadelphia when I met him, but certainly in his conversation, which was slightly tinged with a foreign idiom and accent, showed more knowledge of the city than that time warranted. He was rich (Earnshaw senior was not a man to be deceived on such a point), and Katie told me, as coming from him, that De Lille had large investments in New York, almost enough to constitute him a millionaire. What chance could I have against such a rival? Of course my attentions were repudiated by pa and ma, and as warmly encouraged by Katie, until I felt that we stood on the brink of an open rupture, and perhaps a runaway affair, providing Katie would consent to so summary a mode of settling the matter. I could do nothing toward checking the fellow's cool per-

sistency but glare at him when we met, and then it was rarely I could catch his eye to make him feel that I was desperately in earnest. It always wandered away, but when I did catch it there was something that made my blood crawl, as though I were looking into that of a vampyre. It was a recognized fact that De Lille was a suitor for Katie Earnshaw's hand, with the consent of all parties but herself. How long she might be able to do battle against him, backed as he was by her father and mother, was a matter of great doubt.

In this state affairs stood when one day, as I was walking slowly down Walnut street ruminating on the situation, a lady came from a building used for lawyers' offices, and approached me. She was on the shady side of thirty-five, rather handsome, but with a complexion which indicated that much of her life had been spent in southern lands. As she came near she gazed inquiringly in my face, started slightly, colored and stood still. There was something in her look which memory recalled, but only in a vague way.

"Warrener?" she said.

"My name, madam."

"You do not remember me?"

"I am sorry to say I do not."

"I am Lydia Pennypacker."

"Lydia Pennypacker!" I almost shouted, seizing both her hands in mine. "Why, I thought you were dead?"

"Not yet," she said, laughing, "though they have tried hard to kill me. It is to prove myself alive that I have just been among these gentlemen of the law."

Then the whole story came fresh to my mind after the lapse of twelve years, and I said,

"But your husband produced evidence that you died at Valparaiso."

"Not my husband, but an impostor. I never was in Valparaiso in my life."

I was struck dumb.

"Do you mean to say that John Barrett was not your husband?"

"I never saw John Barrett from the day before I left my father's house.

My husband was Alexander Graham. We were married in this city the day I left home, and I went with him to Rio Janeiro, and from there into the back country, where he became engineer on a large sugar estate, and where we lived until his death one year ago."

Good Heavens! what a revelation! I could not speak. I could do nothing but tuck the little woman's arm under my own and march her off to my office, that I might gather my breath and know all about it.

"I have come back to Philadelphia," she said, "after fifteen years, a stranger, having during that time scarcely met an American, let alone a native of this city, and rarely caught sight of a newspaper. I came back to see once more the spot I was born in, and to forgive those who drove me out into the cold world, and I find that an impostor has personated me and received my birth-right. Thank Heaven! I shall not suffer for the want of it: I am independent."

"But Barrett—where is Barrett?"

"My attorneys can find no trace of him. He turned all the estate and securities into money and went abroad."

"And the woman he called his wife—who was she?"

"Some one that he married in this city immediately after my departure, and who assumed my name. Thus far the detectives have reached, but who she was they cannot discover. We have the evidence of a gentleman who saw her at Valparaiso, and he describes her as a blonde (I am the opposite), with a cold blue eye and hard, inexpressive face."

It all flashed upon me in a moment. This was the woman of the forged cheque, and John Barrett's wife. As rapidly as I could I went through the story to Mrs. Graham.

"Why," she said, "you are valuable evidence in working up our case. But what is the use now? The rogue, as well as the property, is gone."

True enough, the story was all out, but too late. John Barrett had been the forger of that cheque, the woman

only the presenter. The woman I saw upon the road that night was she—the one the next evening only a changeling wearing the same clothes. John Barrett had known of Ephraim Pennypacker's habit of hoarding, and doubtless knew that somewhere he had the money he had withdrawn from the bank, but after the old man's death had been unable to find it. He knew of Lydia's flight out of the country, and where she was, and so determined on the plot he had so successfully worked. But there was another point which until this moment had never crossed my mind. Might he not have murdered the old man the more quickly to consummate his work? The thought made me shiver, but the fact was possible, nay probable. He had committed almost every crime but murder: why not murder too?

All this Lydia and I canvassed, but, alas! too late.

And now I come to the mention of a strange psychological fact—something for which I cannot account. That evening, with brain so full of this revived memory that I could not even find room in it for Katie Earnshaw, I spent at her house. The parlor was brilliantly lighted: the bell rang, there was a step in the entry that made me start, the door opened and John Barrett stepped into the room. I started to my feet, horror-stricken. There he stood before me, as plainly as on the day we had last met, nothing changed but by the years that had been added and the browner tint of the skin.

John Barrett, and yet Waring de Lille! Before this moment I had not seen one trace of the first about him: now I could see nothing of the last. I stood there transfixed, even after all others were seated, wondering whether I retained my senses, or whether they had left me under the excitement of the day. For an hour I remained gazing at the man and wondering; and then, commending myself for the presence of mind that had withheld me from denouncing him on the spot, I withdrew.

That night I could not sleep until I had seen Lydia, and early the next

morning we met at her lawyer's. It did not take long to find two able detectives to make up a party of five, including Mrs. Graham and her attorney, to call upon Mr. Waring de Lille at his hotel. As we followed the waiter into his room I wondered, now that I saw him again by daylight, how I could ever have thought he was anybody but John Barrett, though Lydia declared to me afterward that her heart fell as she entered his room, for she saw not the first point of resemblance.

It was short work. I came upon him promptly and boldly, accused him of theft, forgery and murder, asserted that

the proof was all prepared, produced Lydia, and extorted the confession that his wife was still alive. In less than two hours I was on my way to New York to receive an assignment of property sufficient to cover Mrs. Graham's entire demand, with interest to date.

I don't think that left Mr. John Barrett much with which to join his charming wife.

Lydia insisted upon showing her gratitude by becoming a special partner in my business, which was the first cause of my making money.

And that's the way I came to marry Katie Earnshaw. J. W. WATSON.

WAIFS FROM FIELD, CAMP AND GARRISON.

THE many and prolonged intervals between the battles of great armies are always prolific in jest and song, and in all the quaintness of speech and action which habitually attaches to the soldier. No doubt the proverbial army which "swore terribly in Flanders" had also its full share of jokes and quips wherewith to beguile the tedium of a disagreeable campaign. From personal experience I know that the hardships of the soldier's life are lightened in an astonishing degree by the amusement which he is able to extract from toils and perils and discomforts. No subject can arise in conversation, no occurrence, however serious in itself, can come to vary the monotony of the hour, but he will look eagerly for the ludicrous side of it; and never did a *bon mot* pass more quickly from lip to lip at the tables of the rich and the cultivated than the jokes of the army pass down the long column on the march, or from tent to tent in the encampment.

Very early in my military experience I came to appreciate the peculiar humor which is the natural overflow of the soldier's exuberance. I had also

occasion to notice the grotesque situations, the odd conceits and the blunders in language and act which naturally arise from a state of war, and which are quite as often observed among those high in authority as in the rank and file. The general title which has been chosen for this discursive article will permit me to present, without any attempt at classification, some of the many jokes and oddities which often made more tolerable the irksomeness of the military situation in field, camp and garrison, and which had a wide currency in some of the armies, albeit they now first have the publicity of print. They are selected from recollections teeming with the same material; and though they cannot claim anything as elaborate attempts at humor, they may safely be regarded as characteristic specimens of one phase of American drollery.

It was ever a topic of bitter faultfinding among the underlings that those high in command often took on a great deal of what is commonly called "style," and hedged the approaches toward their headquarters with difficulties almost in-

surmountable to the subaltern. This feeling caused an anecdote that was widely told of one of General Banks' military family to be keenly relished by the aforesaid underlings. No one was more easily approached by all grades on any legitimate business than the general, but soon after he assumed command at New Orleans it entered the head of a member of his staff to devise a system which compelled every one who came on business to the commanding general to procure a ticket from one of the aides, the presentation of which at the door gained him admission. Possibly the system was well enough for the time and place, but it seemed otherwise to a burly colonel of an Eastern regiment, who came one day to the door of the private office at headquarters and requested his name to be given to the general.

"Have you a ticket?" brusquely inquired Mr. Staff Officer.

"A ticket!" echoed the colonel. "No, sir, I haven't."

"You can't enter here without one," retorted S. O., positively.

"Sir," said the colonel, very decidedly, "when General Banks becomes a puppet-show, and I have twenty-five cents to spare, I'll buy a ticket to see him—not before."

He was admitted without further parley.

A lieutenant of artillery related to me his experience with the predecessor of this general in the same department, which, though very unsatisfactory to himself, had a spice of the ludicrous in it which made him laugh while relating it. He had served some months amidst the unhealthy swamps of Louisiana, and had got the malaria firmly fixed upon him, as was supposed. Although his outward physique was vigorous enough, surgeons pronounced him incurable, and his resignation went up to headquarters strongly flanked by certificates of total disability. Weeks passed without the order for discharge being published, and the lieutenant grew impatient. He had known the general personally in Lowell, and, presuming upon

this acquaintance, he ventured up to headquarters to make inquiry after his resignation. The general received him, listened to his story, sent his orderly into the adjutant's office for the papers, read them carefully, and then turned to the lieutenant and read *him* as though he were a written page.

"It seems from these papers," the general remarked, "that you've got to die anyway before long."

"Yes, sir," the officer eagerly assented.

"Then the resignation can't be accepted. If you're going to die right off, you'd better die here, where you're useful, than in Massachusetts, where you're not."

The officer went away disgusted, but he did not die, and the sagacity of the blunt general was vindicated against the opinion of the doctors.

Before we leave Louisiana I must make mention of His Excellency, Thomas Overton Moore, governor of the State under the Confederate authority—a fussy, consequential personage, filled with the gas of glory, whose principal occupation while in the executive office was to issue bombastic proclamations, well spiced with threats against the Yankees, and equally remarkable as literary compositions. One of these messages enjoined the people to raise corn for the sustenance of the Confederate armies instead of cotton. When our troops marched through Opelousas, the late capital of his excellency, on the route to the Red River, many copies of a printed message, supplementary to the one just named, were found scattered about. It read, in part: "I congratulate you on your ready compliance with the order directing you to raise corn instead of cotton. This is one of the sinews of war, which will yet drive the Yankee invader from our soil." To the margin of this was attached a printed slip which read as follows: "While I congratulate you on your obedience to the order directing the raising of corn instead of cotton, I regret to say that the main object has been defeated by its perverted use—in the manufacture of the greater part of it into whisky."

A soldier, upon reading the above, at once observed that the people of Louisiana evidently knew a great deal more about the true way to *fire the Southern heart* than the governor did.

In this connection some passages from a general order of the rebel general Dick Taylor may be cited as extraordinary specimens of military froth and buncombe. They are no worse than hundreds of kindred performances perpetrated upon both sides during the war. I select this one because I have a true copy of the original, dated "Headquarters District Western Louisiana, in the Field, May 25th, 1864." It is plainly the handicraft of some ambitious handler of the pen and sword, whose zeal far outran his judgment. The subject of the congratulation, it should be premised, is the unsuccessful termination of our Red River expedition; and though the author of the order draws heavily upon his imagination for some of his facts, his overpowering diction must be allowed to stand unimpaired: "Along a hundred miles of his path," one paragraph ran, "with more than average barbarity, the flying foe burned every house and village within his reach. *You extinguished the burning ruins in his base blood.* Long will the accursed race remember the great river of Texas and Louisiana. The characteristic hue of its turbid waters has a darker tinge, from the liberal admixture of Yankee blood. The cruel alligator and ravenous gar-fish wax fat on rich food, and our native vulture holds high revelry o'er many a festering corpse. Like generous hounds with the game in full view, you have known neither hunger nor fatigue, and the hoarse cannon and ringing rifle have replaced in this stern chase the sonorous horn and joyous halloo. Conquer your own vices, and you can conquer the world."

We must admit, after reading the above, that the Napoleonic style in war-literature was badly overdone during our late unpleasantness.

The ceremony of mustering the command every two months, to verify the

pay-rolls by the actual presence of, or properly accounting for, each soldier, is one of much interest to the regiment. After the first occasion of this kind to some green troops, I overheard the following observations:

"Why do they call this mustering, Tom?"

"Because they want to be sure you're here."

"Yes, but that word? I want to know what that's got to do with it."

"Why, I'll tell you, Joe. We haven't been in a battle yet; and I s'pose we're mustered now, so that we can be peppered then."

Troops on the march, especially rival corps, in passing each other are apt to indulge in a continual fusillade of small jokes and sarcasms. During one of the campaigns in Western Louisiana, the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps were thrown much together, and this good-natured "chaffing" became the order of the hour at every meeting. Once on the march our corps (the Nineteenth) passed a wagon train of the Thirteenth at a halt. The Western soldiers had become noted for taking up livestock on the way through the enemy's country, and several of these wagons were plentifully supplied with fowls and four-footed beasts. A goose hanging by the legs from the tail-board of a wagon set up a lively cackling as we passed; and the following sharp colloquy ensued between one of our men and the driver:

"I say—where'd you get that goose?"

"He's a deserter from the Nineteenth Corps," was the ready answer.

"You don't say? Well, you know that birds of a feather flock together."

Farther on, several of the Western soldiers were seen standing by the carcass of a mule, who, like a good soldier, had died with harness on his back.

"Come, you Eastern men," sung out one of them, "here's your chance. Come and fill your haversacks with fresh meat."

"After you, after you!" was the quick retort. "Finish your meal, and we'll see about it."

Upon the repulse of the enemy at Cane River, our army struck through the dense "piney woods" in a direction which it was supposed would lead straight to the Red. After pursuing this course for some time, it became apparent to the generals that it was the wrong one; nor was it evident which was the right way. In fact, the army was completely "lost in the woods." A halt was ordered, and staff officers were despatched in every direction to discover the route. The men of course could not be kept in ignorance of this strange complexion of affairs, and the gloomy old forest quickly resounded with dolorous cries of "Babes in the wood! Babes in the wood!" repeated from regiment to regiment, and everywhere hailed with shouts of laughter. After a time the direction was discovered, and the column put in motion again; and when, about noon, the leading brigade marched out of the woods into the open country along the Red River, and its familiar water appeared to their eyes, the soldiers broke forth into a popular negro melody, which was repeated along the column with such variations in language as suited the fancy of the singer:

"Oh, ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness!
Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness,
Down in Louisiana!"

One unfailing source of amusement to our soldiers in the South was to observe the peculiarities of the language used by the people, and to imitate them in their own conversation. The enjoyment of this kind of dialect was peculiarly heightened when there was connected with it a joke upon any of their comrades or officers. A fine occasion was offered one day on the march between Charlestown and Berryville, Virginia, when Dr. B——, the assistant surgeon of one of the regiments, endeavored to negotiate for some milk with one of the inhabitants. The doctor, it may be observed, had an "unbounded stomach" for milk. The pursuit of it had in one instance led him nearly into the hands of Mosby, and

probably nothing short of the certainty of capture would have restrained him from the pursuit. Upon the occasion first spoken of he rode up to a mean-looking house by the roadside, and raised his cap deferentially to a slatternly-looking girl standing with arms akimbo in the doorway. He was within a few feet of the column, and the boys listened eagerly.

"Madam," he said, "can I purchase a canteen of milk and a loaf of bread of you?"

The damsel eyed him with malicious displeasure, and answered slowly and loudly:

"We hain't got no bread. We hain't got no milk. We hain't got nothing. We're clean done gone up a spout; so ye can tote yourself away from h'yar."

The regiment laughed and repeated the rebuff with variations, and the doctor rode on to try elsewhere.

No place was more thoroughly dedicated to the beguiling influences of humor than the staff and regimental mess-tables. No distinctions of rank prevailed here among the officers: every man was expected to contribute his quota toward the enjoyment of the hour, and he who could season the meal with a good joke, or make the occasional hard fare more palatable by a diverting anecdote, was certain of a popularity beyond the limits of the mess-tent. It was the place where all threw aside the cares and labors of service, and strove to give brightness and diversion to the present hour. I recall several stories that were related over the rough boards of the mess-table, and thence started on their travels through the command.

One was an account which one of the many prisoners captured by Sheridan in his charge through Rockfish Gap on the raid down to White House, and sent back to Winchester, gave of the affair. "We didn't know you'uns was around at all," he said, "and we'uns reckoned we was all safe, till you'uns came ridin' down like mad through the gap, and scooped up we'uns jest like so many her'in'."

"And I expect it was a pretty scaly time for the poor devils," the reporter added.

Another reminiscence is of a characteristic description which that excellent soldier, General Godfrey Weitzel, gave of his "Reserve Brigade," his first independent command; which, by the way, was composed of the Seventy-fifth, One-hundred-and-fourteenth, and One-hundred-and-sixtieth New York, the Twelfth Connecticut, and the Eighth Vermont regiments. "It is called the Reserve Brigade," he jocosely said, "because if there is any hard fighting to do, my command is always reserved to do it and to lead off in it. These five regiments make what I call a flush hand—two bowers, right and left, and three other trumps."

A certain regiment which wore the Zouave uniform was commanded by a young officer of dashing appearance, who rode a horse that had been taught to curvet and prance at the touch of the spur. Early one morning in that memorable campaign of 1864, while Sheridan's army was moving eastward from its bivouac toward Harper's Ferry, this officer, riding at the head of his regiment, espied General Emory, the corps commander, who had dismounted with two of his staff, and was standing by the roadside, inspecting with a keen eye his command as it passed. C— thought that this would be a capital occasion to "show off" a little before the stern old general; so, bringing up his hand to salute, he touched his horse with the spur. The animal immediately pranced up to the general in beautiful style, but unfortunately overdid the thing, and had his fore legs elevated over the head of the head of the corps before the colonel could check him.

The general jumped back in extreme irritation. "Good God, Colonel C—!" he thundered, "isn't there room enough in the whole State of Virginia for you two animals and me?"

The colonel never heard the last of that meeting while the corps remained in existence.

The conversation turning one evening

upon the propensity to steal (*accumulate* was the word more often used to express a violation of the eighth commandment) which was much more prevalent in some commands than in others, one of the officers said that the most singular theft that he had ever heard of had been committed that day. It was no less than the stealing of a grave.

"Stealing a grave!" was echoed in astonishment from all sides. "Impossible!" "Absurd!" "Can't be done!"

"But it was done," insisted the officer; "and I'll tell you how. You know that the —st Regulars, and the —th Oregon Volunteers are brigaded together and camped side by side. Each regiment had a death yesterday, and to-day the regulars made preparations to bury their man. They sent out a party to dig a grave beyond the guard lines, and in the mean time they were making their corpse ready. The volunteers had theirs all ready over night; and no sooner was the regulars' working party out of sight after the grave was dug, than the volunteers started their escort, marched—quick time, I guess—straight to the grave, buried their man and covered him up; and when the regulars came round with *their* funeral, they found that the volunteers had actually stolen their grave."

The most ludicrous misadventure that I ever had personal knowledge of, in the army or out of it, was that of an officer who acted as brigade provost-marshal during one of the Louisiana campaigns. He was so filled with the pride and importance of his position that he made himself thoroughly hated by all the men, albeit the captain was a very clever little man when he could forget that he held the exalted place of brigade provost-marshal. The soldiers were much in the habit of filling their haversacks with sugar at the abandoned sugar-houses which were frequent on our line of march; and as this was property which it was well understood was to be confiscated by the chief commissary, the officers generally winked at the practice, which at the worst was

but a trivial breach of discipline. The captain, however, when he found himself on the staff, declared that it would never do—that it was subversive of all military discipline, ruinous to the *morale* of the troops, in defiance of the regulations and general orders: in short, that he'd put a stop to it straightway. Full of this determination, he dismounted one hot day on the march before one of the gigantic brick sugar-houses common in the region of the Teche; and entering it, found fifty or more stout privates of the brigade as busy as beavers filling their haversacks from the contents of a long row of covered hogsheads.

"Now get out of this, you thievish scamps!" was his ungentle salutation; and as his order was very slowly and reluctantly obeyed by the independent American soldiers whom he addressed, he drew his sword and leaped to the top of one of the hogsheads, designing to run along the row and thwack the depredators over the shoulders with the flat of the weapon. But alas for him that he put his trust in a hogshead cover! It yielded to his weight the instant that he landed upon it, and the little hero disappeared in a twinkling. The calamity would have been bad enough, as a lowering of the captain's dignity before the men, had it stopped here; but when the unlucky provost was fished out from the molasses with which this particular vessel was filled, soaking and streaming with the sticky fluid from head to foot, helpless in his rage and gasping for breath, and the building resounded with the vociferous laughter of the men, then was the downfall of that "*little* brief authority" complete. The soldiers thought that the captain's manners were much less offensive after this incident, but it was said that he always construed the mention of molasses in his presence into a personal affront.

The Tenth New York Cavalry, whose history is that of the Army of the Potomac from Antietam to Appomattox, was recruited under the name of "Porter Guards Cavalry," in honor of the

memory of General Peter B. Porter, a distinguished citizen of the State and nation. Before the regiment had been designated by number, boxes of ordnance for its use reached the barracks addressed to "Commanding Officer P. G. C." This was in December, 1862, at the Elmira Military Station. The quartermaster's department of the State was remiss in answering requisitions for clothing: many of this regiment were unshod, and not a few could be seen on guard with rags fluttering dolefully in the chill wind. The men were naturally indignant at this treatment, and their opinions upon the subject were not always expressed in the most carefully-chosen language. Laboring one raw morning at the adjutant's desk, I overheard an amusing colloquy between the guard at the door and a poor ragged fellow who was kicking his heels against one of the boxes that had been unloaded there.

"I say, Jerry," he said, "d'ye know what these letters here mean?"

"Which?—'P. G. C.'?"

"Yes."

"Porter Guards Cavalry, I suppose."

"Oh, no they don't! That's what they used to mean, six weeks ago; but our name's been changed since, though the initials are just the same."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"Why, our new name, of course—*Poor Government Cusses*."

The tendency of soldiers to grotesque exaggeration is well illustrated by the remark of one of them concerning that greatest pest of the camp which the dictionaries denominate a "small insect of the genus *pediculus*." I presume every army in history has been annoyed by this atomy, but I think none suffered from it and at the same time made it the subject of habitual jest before the armies of our war. As in the case of every other source of vexation, the men grumbled at it, philosophized over it and laughed at it.

"I could bear the *little* fellows, and say nothing about them," I heard a dry joker in blue say to his comrades at reveille roll-call one morning; "but

such monsters as there are in this camp! Why, I woke up last night and saw one of these creepers sitting at the foot of my bunk. He had his back to me, and there was a great U. S. A. on it; but when he turned round—great Scott! what d'ye think he was doing?"

"Eating hard-tack," suggested one, with a wink.

"Smoking your pipe," put in another.

"No he wasn't: he was picking his teeth with my bayonet!"

One of the most curious classes of persons connected with the war was the malingerers—the name given to soldiers who feign disease in order to obtain a discharge or exemption from dangerous duty. The subject properly belongs to medical science, but these skulkers were so thoroughly detested by all good soldiers that the latter lent every effort to their detection, and the result was sometimes accomplished by means which gave a farcical complexion to the case.

I remember the apparently painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up at an angle from the knee—the result of rheumatism, he insisted. He was known to be a skulker, and several surgeons had examined the limb and found no appearance of contraction of the muscles; but all their efforts to pull it into shape were useless. Some of them became convinced by the stubbornness of the member, insisted that it could not be flexed, and advised the man's discharge. Dr. H—, however, had seen much of the same difficulty in hospitals, and put in practice a mode of treatment which he had seen successfully tried in several cases. The man, by his direction, was brought over to the division hospital and confronted by the surgeon and two assistants with their sleeves rolled up.

"I understand perfectly well the nature of your difficulty, my man," said the doctor. "It is a species of sciatica, and I can cure it by cauterization."

"What's that?" the victim asked in distrustful wonder.

"Cauterization? Oh, that's merely burning to a blister, from the hip to the heel, with a white-hot iron. It's sure to cure. Get on that table."

"I—I don't want to," the shirk stammered, his face turning whiter than the doctor's irons and his teeth chattering. "You sha'n't do it: it won't do me a bit of good."

"Mount that table, or I'll have you tied to it," was the stern command; and the poor wretch obeyed with a groan, not yet quite certain that this extreme measure was really to be resorted to.

"Strip that leg! Steward, bring in those irons!"

They came, hissing hot from the fire, and the miserable creature on the table shrieked, "Doctor, doctor! you ain't a-going to burn me with those things—be you?"

"I am that—from hip to heel," replied the doctor, coolly, taking one of the ugly instruments in his hand and approaching the table.

"You sha'n't do it! Let go! my leg's well, I tell you!" the man screamed; and, tearing away from those who held him, he jumped nimbly to the floor and ran out of the hospital with two as straight legs as there were in the whole army. He returned to duty the next day, and was effectually cured of his malingering propensities.

Such are some of the characteristic phases of military life as I observed and noted them. In conclusion, I may add my belief that the majority of those who were spared to the close of the great struggle left its ranks much better men than when they entered them. All the hard lessons of its campaigns taught them to be self-reliant and resourceful; and even its grim humors and lighter pleasantries developed the soft side of their character. To make merry with the ills of life is to contract a habit that will lengthen our days; and such was the constant practice of those who wore the blue and the gray.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

III.

III. SPIRITUAL OR MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

IN examining this subject, we first inquire (Sect. a) whether there is any connection between physical and moral or religious development; then (β), what indications of moral development may be derived from history. Finally (γ), a correlation of the results of these inquiries, with the nature of the religious development in the individual, is attempted. Of course in so stupendous an inquiry but a few leading points can be presented here.

If it be true that the period of human existence on the earth has seen a gradually increasing predominance of higher motives over lower ones among the mass of mankind, and if any parts of our metaphysical being have been derived by inheritance from pre-existent beings, we are incited to the inquiry whether any of the moral qualities are included among the latter; and whether there be any resemblance between moral and intellectual development.

Thus, if there have been a physical derivation from a pre-existent genus, and an embryonic condition of those physical characters which distinguish Homo—if there has been also an embryonic or infantile stage in intellectual qualities—we are led to inquire whether the development of the individual in moral nature will furnish us with a standard of estimation of the successive conditions or present relations of the human species in this aspect also.

a. Relations of Physical and Moral Nature.

ALTHOUGH, *ceteris paribus*, men are much alike in the deeper qualities of their nature, there is a range of variation which is best understood by a con-

sideration of the extremes of such variation, as seen in men of different latitudes, and women and children.

(a.) *In Children.* Youth is distinguished by a peculiarity, which no doubt depends upon an immature condition of the nervous centre concerned, which might be called *nervous impressibility*. It is exhibited in a greater tendency to tearfulness, in timidity, less mental endurance, a greater facility in acquiring knowledge, and more ready susceptibility to the influence of sights, sounds and sensations. In both sexes the emotional nature predominates over the intelligence and judgment. In those years the *character* is said to be in embryo, and theologians in using the phrase, "reaching years of religious understanding," mean that in early years the religious *capacities* undergo development coincidentally with those of the body.

(b.) *In Women.* If we examine the metaphysical characteristics of women, we observe two classes of traits—namely, those which are also found in men, and those which are absent or but weakly developed in men. Those of the first class are very similar in essential nature to those which men exhibit at an early stage of development. This may be in some way related to the fact that physical maturity occurs earlier in women.

The gentler sex is characterized by a greater impressibility, often seen in the influence exercised by a stronger character, as well as by music, color or spectacle generally; warmth of emotion, submission to its influence rather than that of logic; timidity and irregularity of action in the outer world. All these qualities belong to the male sex, as a general rule, at some period of life, though different individuals lose them at very various periods. Ruggedness

and sternness may rarely be developed in infancy, yet at some still prior time they certainly do not exist in any.

Probably most men can recollect some early period of their lives when the emotional nature predominated—a time when emotion at the sight of suffering was more easily stirred than in their maturer years. I do not now allude to the benevolence inspired, kept alive or developed by the influence of the Christian religion on the heart, but rather to that which belongs to the natural man. Perhaps all men can recall a period of youth when they were hero-worshippers—when they felt the need of a stronger arm, and loved to look up to the powerful friend who could sympathize with and aid them. This is the "woman stage" of character: in a large number of cases it is early passed; in some it lasts longer; while in a very few men it persists through life. Severe discipline and labor are unfavorable to its persistence. Luxury preserves its bad qualities without its good, while Christianity preserves its good elements without its bad.

It is not designed to say that woman in her emotional nature does not differ from the undeveloped man. On the contrary, though she does not differ in kind, she differs greatly in degree, for her qualities grow with her growth, and exceed in *power* many fold those exhibited by her companion at the original point of departure. Hence, since it might be said that man is the undeveloped woman, a word of explanation will be useful. Embryonic types abound in the fields of nature, but they are not therefore immature in the usual sense. Maintaining the lower essential quality, they yet exhibit the usual results of growth in individual characters; that is, increase of strength, powers of support and protection, size and beauty. In order to maintain that the masculine character coincides with that of the undeveloped woman, it would be necessary to show that the latter during her infancy possesses the male characters predominating—that is, unimpressibility, judgment, physical courage, and the like.

If we look at the second class of female characters—namely, those which are imperfectly developed or absent in men, and in respect to which man may be called undeveloped woman—we note three prominent points: facility in language, tact or finesse, and the love of children. The first two appear to me to be altogether developed results of "impressibility," already considered as an indication of immaturity. Imagination is also a quality of impressibility, and, associated with finesse, is apt to degenerate into duplicity and untruthfulness—a peculiarity more natural to women than men.

The third quality is different. It generally appears at a very early period of life. Who does not know how soon the little girl selects the doll, and the boy the toy horse or machine? Here man truly never gets beyond undeveloped woman. Nevertheless, "impressibility" seems to have a great deal to do with this quality also.

Thus the metaphysical relation of the sexes would appear to be one of *inexact parallelism*, as defined in Sect. I. That the physical relation is a remote one of the same kind, several characters seem to point out. The case of the vocal organs will suffice. Their structure is identical in both sexes in early youth, and both produce nearly similar sounds. They remain in this condition in the woman, while they undergo a metamorphosis and change both in structure and vocal power in the man. In the same way, in many of the lower creation, the females possess a majority of embryonic features, though not invariably. A common example is to be found in the plumage of birds, where the females and young males are often undistinguishable.* But there are few

* Meehan states that the upper limbs and strong laterals in coniferæ and other trees produce female flowers and cones, and the lower and more interior branches the male flowers. He calls the former condition one of greater "vigor," and the latter one of "weakness," and argues that the vigorous condition of growth produces females, and the weaker males. What he points out, however, is in harmony with the position here maintained—namely, that the female characters include more of those which are embryonic in the males than the male characters include of

points in the physical structure of man also in which the male condition is the immature one. In regard to structure, the point at which the relation between the sexes is that of *exact parallelism*, or where the mature condition of the one sex accords with the undeveloped condition of the other, is when reproduction is no longer accomplished by budding or gemmation, but requires distinct organs. Metaphysically, this relation is to be found where distinct individuality of the sexes first appears; that is, where we pass from the hermaphrodite to the bisexual condition.

But let us put the whole interpretation on this partial undevelopment of woman.

The types or conditions of organic life which have been the most prominent in the world's history—the Ganoids of the first, the Dinosaurs of the second, and the Mammoths of the third period—have generally died with their day. The line of succession has not been from them. The law of anatomy and paleontology is, that we must seek the point of departure of the type which is to predominate in the future, at lower stages on the line, in less decided forms, or in what, in scientific parlance, are called generalized types. In the same way, though the adults of the tailless apes are in a physical sense more highly developed than their young, yet the latter far more closely resemble the human species in their large facial angle and shortened jaws.

How much significance, then, is added to the law uttered by Christ!—"Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Submission of will, loving trust, confident faith—these belong to the child:

those which are embryonic in the female: the female flowers are the product of the younger and more growing portions of the tree—that is, those last produced (the upper limbs and new branches)—while the male flowers are produced by the older or more mature portions—that is, lower limbs or more axial regions. Further, we are not accustomed to regard the condition of rapid growth as that of great vigor in animals, but rather ascribe that quality to maturity, after such growth has ceased.

Meehan's observations coincide with those of Thury and others on the origin of sexes in animals and plants, which it appears to me admit of a similar explanation.

how strange they appear to the executing, commanding, reasoning man! Are they so strange to the woman? We all know the answer. Woman is nearer to the point of departure of that development which outlives time and which peoples heaven; and if man would find it, he must retrace his steps, regain something he lost in youth, and join to the powers and energies of his character the submission, love and faith which the new birth alone can give.

Thus the summing up of the metaphysical qualities of woman would be thus expressed: In the emotional world, man's superior; in the moral world, his equal; in the laboring world, his inferior.

There are, however, vast differences in women in respect to the number of masculine traits they may have assumed before being determined into their own special development. Woman also, under the influence of necessity, in later years of life, may add more or less to those qualities in her which are fully developed in the man.

The relation of these facts to the principles stated as the two opposing laws of development is, it appears to me, to be explained thus: First, that woman's most inherent peculiarities are *not* the result of the external circumstances with which she has been placed in contact, as the *conflict theory* would indicate. Such circumstances are said to be her involuntary subserviency to the physically more powerful man, and the effect of a compulsory mode of life in preventing her from attaining a position of equality in the activities of the world. Second, that they *are* the result of the different distributions of qualities as already indicated by the *harmonic theory* of development; that is, of the unequal possession of features which belong to different periods in the developmental succession of the highest. There is then another beautiful harmony which will ever remain, let the development of each sex be extended as far as it may.

(c.) *In Men.* If we look at the male sex, we shall find various exceptional

approximations to the female in mental constitution. Further, there can be little doubt that in the Indo-European race maturity in some respects appears earlier in tropical than in northern regions; and though subject to many exceptions, this is sufficiently general to be looked upon as a rule. Accordingly, we find in that race—at least in the warmer regions of Europe and America—a larger proportion of certain qualities which are more universal in women; as greater activity of the emotional nature when compared with the judgment; an impressibility of the nervous centre, which, *ceteris paribus*, appreciates quickly the harmonies of sound, form and color; answers most quickly to the friendly greeting or the hostile menace; is more careless of consequences in the material expression of generosity or hatred, and more indifferent to truth under the influence of personal relations. The movements of the body and expressions of the countenance answer to the temperament. More of grace and elegance in the bearing marks the Greek, the Italian and the Creole, than the German, the Englishman or the Green Mountain man. More of vivacity and fire, for better or for worse, is displayed in the countenance.

Perhaps the more northern type left all that behind in its youth. The rugged, angular character which appreciates force better than harmony, the strong intellect which delights in forethought and calculation, the less impressibility, reaching stolidity in the uneducated, are its well-known traits. If there be in such a character less generosity and but little chivalry, there is persistency and unwavering fidelity, not readily obscured by the lightning of passion or the dark surmises of an active imagination.

All these peculiarities appear to result, *first*, from different degrees of quickness and depth in appreciating impressions from without; and, *second*, from differing degrees of attention to the intelligent judgment in consequent action. (I leave conscience out, as not

belonging to the category of inherited qualities.)

The first is the basis of an emotional nature, and the predominance of the second is the usual indication of maturity. That the first is largely dependent on an impressible condition of the nervous system can be asserted by those who reduce their nervous centres to a sensitive condition by a rapid consumption of the nutritive materials necessary to the production of thought-force, and perhaps of brain tissue itself, induced by close and prolonged mental labor. The condition of overwork, though but an imitation of immaturity, without its joy-giving nutrition, is nevertheless very instructive. The sensitiveness, both physically, emotionally and morally, is often remarkable, and a weakening of the understanding is often coincident with it.

The above observations have been confined to the Indo-European race. It may be objected to the theory that savagery means immaturity in the senses above described, as dependent largely on "impressibility," while savages in general display the least "impressibility," as that word is generally understood. This cannot be asserted of the Africans, who, so far as we know them, possess this peculiarity in a high degree. Moreover, it must be remembered that the state of indifference which precedes that of impressibility in the individual may characterize many savages; while their varied peculiarities may be largely accounted for by recollecting that many combinations of different species of emotions and kinds of intelligence go to make up the complete result in each case.

(*d.*) *Conclusions.* Three types of religion may be selected from the developmental conditions of man: first, an absence of sensibility (early infancy); second, an emotional stage more productive of faith than of works; thirdly, an intellectual type, more favorable to works than to faith. Though in regard to responsibility these states may be equal, there is absolutely no gain to laboring humanity from the first type,

and a serious loss in actual results from the second, taken alone, as compared with the third.

These, then, are the *physical vehicles of religion*—if the phrase may be allowed—which give character and tone to the deeper spiritual life, as the color of the transparent vessel is communicated to the light which radiates from within.

But if evolution has taken place, there is evidently a provision for the progress from the lower to the higher states, either in the education of circumstances ("conflict"), or in the power of an interior spiritual influence ("harmony"), or both.

β. Evidence Derived from History.

WE trace the development of Moral-ity in—First, the family or social order; second, the civil order, or government.

Whatever may have been the extent of moral ignorance before the Deluge, it does not appear that the earth was yet prepared for the permanent habitation of the human race. All nations preserve traditions of the drowning of the early peoples by floods, such as have occurred frequently during geologic time. At the close of each period of dry land, a period of submergence has set in, and the depression of the level of the earth, and consequent overflow by the sea, has caused the death and subsequent preservation of the remains of the fauna and flora living upon it, while the elevation of the same has produced that interruption in the process of deposit in the same region which marks the intervals between geologic periods. Change in these respects does not occur to any very material extent at the present time in the regions inhabited by the most highly developed portions of the human race; and as the last which occurred seems to have been expressly designed for the preparation of the earth's surface for the occupation of organized human society, it may be doubted whether many such changes are to be looked for in the future. The last great flooding was that which stratified the drift materials of the north, and carried the finer portions far over the south, de-

termining the minor topography of the surface and supplying it with soils.

The existence of floods which drowned many races of men may be considered as established. The men destroyed by the one recorded by Moses are described by him as exceedingly wicked, so that "the earth was filled with violence." In his eyes the Flood was designed for their extermination.

That their condition was evil must be fully believed if they were condemned by the executive of the Jewish law. This law, it will be remembered, permitted polygamy, slavery, revenge, aggressive war. The Jews were expected to rob their neighbors the Egyptians of jewels, and they were allowed "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." They were expected to butcher other nations, with their women and children, their flocks and their herds. If we look at the lives of men recorded in the Old Testament as examples of distinguished excellence, we find that their standard, however superior to that of the people around them, would ill accord with the morality of the present day. They were all polygamists, slaveholders and warriors. Abraham treated Hagar and Ishmael with inhumanity. Jacob, with his mother's aid, deceived Isaac, and received thereby a blessing which extended to the whole Jewish nation. David, a man whom Paul tells us the Lord found to be after his own heart, slew the messenger who brought tidings of the death of Saul, and committed other acts which would stain the reputation of a Christian beyond redemption. It is scarcely necessary to turn to other nations if this be true of the chosen men of a chosen people. History indeed presents us with no people prior to, or contemporary with, the Jews who were not morally their inferiors.

If we turn to more modern periods, an examination of the morality of Greece and Rome reveals a curious intermixture of lower and higher moral conditions. While each of these nations produced excellent moralists, the influence of their teachings was not sufficient to elevate the masses above what

would now be regarded as a very low standard. The popularity of those scenes of cruelty, the gladiatorial shows and the combats with wild beasts, sufficiently attests this. The Roman virtue of patriotism, while productive of many noble deeds, is in itself far from being a disinterested one, but partakes rather of the nature of partisanship and selfishness. If the Greeks were superior to the Romans in humanity, they were apparently their inferiors in the social virtues, and were much below the standard of Christian nations in both respects.

Ancient history points to a state of chronic war, in which the social relations were ever in confusion, and the development of the useful arts was almost impossible. Savage races, which continue to this day in a similar moral condition, are, we may easily believe, most unhappy. They are generally divided into tribes, which are mutually hostile, or friendly only with the view of injuring some other tribe. Might is their law, and robbery, rapine and murder express their mutual relations. This is the history of the lowest grade of barbarism, and the history of primeval man so far as it has come down to us in sacred and profane records. Man as a species first appears in history as a sinful being. Then a race maintaining a contest with the prevailing corruption and exhibiting a higher moral ideal is presented to us in Jewish history. Finally, early Christian society exhibits a greatly superior condition of things. In it polygamy scarcely existed, and slavery and war were condemned. But progress did not end here, for our Lord said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

The progress revealed to us by history is truly great, and if a similar difference existed between the first of the human species and the first of whose condition we have information, we can conceive how low the origin must have been. History begins with a considerable pro-

gress in civilization, and from this we must infer a long preceding period of human existence, such as a gradual evolution would require.

γ. *Rationale of Moral Development.*

I. *Of the Species.* Let us now look at the moral condition of the infant man of the present time. We know his small accountability, his trust, his innocence. We know that he is free from the law that when he "would do good, evil is present with him," for good and evil are alike unknown. We know that until growth has progressed to a certain degree he fully deserves the praise pronounced by Our Saviour, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Growth, however, generally sees a change. We know that the buddings of evil appear but too soon: the lapse of a few months sees exhibitions of anger, disobedience, malice, falsehood, and their attendants—the fruit of a corruption within not manifested before.

In early youth it may be said that moral susceptibility is often in inverse ratio to physical vigor. But with growth the more physically vigorous are often sooner taught the lessons of life, for their energy brings them into earlier conflict with the antagonisms and contradictions of the world. Here is a beautiful example of the benevolent principle of compensation.

1. *Innocence and the Fall.* If physical evolution be a reality, we have reason to believe that the infantile stage of human morals, as well as of human intellect, was much prolonged in the history of our first parents. This constitutes the period of human purity, when we are told by Moses that the first pair dwelt in Eden. But the growth to maturity saw the development of all the qualities inherited from the irresponsible denizen of the forest. Man inherits from his predecessors in the creation the buddings of reason: he inherits passions, propensities and appetites. His corruption is that of his animal progenitors, and his sin is the low and bestial instinct of the brute creation. Thus only is the origin of sin made

clear—a problem which the pride of man would have explained in any other way had it been possible.

But how startling the exhibition of evil by this new being as compared with the scenes of the countless ages already past! Then the right of the strongest was God's law, and rapine and destruction were the history of life. But into man had been "breathed the breath of life," and he had "become a living soul." The law of right, the Divine Spirit, was planted within him, and the laws of the beast were in antagonism to that law. The natural development of his inherited qualities necessarily brought him into collision with that higher standard planted within him, and that war was commenced which shall never cease "till He hath put all things under his feet." The first act of man's disobedience constituted the Fall, and with it would come the first *intellectual* "knowledge of good and of evil"—an apprehension up to that time derived exclusively from the divinity within, or conscience.*

2. *Free Agency.* Heretofore development had been that of physical types, but the Lord had rested on the seventh day, for man closed the line of the physical creation. Now a new development was to begin—the development of mind, of morality and of grace.

On the previous days of Creation all had progressed in accordance with inevitable law apart from its objects. Now two lines of development were at the disposal of this being, between which his *free will* was to choose. Did he choose the courses dictated by the spirit

of the brute, he was to be subject to the old law of the brute creation—the right of the strongest and spiritual death. Did he choose the guidance of the Divine Guest in his heart, he became subject to the laws which are to guide—I. the human species to an ultimate perfection, so far as consistent with this world; and II. the individual man to a higher life, where a new existence awaits him as a spiritual being, freed from the laws of terrestrial matter.

The charge brought against the theory of development, that it implies a necessary progress of man to all perfection without his co-operation—or *necessitarianism*, as it is called—is unfounded.

The free will of man remains the source alike of his progress and his relapse. But the choice once made, the laws of spiritual development are apparently as inevitable as those of matter. Thus men whose religious capacities are increased by attention to the Divine Monitor within are in the advance of progress—progress coinciding with that which in material things is called the *harmonic*. On the other hand, those whose motives are of the lower origin fall under the working of the law of *conflict*.

The lesson derivable from the preceding considerations would seem to be "necessitarian" as respects the whole human race, considered by itself; and I believe it is to be truly so interpreted. That is, the Creator of all things has set agencies at work which will slowly develop a perfect humanity out of His lower creation, and nothing can thwart the process or alter the result. "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." This is our great encouragement, our noblest hope—second only to that which looks to a blessed inheritance in another world. It is this thought that should inspire the farmer, who as he toils wonders, "Why all this labor? The Good Father could have made me like the lilies, who, though they toil not, neither spin, are yet clothed in glory; and why should I, a nobler being, be subject to the dust and

* In our present translation of Genesis, the Fall is ascribed to the influence of Satan assuming the form of the serpent, and this animal was cursed in consequence, and compelled to assume a prone position. This rendering may well be revised, since serpents, prone like others, existed in both America and Europe during the Eocene epoch, five times as great a period before Adam as has elapsed since his day. Clark states, with great probability, that "serpent" should be translated monkey or ape—a conclusion, it will be observed, exactly coinciding with our inductions on the basis of evolution. The instigation to evil by an ape merely states inheritance in another form. His curse, then, refers to the retention of the horizontal position retained by all other quadrumana, as we find it at the present day.

the sweat of labor?" This thought should enlighten every artisan of the thousands that people the factories and guide their whirling machinery in our modern cities. Every revolution of a wheel is moving the car of progress, and the timed stroke of the crank and the rhythmic throw of the shuttle are but the music the spheres have sung since time began. A new significance then appears in the prayer of David: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us: the work of our hands, O Lord, establish Thou it." But beware of the catastrophe, for "He will sit as a refiner:" "the wheat shall be gathered into barns, but the chaff shall be burned with unquenchable fire." If this be true, let us look for—

3. *The Extinction of Evil.* How is necessitarianism to be reconciled with free will? It appears to me, thus: When a being whose safety depends on the perfection of a system of laws abandons the system by which he lives, he becomes subject to that lower grade of laws which govern lower intelligences. Man, falling from the laws of right, comes under the dominion of the laws of brute force; as said our Saviour: "Salt is good, but if the salt have lost his savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast forth and trodden under foot of men."

In estimating the practical results to man of the actions prompted by the lower portion of our nature, it is only necessary to carry out to its full development each of those animal qualities which may in certain states of society be restrained by the social system. In human history those qualities have repeatedly had this development, and the battle of progress is fought to decide whether they shall overthrow the system that restrains them, or be overthrown by it.

Entire obedience to the lower instincts of our nature ensures destruction to the weaker, and generally to the stronger also. A most marked case of this kind is seen where the developed vices of civilization are introduced among a

savage people—as, for example, the North American Indians. These seem in consequence to be hastening to extinction.

But a system or a circuit of existence has been allotted to the civil associations of the animal species man, independently of his moral development. It may be briefly stated thus: Races begin as poor offshoots or emigrants from a parent stock. The law of labor develops their powers, and increases their wealth and numbers. These will be diminished by their various vices; but on the whole, in proportion as the intellectual and economical elements prevail, wealth will increase; that is, they accumulate power. When this has been accomplished, and before activity has slackened its speed, the nation has reached the culminating point, and then it enters upon the period of decline. The restraints imposed by economy and active occupation being removed, the beastly traits find in accumulated power only increased means of gratification, and industry and prosperity sink together. Power is squandered, little is accumulated, and the nation goes down to its extinction amid scenes of internal strife and vice. Its cycle is soon fulfilled, and other nations, fresh from scenes of labor, assault it, absorb its fragments, and it dies. This has been the world's history, and it remains to be seen whether the virtues of the nations now existing will be sufficient to save them from a like fate.

Thus the history of the animal man in nations is wonderfully like that of the types or families of the animal and vegetable kingdoms during geologic ages. They rise, they increase and reach a period of multiplication and power. The force allotted to them becoming exhausted, they diminish and sink and die.

II. *Of the Individual.* In discussing physical development, we are as yet compelled to restrict ourselves to the evidence of its existence and some laws observed in the operation of its causative force. What that force is, or what are its primary laws, we know not.

So in the progress of moral development we endeavor to prove its existence and the mode of its operation, but why that mode should exist, rather than some other mode, we cannot explain.

The moral progress of the species depends, of course, on the moral progress of the individuals embraced in it. Religion is the sum of those influences which determine the motives of men's actions into harmony with the Divine perfection and the Divine will.

Obedience to these influences constitutes the practice of religion, while the statement of the growth and operation of these influences constitutes the theory of religion, or doctrine.

The Divine Spirit planted in man shows him that which is in harmony with the Divine Mind, and it remains for his free will to conform to it or reject it. This harmony is man's highest ideal of happiness, and in seeking it, as well as in desiring to flee from dissonance or pain, he but obeys the disposition common to all conscious beings. If, however, he attempts to conform to it, he will find the law of evil present, and frequently obtaining the mastery. If now he be in any degree observing, he will find that the laws of morality and right are the only ones by which human society exists in a condition superior to that of the lower animals, and in which the capacities of man for happiness can approach a state of satisfaction. He may be then said to be "awakened" to the importance of religion. If he carry on the struggle to attain to the high goal presented to his spiritual vision, he will be deeply grieved and humbled at his failures: then he is said to be "convicted." Under these circumstances the necessity of a deliverance becomes clear, and is willingly accepted in the only way in which it has pleased the Author of all to present it, which has been epitomized by Paul as "the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ." Thus a life of advanced and ever-advancing moral excellence becomes possible, and the man makes

nearer approaches to the "image of God."

Thus is opened a new era in spiritual development, which we are led to believe leads to an ultimate condition in which the nature inherited from our origin is entirely overcome, and an existence of moral perfection entered on. Thus in the book of Mark the simile occurs: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear;" and Solomon says that the development of righteousness "shines more and more unto the perfect day."

d. Summary.

IF it be true that general development in morality proceeds in spite of the original predominance of evil in the world, through the self-destructive nature of the latter, it is only necessary to examine the reasons why the excellence of the good may have been subject also to progress, and how the remainder of the race may have been influenced thereby.

The development of morality is then probably to be understood in the following sense: Since the Divine Spirit, as the prime force in human progress, cannot in itself be supposed to have been in any way under the influence of natural laws, its capacities were no doubt as eternal and unerring in the first man as in the last. But the facts and probabilities discussed above point to development of *religious sensibility*, or capacity to appreciate moral good, or to receive impressions from the source of good.

The evidence of this is supposed to be seen in—*First*, improvement in man's views of his duty to his neighbor; and *Second*, the substitution of spiritual for symbolic religions: in other words, improvement in the capacity for receiving spiritual impressions.

What the primary cause of this supposed development of religious sensibility may have been, is a question we reverently leave untouched. That it is intimately connected in some way with, and in part dependent on, the evolution of the intelligence, appears very probable:

for this evolution is seen — *First*, in a better understanding of the consequences of action, and of good and of evil in many things; and *Second*, in the production of means for the spread of the special instrumentalities of good. The following may be enumerated as such instrumentalities:

1. Furnishing literary means of record and distribution of the truths of religion, morality and science.

2. Creating and increasing modes of transportation of teachers and literary means of disseminating truth.

3. Facilitating the migration and the spread of nations holding the highest position in the scale of morality.

4. The increase of wealth, which multiplies the extent of the preceding means.

And now, let no man attempt to set bounds to this development. Let no man say even that morality accomplished is all that is required of mankind, since that is not necessarily the evidence of a spiritual development. If a man possess the capacity for progress beyond the condition in which he finds himself, in refusing to enter upon it he declines to conform to the Divine law. For "from those to whom little is given, little is required, but from those to whom much is given, much shall be required." EDWARD D. COPE.

A GLIMPSE OF QUEBEC.

STILL under the magical influence of that dream of beauty called the "Thousand Isles," you glide between the wooded shores of the great St. Lawrence; shoot the La Chine Rapids, with the jagged rocks on either hand; pass Montreal with its spires and grand Victoria Bridge; and, continuing your way, reach finally the most interesting city in North America—Quebec.

As you approach the famous spot where a century ago Montcalm and Wolfe had their rough wrestle for the supremacy of France or England in America, all the present seems to disappear. But yesterday you were on Broadway—that is to say, in the heart of the America of to-day—and now you have entered, as at the wave of some magician's wand, an old city of the European past. All about Quebec is ancient, picturesque and historic—un-American in every sense. It is a walled city and a military post. You enter by a broad gate, the huge iron doors rolled back on either hand, and passing beneath the thick grass-grown ramparts, ascend the narrow, winding streets

through rows of ancient, queer-looking houses, to the upper town, above which, on the lofty pinnacle of Cape Diamond, frowns a citadel bristling with cannon and crowded with red-coated soldiers of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Opposite my hotel they pointed out to me the old low, wooden, French-looking house in which the brave Montcalm held his last council of war; on the forehead of the precipice near, above the lower town with its narrow wynds like those of Edinburgh, is a board with "Près de Ville" written on it, showing where Montgomery fell; scarce half a mile away are the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's last charge and his fall; and in the distance you may hear on a calm day the murmur of the Falls of Montmorenci, which dispute the palm of beauty, if not of grandeur, with Niagara.

A walk to the Plains of Abraham, "Spencer Wood," the former residence of the governor-general of Canada, and Mount Hermon, the sweetest and most solitary of cemeteries, fills the memory with delightful recollections. The con-

trast of the gleaming tombs and the crimson berries of the mountain ash is exquisite; and the pleasant country-house of "Spencer Wood" has a quiet, home-like charm which is better than the imposing splendor of great cities.

But the Plains of Abraham just beyond the western walls of the city are the greatest attraction at Quebec. It was here on these grassy slopes that Wolfe overthrew in 1759 the power of France in North America. The noble and pathetic drama is familiar to all—how Wolfe, floating on the waters of the little cove in his barge, as he moved to the assault, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and was heard to murmur, "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" how he dragged his cannon up yonder slope which permits access to the heights; and how he fell in the moment of victory. As you wander idly over the peaceful fields to-day, the fiery drama seems to be again enacted before your eyes: the grassy upland swarms with French and English, shouting, yelling, delivering close volleys, and then rushing in to the hand-to-hand encounter; again the smooth-bore muskets rattle, the clumsy culverins rumble, Wolfe is leading his men, to fall anon with his body pierced with three bullets, nearly at the same moment when Montcalm too is struck; for in this bitter struggle the two leaders are both to surrender their brave lives.

On the field rises a marble shaft bearing the inscription, "*Here died Wolfe, victorious.*" In the chapel of the Ursuline convent, within the city, is a slab on which is cut, "*Honneur à Montcalm! Le Destin, en lui dérobant la Victoire, l'a récompensé par une mort glorieuse!*"—"Destiny, in depriving him of victory, requited him with a glorious death!" And the great Englishman, his opponent, died gloriously too, murmuring, "God be praised! then I die happy!" when assured that the day was won. The soldier spoke there; and soon afterward the brave and gentle spirit, who had gone into battle repeating the tender lines of Gray's "Elegy," and coveting the peace-

ful glories of poesy, surrendered his soul to God, falling asleep in the arms of victory.

You re-enter the city through the ponderous gate under the ramparts, and passing the grassy "Esplanade," where maidens stroll and the band of the garrison plays, find on every hand some object of curiosity or interest. Quebec, as I have said, is ancient and European, not modern or American. But I shall not attempt to describe the place, as I have not inflicted upon the good reader the history of Wolfe's movements against Montcalm. Writers of traveling impressions are generally afflicted with an "attack of guide-book," but I escaped that misfortune, and will spare the reader the whole infliction. Yet, averse as he may be, this worthy and kindly reader, to architectural details, let me recommend to him a glance, with me, at the old French cathedral of the "Immaculate Conception," a building ancient, imposing, almost grand, upon which may still be seen the marks of Wolfe's cannon-balls when he fired on the city from the opposite shore of the river. Here you look upon great pictures set in the walls, and witness the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic communion—the swinging censers, the bodies bent as they pass or approach the altar, the rich robes, the illuminated chancel, and the sonorous intoning of the service.

The Falls of Montmorenci soon attract you at Quebec; and if you imitate the present writer you will go thither—for the distance is eight miles—in one of the light, one-horsed carriages called by the Canadians *calèches*, hundreds of which are drawn up in line in the public squares of the city for the convenience—and, I suspect, most frequently the *fleeing*—of travelers. Mine was driven by a French boy, chattering the oddest patois in the gayest voice, and his "wagon," as the vehicle is also called, soon conveyed me and my companion to Montmorenci.

The Falls are very beautiful—not so grand, by any means, as Niagara, and the Fall is, in comparison, a white rib-

bon merely, but that ribbon is unwound over a precipice two hundred and fifty feet in height, and the landscape, seen from the little summer-house perched on the brink of the Fall, is exquisite—the Isle of Orleans, the great river, the far mountains, and Quebec in the distance.

"What is the name of those mountains?" I said to the slipshod and chattering young guide.

"*Je ne sais pas, monsieur,*" he replied with a smile: "*elles sont trop loin!*"

They were a blue line, in fact.

Returning, we looked with more attention than in going upon the odd houses which extend on each side of the excellent road from Quebec to the Falls. They interested me greatly, those queer old French houses, with the tall stoves of burnished tiles seen through the doors, and their picturesque roofs and chimneys.

All along the route, in front of the houses, you see women in broad chip hats, who look at you with friendly eyes; children who run to sell you a bunch of flowers or some other trifle; Catholic priests in their long black robes, curiously contrasted with huge "stove-pipe" hats, who beam on you as you pass, and bow with cordial politeness. Quebec in the distance blazes on its height. The setting sun lights it up and flames in crimson on its windows and its roofs of bright tin. The city hovers in air: it is a dream of beauty to live in the memory. I gazed long at that spectacle, the most beautiful I have ever seen, and think I shall remember it to the hour of my death.

One imposing feature of Quebec has been omitted, and with this I shall conclude my brief sketch. Cape Diamond, crowned by the fortress, is a grand spectacle—a great promontory hanging above the city and affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country. You walk up to the fortress: a red-coated soldier comes and touches his hat and acts as guide; you lean on the great Armstrong guns and look from the ramparts on the river.

On the river? On the whole world! There at the foot of the precipice are the crowding houses of the lower town; then the great river; beyond, Point Levi covered by the cannon; farther still, blue mountains; and right and left, the broad, majestic St. Lawrence dotted with snowy sails which resemble white waterfowl spreading their wings for their flight toward the ocean. There is something grand, calm and illimitable in this prospect. Yonder, lost in the mist, are the Falls of Montmorenci; the Isle of Orleans is on the horizon; the Plains of Abraham trend away on the right: over all sleeps a thoughtful and musing serenity which steals the mind away from the present and its little annoyances to the past, so full of heroic scenes and personages. It is worth going to Quebec to lie on those ramparts and dream. After all, the past is the sole thing certain in this world. The present? the future? The one may shatter the idols and the monuments of the other. The past alone is solid—a bronze cast in the mould of eternity.

At the highest portion of the rampart I observed, cut in a granite block, what resembled a *fleur-de-lis*, but my friendly red-coated guide assured me that the object was intended to represent a *feather*. When duly interrogated how a feather came to be cut here in the stone, my friend of the scarlet uniform related the following history, which is condensed implacably: When the Prince of Wales visited Quebec with "the princess," they ascended to the ramparts for the benefit of the view, and here, at this spot where we were standing, the princess dropped a feather from her bonnet. A gallant young officer quickly raised it—no doubt pressing to his lips with loyal fervor this plume which the wind wafted from the brow of the princess—and when the party disappeared the officers of the garrison, to commemorate the incident, caused a feather to be cut in stone and the stone placed here upon the lofty rampart!

Such was the history of the stone on Cape Diamond. Was it true, or was my red friend amusing himself at the

expense of an American barbarian? I know not, but if not true, agree with me, good reader, that it deserves to be true! I do not know whether any "princess" was ever there upon the Quebec rampart, but I know that the stone I speak of, is, with its feather or *fleur-de-lis*, whichever it may be; and even if the whole story be a mere romance or "quiz," as is very probable—if no "slight she-slip of royal blood" ever flitted here in the flesh—we may still fancy the incident true, see the rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and think that the latter rested as ours do upon this beautiful landscape.

Here ends my glimpse of the good old city, reader, but to perceive its beau-

ties, to catch its secret charm, you must visit it in person. You will not regret the journey, and the memory of the spot will remain with you. On the great ramparts of Cape Diamond, where the grim citadel looks on the river and the Plains of Abraham, you will fall into a fine dream and see all the past rise up before you. The French and English will charge again as they charged a century ago; the fate of a continent will be decided on the grassy slope yonder; and "Here died Wolfe, victorious," and "Honneur à Montcalm," will come borne on the wind or in the far murmur of Montmorenci descending into the St. Lawrence, its eternity.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

MY STORY.

"MAIL'S not in, miss." How *could* that man in the store tell me this with such a stolid air, and then put up the brown parcel for that brown calico woman as indifferently as though it were of no consequence in the world?

"I'm lookin' for a letter," said Brown Calico, sleepily: "folks been gone nigh a fortnight now."

"Takin' a spell with the old man, ain't they?" inquired Mr. Jones, evidently finding her the more interesting of the two.

"Yes, but I says to Sairy Ann—"

I never heard what: I went out of the store, so full of disappointment and disgust that I had to stop and wonder which way to turn. My rapid walk in the bracing October air, and the enthusiasm of hope that my vivid imagination had conjured up in regard to that mythical letter, which now seemed likely never to have a being, had put me into a state of excitement that could not be cooled down all at once, and there was no safety-valve at hand to carry it off.

"Wait for the train," was my first thought, but the track looked hopelessly unsuggestive of cars in the distance. I did not care to sit with Mr. Jones and be catechised respecting my past, present and future; the mossy rock just at the elevation in the road was picturesque, but decidedly cool at four o'clock in the afternoon; and wondering for the twentieth time that a forlorn little country store should be nestled in the midst of so much beauty, I toiled up the ascent weary and dispirited—vainly wishing that I could have plunged suddenly into the office from whence the expected letter was to emanate, and grasp the delinquent by the hair of his head, to bring him to a realizing sense of what he owed to society in general and to me in particular.

Of course, the creature was not responsible for the delay of the cars; but for at least a week I had daily taken this trip of a mile—quite to the amusement of the family, who had begun to laugh and hint at the attractions of Mr. Jones; which attractions consisted in

not having a wife, and living where men were scarce and women plentiful. The mystery about this letter was not the least delightful part of it; and I would not have the postmark and handwriting seen, for fear of endless questions and teasings about my gentleman correspondent.

For I was spending these golden October days with friends who shared their cares and pleasures with me, and expected the same in return; but in this matter I was an arch-hypocrite, for it was my pet secret—brooded over, and jealously guarded from every approach. I had been trying my wings a little out in the world, and it remained to be seen whether I should fall to the ground hopelessly crushed, or soar away on a cloud of fame to some height quite inaccessible to ordinary minds.

Of course I had been writing; and I almost thought that no one had ever done it before. For a month and more I had been drinking in the beauty that lay around me—the beauty of hill and stream and changing leaves and autumn sunsets—until it seemed to me that it would be quite despicable to live such a life and yet only eat and drink and sleep in the ordinary way. So, in a wild, delirious thirst for fame (and truth compels me to add, money also), I put pen to paper, with what I fully believed to be the sudden inspiration of slumbering genius; and the result was actually a story! It had an orthodox beginning, middle and end, with a hero and heroine, conversations amusing, instructive and pathetic, and an astonishing quantity of chapters and pages. Indeed, I was amazed at the swiftness with which it grew beneath my hands, and in my ignorance considered this an additional recommendation.

I wrote it by snatches, for some of the family were always hunting me up and commenting on my fondness for solitude; and I had read it so often to myself that I almost knew it by heart. I aimed high, and having selected a popular periodical, I sent it off with a modest note, in which the editor was

favoured with my address and requested to send a speedy answer. That was two weeks ago, and no answer yet!

It was *too* provoking, when this was Saturday, to be told that the mail was not in, for now I must wait until Monday before I had another chance. The post-office was a mile off, and as I was the only one who particularly expected anything, none of them would take the trouble to make a second visit.

"Any letter?" as I approached the house.

I shook my head with a feeling of bitterness as I reflected that it was harder for me than for any of the rest. People who go for letters are always looked upon as in a measure responsible for their non-arrival; and as I had often had the feeling myself, I was not surprised to see that they regarded me as an incompetent letterman.

The day closed in, and that delightful time which old-fashioned people call "early candle-lighting" arrived—the hour of the whole twenty-four when it is so charming to draw cozily up to the table-lamp and open letters, papers and books that have just arrived.

We were a rather nice-looking party at Mill Edge—plenty of bright eyes and cheeks, and quick, merry tongues, with an unbounded capacity for enjoyment. Dear Mrs. Darble, too, was so kind and hospitable, and the open wood-fire was lovely, filling the room with dancing shadows; but I was moodily pining after my letter, and reflecting on the base ingratitude of the editor to whom I had sent that treasured story.

"I do believe that's Fred!" said some one, starting up. "Just like him, to come a day or two before he is expected!"

Mrs. Darble rushed to the door at the sound of footsteps on the crisp garden-walk, and I suddenly remembered that I had totally forgotten the existence of the eldest hope of the family, whom I had never met. He was always away at college when I made my visits, and lately he had taken his diploma as M. D., and settled in a neighboring town.

This was one of his flying visits home; and I began to wish that I had put on my white piqué, with knots of scarlet ribbon.

He came in laughing, caressing and caressed, a draught of cold October air following in his wake; and I found myself shaking hands with a tall, pleasant-looking young man, whose bright laughing eyes were full of mischief and intelligence, and whose manners were charming. I regretted the white piqué more than ever.

"By the way," said Doctor Fred, plunging into the depths of his overcoat pocket, "I brought the mail with me, but it is all for Miss Rose."

My heart gave a great jump, and I was quite breathless with expectation. My letter, of course; and I had opened it—in imagination—and read:

"DEAR MADAM: Your very interesting story was most thankfully received. Pray accept the enclosed one hundred dollars as a most inadequate return, and let us hear from you as often as possible.

"Very respectfully, etc."

When I had perused this imaginary document, I caught sight of an awkward-looking packet (very like the one I had despatched), and, with a bow, it was deposited in my lap. I could have cried with vexation, but involuntarily I glanced at the gentleman, and saw, from his eye, that he knew exactly what it was. My mortification was complete: I felt my cheeks burn, and was rather glad when Susie said, laughingly,

"That is a formidable-looking package. I hope *he* hasn't been and gone and returned all your letters and keepsakes, has he?"

"Nothing half so important," I replied with an effort: "this is really not worth having;" and I stuffed it into my pocket.

That hateful doctor! To think of his knowing, at the outset, that I was a rejected author! And that still more hateful editor! Not even an apology for his unfeeling conduct: nothing but the words "Too long" scrawled in one corner of my manuscript.

As soon after tea as I conveniently could, I slipped off to the library, where I knew that I should be alone for an hour at least; and getting behind the window curtain, I enjoyed the luxury of a good cry. It was quite an infantile sort of boo-hoo-ing, and I found it a decided relief.

After a while I heard a sigh that made me start rather guiltily.

"I quite understand your feelings, Miss Rose," said the doctor, coming forward: "I have been through it all myself."

"*You!*" I exclaimed in surprise, as I suddenly called to mind the reiterated praises of Fred's exceeding cleverness that had been sounded in my ears by all the family in turn—how he wrote "lovely poetry" and had edited a paper, and I knew not what all.

"Yes," he continued, as quietly as though we had known each other all our lives, "*I* tried a story once, and asked the editor to criticise it. His reply to my confiding request is written with fire on my memory. 'Sir,' he wrote, 'your characters are the creations of a lunatic, your style that of an idiot, and your presumption worthy of a king.' I showed the letter and story to a friend. My friend simply said, 'He doesn't appreciate it.' I thought this a very mild way of speaking."

"What did you do?" I asked with a great deal of interest.

"Sent the article to another editor, who *did* appreciate it, and got twenty-five dollars for it. I should like to see your story, Miss Rose."

"I couldn't think of it," said I, blushing behind the shield of the curtains.

"I think you could," was the quiet reply. "Suppose we appoint a meeting here for Monday morning, and review the story 'with a cricket's eye' from beginning to end. There are more editors in the world than one."

He spoke as though it were such a matter of course that I could not refuse; and feeling that he was very kind, I hastened back to the parlor, while the doctor proceeded to search for a book which he said he had come in quest of

when arrested by my sobs. I felt quite ashamed of myself, and wondered if he were not despising me all the time.

"Where *have* you been?" they exclaimed. "You are the most unsociable creature! And Fred says you remind him of a head of Clytie that he has in his room."

I was just asking how many heads this fabulous female was supposed to have indulged in, when Fred himself sauntered in with an indifferent air.

"Many of our forms of speech are absurd," said he, smiling. "An old lady of my acquaintance is always saying that I have a fine eye, but I stoutly insist on having *two*."

So he knew then that I knew that he thought me like Clytie: truly, I was likely to feel at ease with him!

It was a very pleasant evening, however, in spite of my disappointment; and when he retired, Susie, who shared my apartment, said, "I am *so* glad that you like Fred."

"I did not say that I liked him," I replied, perversely.

"No, but you *acted* it; and I am sure that Fred likes *you*. He's a splendid fellow, Rose."

Susie said much more on the subject, and I became quite indignant that her brother and I could not enjoy a little friendly intercourse without having it commented upon as something particular.

We *did* hold a council of two in the library, and I actually read my story to the doctor. He listened gravely to the end, and then declared that it had some very fine points and some very serious faults. He did not think, for instance, that my heroine's calmness in the midst of an infuriated mob was altogether natural, but I persuaded him that it was, although the same woman would have screamed if a mouse had run over her foot. Finally, we concluded that the whole thing was to be re-written and sent to the editor of the *Sensation Weekly*, who would probably consider it a gem of the first water. The doctor said I had only mistaken my man.

I erased and added at my critic's

suggestion; and the result was a mass of blurred and blotted paper quite frightful to behold; so that I resolved to put it aside for the present and copy it out fairly after I got home.

"To think of *your* bringing it from the office," said I during one of these discussions, "when you were the very last person I should have taken into my confidence!"

Doctor Fred laughed merrily:

"And you may have to thank *me* yet for your *début* in the *Sensation Weekly*. I knew the nature of the thing as soon as I saw it—as I told you, I have received such packets myself—and I immediately experienced an inordinate curiosity to see what manner of 'Rose' this was to whom the document was addressed."

"I think she proved a very poor specimen," said I, as I remembered my performance in the library.

"A changeable Rose, I should say," he returned: "first, a damask Rose, as she received the fateful parcel and read in my eye the wicked intelligence that I could not quite conceal; and then in the library a Rose 'just washed in the shower,' like that 'which Mary to Anna conveyed;' sometimes, as now, a blush Rose; and under all circumstances a perpetual Rose."

"What a pity to waste all this on *me*!" I exclaimed, as I made myself a vanishing Rose and joined the family circle.

Such walks and drives and pic-nics as we had during the doctor's visit! I had never half enjoyed the country before. I forgot all about scribbling, and gave myself up to a life of gypsying with infinite zest. We spent whole mornings chestnuting, and went home with aching backs, and burrs and spiders in our hats; but we were at it again the next day as vigorously as ever.

The girls declared that it was splendid, and they had no idea that I could be so nice.

"Neither had I," said the doctor quietly as he held a gate open for me to pass through.

This sounded like doubtful praise, and I wondered if he considered niceness

incompatible with an ambition to write for the *Sensation Weekly*.

Well, it all went on very pleasantly, until one day I overheard Mrs. Darble say to one of the girls that things were coming out just as she had wished—Fred and Rose were evidently going to make a match of it, and she was quite ready to give them her blessing.

"I used to think it rather funny," said Maria's voice, "those closetings in the library, but I suppose now it was quite natural; though it *is* hard to give up one's brother."

I took fire immediately, and as the doctor had gone back to his patients for a day or two, I resolved to be off before his return. In vain was I besieged on all sides to stay—in vain were the attractions of Indian Summer and Thanksgiving in the country expatiated on for my benefit. I was obstinately convinced that Aunt Desire was pining for my company, and resolutely tore myself away when the trees were at their prettiest, and the whole landscape like a gorgeous bed of flowers.

I nearly dislocated my neck hanging out of the car window, not to lose a beauty as we shot by; and I envied the people in the trains that passed us, for they were going *to*, and not *from*, all these delights.

Aunt Desire was good and kind, but she wasn't picturesque; and she failed to comfort me with the muffins and waffles that were got up for my especial delectation.

"You have certainly left your appetite behind," said she in a disappointed tone; and I sincerely hoped that this was all I had left behind.

"Your trunk is all unpacked," said the dear soul the next morning, "and the things in their places; so you haven't got *that* to do. But what a lot of *rub-bish* you always carry round, Rose!—rags and stones, and a great wad of paper, blurred and blotted like a pile of old compositions. That went into the fire—"

I sprang forward and caught her arm:

"You don't *mean* it, Aunt Desire?"

"Don't mean *what*, child? What *is* the matter with you?"

For I burst into tears.

"Oh, auntie! that was my story, and it was all ready to be printed—and I can never think it all out again!"

Aunt Desire sat gazing at me in blank amazement:

"Rose Gardiner, do you mean to tell me that you have been writing a story all out of your own head, and that I have burnt it up?"

"It is no matter," said I, endeavoring to smile: "perhaps no one would have taken it."

It was precious to me, however, though it had been rejected—a fact which I did not communicate to Aunt Desire.

"Well, that is too bad!" she said, regretfully. "Can't you go to work and write it over?"

I shook my head sadly, and the poor woman refused to be comforted. Not a doubt did she entertain that the story would have been a splendid success, and I had hard work to prevent her from publishing her misdoings to all our friends and acquaintances.

In a few weeks, Doctor Fred made his appearance and asked for the story.

"I have seen the editor of the *Sensation Weekly*," said he, "and he is prepared to look favorably upon your production. There is no danger of your receiving that abominable packet again."

I laughed outright:

"Not the slightest, I think—Aunt Desire has burned it!"

He looked astonished, as well he might; and then, accepting the situation, laughed as heartily as I did.

"Well," said he at last, after some aimless wandering around the room, "if I can't have the story, give me a flower."

I glanced toward the vase of chrysanthemums which Aunt Desire had placed on the centre-table.

"Not that," continued the bold beggar: "I want a *Rose*."

As it seemed to be my vocation to marry my critic, I never finished my story.

J. F. STONE.

ERRATA.

WORDS are the counters of thought; speech is the vocalization of the soul; style is the luminous incarnation of reason and emotion. Thence it behooves scholars, the wardens of language, to keep over words a watch as keen and sleepless as a dutiful guardian keeps over his pupils. A prime office of this guardianship is to take care lest language fall into loose ways; for words being the final elements into which all speech resolves itself, if they grow weak by negligence or abuse, speech loses its firmness, veracity and expressiveness. Style may be likened to a close Tyrian garment woven by poets and thinkers out of words and phrases for the clothing and adornment of the mind; and the strength and fineness of the tissue, together with its beauties of color, depend on the purity and precision, the transparency and directness of its threads, which are words.

A humble freeman of the guild of scholars would here use his privilege to call attention to some abuses in words and phrases—abuses which are not only prevalent in the spoken and written speech of the many, but which disfigure, occasionally, the pages even of good writers. These are not errors that betoken or lead to general final corruption, and the great Anglo-Saxo-Norman race is many centuries distant from the period when it may be expected to show signs of that decadence which, visible at first in the waning moral and intellectual energies of a people, soon spots its speech. Nevertheless, as inaccuracies, laxities, vulgarities—transgressions more or less superficial—such errors take from the correctness, from the efficacy, from the force as well as the grace, of written or spoken speech.

The high level of strength, suppleness and beauty occupied by our English tongue has been reached, and can only be maintained, by strenuous, varied and continuous mental action. Offences

against the laws and proprieties of language—like so many other of our lapses—are in most cases effects of the tendency in human nature to relax its tone. None save the most resolute and rigorous but have their moods of unwatchfulness, of indolence. Moreover, men are prone to resist mental refinement and intellectual subdivisions. Discrimination requires close attention and sustained effort; and without habitual discrimination there can be no linguistic precision or excellence. In this, as in other provinces, people like to take things easily. Now, every capable man of business knows that to take things easily is an easy way to ruin. Language is in a certain sense every one's business, but it is especially the business, as their appellation denotes, of men of letters; and a primary duty of their high vocation is to be jealous of any careless or impertinent meddling with, or mishandling of, those little glistening, marvelous tools wherewith such amazing structures and temples have been built and are ever a-building. Culture, demanding and creating diversity and subtlety of mental processes, is at once a cause and an effect of infinite multiplication in the relations the mind is capable of establishing between itself and the objects of its action, and between its own processes; and language, being a chief instrument of culture, has to follow and subserve these multiplied and diversified demands. Any fall, therefore, on its part from the obedient fineness of its modes and modulations back into barbaric singleness and crudeness, any slide into looseness or vagueness, any unweaving of the complex tissue, psychical and metaphysical, into which it has been wrought by the exquisite wants of the mind, will have a relaxing, debilitating influence on thought itself. To use the clear, wise words of Mr. Whewell: "Language is often called an instrument of thought,

but it is also the nutriment of thought; or, rather, it is the atmosphere on which thought lives—a medium essential to the activity of our speculative powers, although invisible and imperceptible in its operation; and an element modifying, by its changes and qualities, the growth and complexion of the faculties which it feeds."

Our enumeration of *errata* being made alphabetically, the first to be cited is one of the chief of sinners—the particle

As. The misuse of *as* for *so* is, in certain cases, almost universal. If authority could justify error and convert the faulty into the faultless, it were idle to expose a misuse in justification of which can be cited most of the best names in recent English literature.

"As far as doth concern my single self,"

is a line in Wordsworth (*Prelude*, p. 70) which, by a change of the first *as* into *so*, would gain not only in sound (which is not our affair at present), but likewise in grammar. The seventh line of the twenty-first stanza in that most tender of elegies and most beautiful of poems, Shelley's *Adonais*, begins, "*As* long as skies are blue," where also there would be a double gain by writing "*So* long as skies are blue." On page 242 of the first volume of De Quincey's *Literary Remains* occurs this sentence: "Even by *as* philosophic a politician as Edmund Burke," in which the critical blunder of calling Burke a philosophic politician furnishes no excuse for the grammatical blunder. The rule (derived, like all good rules, from principle) which determines the use of this small particle is, I conceive, that the double *as* should only be employed when there is direct comparison. In the first part of the following sentence there is no direct comparative relation—in the second, the negative destroys it: "*So* far as geographical measurement goes, Philadelphia is not *so* far from New York as from Baltimore." Five writers out of six would commit the error of using *as* in both members of the sentence. The most prevalent misuse of *as* is in con-

nection with *soon*; and this general misuse, having moreover the countenance of good writers, is so inwoven into our speech that it will be hard to unravel it. But principle is higher than the authority derived from custom. Judges are bound to give sentence according to the statute; and if the highest writers, whose influence is deservedly judicial, violate the laws of language, their decisions ought to be, and will be, reversed, or language will be undermined, and, slipping into shallow, illogical habits, into anarchical conditions, will forfeit much of its manliness, of its subtlety, of its truthfulness. Language is a living organism, and to substitute authority, or even long usage, for its innate genius and wisdom, and the requirements and practices that result from these, were to strike at its life, and to expose it to become subject to upstart usurpation, to deadening despotism. Worcester quotes from the Psalms the phrase, "They go astray *as* soon as they be born." We ask, Were not the translators of the Bible as liable to err in grammar as De Quincey or Wordsworth or Shelley? A writer in the English *National Review* for January, 1862, in an admirable paper on the "Italian Clergy and the Pope," begins a sentence with the same phrase: "*As* soon as the law was passed." And we ourselves, sure though we be that the use of *as* in this and every similar position is an error, need to brace both pen and tongue against running into it, so strong to overcome principle and conviction is the habit of the senses, accustomed daily to see and to hear the wrong.

BOQUET. The sensibility that gives the desire to preserve a present sparkling so long as is possible with all the qualities that made it materially acceptable, should rule us where the gift is something so precious as a word; and when we receive one from another people, gratitude, as well as sense of grace in the form of the gift itself, should make us watchful that it be not dimmed by the boorish breath of ignorance or cacophonized by unmusical voices. We therefore protest against a useful and

tuneful noun-substantive, a native of France, the word *bouquet*, being maimed into *boquet*, a corruption as dissonant to the ear as were to the eye plucking a rose from a variegated nosegay, and leaving only its thorny stem. *Boquet* is heard at times in well-upholstered drawing-rooms, and may even be seen in print. Offensive in its mutilated shape, it smells sweet again when restored to its native orthography.

BY NO MANNER OF MEANS. The most vigorous writers are liable, in unguarded moments, to lapse into verbal weaknesses, and so you meet with this vulgar pleonasm in Ruskin.

BY REASON OF. An ill-assorted, ugly phrase, used by accomplished reviewers and others, who ought to set a purer example.

COME OFF. Were a harp to give out the nasal whine of the bagpipe, or the throat of a nightingale to emit the caw of a raven, the aesthetic sense would not be more startled and offended than to hear from feminine lips, rosily wreathed by beauty and youth, issue the words, "The concert will *come off* on Wednesday." This vulgarism should never be heard beyond the "ring" and the cockpit, and should be banished from resorts so respectable as an oyster-cellar.

CONSIDER. Neither weight of authority nor universality of use can purify or justify a linguistic corruption, and make the intrinsically wrong in language right; and therefore such phrases as, "I consider him an honest man—Do you consider the dispute settled?" will ever be bad English, however generally sanctioned. In his dedication of the *Diversions of Purley* to the University of Cambridge, Horne Tooke uses it wrongly when he says, "who always *considers* acts of voluntary justice toward himself as favors." The original signification and only proper use of *consider* are in phrases like these: "If you consider the matter carefully—Consider the lilies of the field."

CONDUCT. It seems to us that it were as allowable to say of a man, "He carries well," as "He conducts well." We say of a gun that it carries well, and

we might say of a pipe that it conducts well. The gun and pipe are passive instruments, not living organisms, and thence the verbs are used properly in the neuter form. Perhaps, strictly speaking, even here *its charge* and *water* are understood.

CONTEMPLATE. "Do you contemplate going to Washington to-morrow?" "No: I contemplate moving into the country." This is more than exaggeration and inflation: it is desecration of a noble word, born of man's higher being; for contemplation is an exercise of the very highest faculties, a calm collecting of them for silent meditation—an act, or rather a mood, which implies even more than concentrated reflection, and involves themes dependent on large, pure sentiment. An able lawyer has to reflect much upon a broad, difficult case in order to master it; but when in the solitude of his study he is drawn, by the conflicts and wrongs he has witnessed during the day, to think on the purposes and destiny of human life, he more than reflects—he is lifted into a contemplative mood. Archbishop Trench, in his valuable volume on the *Study of Words*, opens a paragraph with this sentence: "Let us now proceed to *contemplate* some of the attestations for God's truth, and some of the playings into the hands of the devil's falsehood, which may be found to lurk in words." Here we suggest that the proper word were *consider*; for there is activity, and a progressive activity, in the mental operation on which he enters, which disqualifies the verb *contemplate*.

Habitual showiness in language, as in dress and manners, denotes lack of discipline or lack of refinement. Our American magniloquence—the tendency to which is getting more and more subdued—comes partly from national youthfulness, partly from license, that bastard of liberty, and partly from the geographical and the present, and still more the prospective, political grandeur of the country, which Cole-ridge somewhere says is to be "England in glorious magnification."

I AM FREE TO CONFESS. An irredeemable vulgarism.

IN THIS CONNECTION. Another.

INDEBTEDNESS. "The amount of my *engagedness*" sounds as well and is as proper as "the amount of my *indebtedness*." We have already *hard-heartedness*, *wickedness*, *composedness*, and others. Nevertheless, this making of nouns out of adjectives with the participial form is an irruption over the boundaries of the parts of speech which should not be encouraged.

Archbishop Whately, in a passage of his short-coming comments on Bacon's *Essays*, uses *preparedness*. Albeit that brevity is a cardinal virtue in writing, a circumlocution would, we think, be better than a gawky word like this, so unsteady on its long legs. In favor of *indebtedness* over others of like coinage, this is to be said—that it imports that which in one form or other comes home to the bosom of all humanity.

INTELLECTS. That man's intellectual power is not one and indivisible, but consists of many separate, independent faculties, is a momentous truth, revealed by the insight of Gall. One of the results of this great discovery may at times underlie the plural use of the important word *intellect* when applied to one individual. If so, it were still indefensible. It has, we suspect, a much less philosophic origin, and proceeds from the unsafe practice of overcharging the verbal gun in order to make more noise in the ear of the listener. The plural is correctly used when we speak of two or more different men.

LEFT. "I left at ten o'clock." This use of *leave* as a neuter verb, however attractive from its brevity, is not defensible. *To leave off* is the only proper neuter form. "We left off at six, and left (the hall) at a quarter past six." The place should be inserted after the second *left*. Even the first is essentially active, some form of action being understood after *off*: we left off *work* or *play*.

MIDST. "In our midst" is a common but incorrect phrase.

OUR AUTHOR. A vulgarism, which, by its seeming convenience, gets the coun-

tenance of critical writers. We say *seeming* convenience; for in this seeming lies the vulgarity, the writer expressing, unconsciously often, by the *our*, a feeling of patronage. With his *our* he pats the author on the back.

PERIODICAL is an adjective, and its use as a substantive is an unwarrantable gain of brevity at the expense of grammar.

PROPOSE. Hardly any word that we have cited is so frequently misused, and by so many good writers, as *propose*, when the meaning is to design, to intend, to purpose. It should always be followed by a personal accusative—I propose to you, to him, to myself. In the preface to Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* occurs the following sentence: "The author *proposed* to himself merely to write a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral, and did not *purpose* attempting a portraiture of Italian manners and character"—a sentence than which a fitter could not be written to illustrate the proper use of *propose* and *purpose*.

PREDICATED UPON. This abomination is paraded by persons who lose no chance of uttering "dictionary words," hit or miss; and is sometimes heard from others from whom the educated world has a right to look for more correctness.

RELIABLE. A counterfeit, which no stamping by good writers or universality of circulation will ever be able to introduce into the family circle of honest English as a substitute for the robust Saxon word whose place it would usurp—*trustworthy*. *Reliable* is, however, good English when used to signify that one is liable again. When you have lost a receipt, and cannot otherwise prove that a bill rendered has been paid, you are *re-liable* for the amount.

RELIGION. Even by scholars this word is often used with looseness. In strictness it expresses exclusively our relation to the Infinite, the *bond* between man and God. You will sometimes read that he is the truly religious man who most faithfully performs his duties of neighbor, father, son, husband, citizen. However much a religious man

may find himself strengthened by his faith and inspirited for the performance of all his duties, this strength is an indirect, and not a uniform or necessary, effect of religious convictions. Some men who are sincere in such convictions fail in these duties conspicuously; while, on the other hand, they are performed, at times, with more than common fidelity by men who do not carry within them any very lively religious belief or impressions. "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Nor can the greatest do the work of the others any more than faith that of hope or charity. Each one of "these three" is different from and independent of the other, however each one be aided by co-operation from the others. The deep, unique feeling which lifts up and binds the creature to the Creator is elementarily one in the human mind; and the word used to denote it should be kept solely for this high office, and not weakened or perverted by other uses. Worcester quotes from Dr. Watts the following sound definition: "In a proper sense, *virtue* signifies duty toward men, and *religion* duty to God."

SALOON. That eminent pioneer of American sculpture, brilliant talker and accomplished gentleman, the lamented Horatio Greenough, was indignantly eloquent against the American abuse of this graceful importation from France, applied as it is in the United States to public billiard-rooms, oyster-cellars and grog-shops.

SUBJECT - MATTER. A tautological humpback.

TO VENTILATE, applied to a subject or person. The scholar who should use this vilest of vulgarisms deserves to have his right thumb taken off.

We have here noted a score of the errors prevalent in written and spoken speech—some of them perversions or corruptions, countenanced even by eminent writers; some, misapplications that weaken and disfigure the style of him who adopts them; and some, downright vulgarisms—that is, phrases that come from below, and are thrust

into clean company with the odors of slang about them. These last are often a device for giving piquancy to style. Against such abuses we should be the more heedful, because, from the convenience of some of them, they get so incorporated into daily speech as not to be readily distinguishable from their healthy neighbors, clinging for generations to tongues and pens. Of this tenacity there is a notable exemplification in a passage of Boswell, written nearly a hundred years ago. Dr. Johnson found fault with Boswell for using the phrase to *make* money: "Don't you see the impropriety of it? To *make* money is to *coin* it: you should say *get* money." Johnson, adds Boswell, "was jealous of infractions upon the genuine English language, and prompt to repress colloquial barbarisms; such as *pledging* myself, for *undertaking*; *line* for *department* or *branch*, as the *civil line*, the *banking line*. He was particularly indignant against the almost universal use of the word *idea* in the sense of *notion* or *opinion*, when it is clear that *idea* can only signify something of which an image can be formed in the mind. We may have an *idea* or *image* of a mountain, a tree, a building, but we surely cannot have an *idea* or *image* of an *argument* or *proposition*. Yet we hear the sages of the law 'delivering their *ideas* upon the question under consideration;' and the first speakers of Parliament 'entirely coinciding in the *idea* which has been ably stated by an honorable member.'"

Whether or not the word *idea* may be properly used in a deeper or grander sense than that stated by Dr. Johnson, there is no doubt that he justly condemned its use in the cases cited by him, and in similar ones. All the four phrases, *make money*, *pledge*, *line* and *idea*, whereupon sentence of guilty was passed by the great lexicographer, are still at large, and, if it be not a bull to say so, more at large to-day than in the last century, since the area of their currency has been extended to America, Australia and the Pacific Islands.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT has begun at last in deadly earnest—and before these lines are read may possibly have been decided—the struggle, so long foreseen, which is for a time, at least, to decide the question of superiority between the two foremost military nations of the world.

To speak of the war as a result of mere personal ambition is sheer absurdity. Never was national unanimity more strongly displayed than by both French and Prussians on this occasion. The pretext was eagerly seized, and the challenge as readily accepted. On the part of Napoleon, at least, to hesitate would have been to abdicate; and should the overthrow of his dynasty be involved in the issue, there will be a kind of poetical justice in such a catastrophe, resulting from the single enterprise in which he has been the mere instrument of the national will—the obedient demagogue rather than the scheming adventurer.

Nor will any internal obstacle hamper either nation in the use of its means or the exercise of its energies. For all practical purposes the two governments are military and despotic. Neither constitutional forms, nor delays of red tape, nor clamors and criticisms of newspapers, will be suffered to cross the efforts of either. Imperial France will be guided only by the instinct of the soldier: Bismarck and Prussia will give silent, steady aid to the plans and combinations of Von Moltke.

The rival merits of the needle-gun and the Chassepot rifle, of two different military systems, of the strategical science and ability already apparent or still to be developed on the two sides respectively, are matters which, however important, may prove in the long run not the most momentous. The questions likely to arise and to become decisive are: On which side is the greater reserve power? Which nation can endure the longer strain on its en-

ergies and resources? Is either capable of being conquered or crushed?

France is a very hard nation to conquer. Since the fifteenth century—that is to say, since her consolidation was completed—no single power has accomplished the feat, and great coalitions have failed in the attempt. In unity of spirit and will, in the fervor which clutches victory and the elasticity which rebounds from defeat, her people have been long pre-eminent; while the country is so vast and so central, yet so protected by mountain, river and sea, that empire has always seemed its natural prerogative.

Prussia also can boast of an heroic past and of triumphs over tremendous odds. For years she withstood the combined attacks of her most powerful neighbors, and that when she had but just emerged from a state of infancy and tutelage—when she was small, poor, assailable on all sides, with nothing to rely upon but the heroism of her people and the genius of her martial king. At a later period, it is true, she succumbed, as did so many other countries, to the mighty blows of a revolutionary conqueror. But, besides that she has no such tide of revolution and of conquest to encounter now, her own condition and resources are very different from what they then were. She has grown to her full proportions: she is in fact no longer Prussia, but Germany—a Germany more united than at any former epoch, and not liable, we think, to be easily dissevered.

Are, then, the two powers alike invincible? Is no weak point to be espied in the harness of either? Is it to be a drawn battle?

The preponderance of mere strength is clearly on the side of France. This, however, will probably be balanced by superior intelligence and skill on the side of Prussia. France, again, is apparently in no danger from flank at-

tacks, while Prussia—but only, perhaps, in the improbable event of her being hardly pressed—would be exposed to such attacks both from Austria and Denmark.

But we hope there may be no intervention, or threat of intervention, from any quarter, so long as the combatants confine their operations to the proper theatre. Let them fight it out in that narrow arena, studded with fortresses, where every move must be made with the greatest caution, and where the ground is cleared for battle. So will the war be kept within the narrowest limits, and its evils and miseries be confined, as far as possible, to the parties concerned.

A glance back—through the keen, observant eyes of L. H. H.—at Paris before the war-cry was raised, and while the only causes of excitement were the summer heat and the drouth, will not be without interest even now—may, indeed, have a greater interest from the strong contrast and sudden change:

DEAR GOSSIP: I have recently seen a superbly illustrated work, containing views of all the principal public buildings, remarkable streets, etc., in Paris, and entitled *Paris dans sa Splendeur*. Would that some one would arise to depict *Paris dans sa Chaleur*. Everybody moans and growls, the sunny side of the streets is deserted, languid groups collect in the shade at the door of every café, and indolently consume ices or empty carafes frappés. Gentlemen go about under the shade of very feminine-looking little sun-umbrellas, and the world in general takes evening drives to the Bois de Boulogne, returning thence about 11 P. M. Most of the theatres are closed, twelve only remaining open for the amusement of the overheated Parisians, and the open-air concerts and cafés chantants are doing a thriving business. The newspapers are divided between abuse of M. Prevost-Paradol (the government organs being furious at his appointment, and the opposition journals indignant at his acceptance thereof) and lamentations over the weather. "An African sky—the temperature of the torrid zone!" they exclaim in varying cadences of misery and despair. But

come with me, O Philadelphian or New Yorker! accustomed to see the ambitious mercury soar triumphantly above the ninetyeth degree on our much-enduring thermometers, and let us peruse the official record of this intense heat. On the hottest day of the season in Paris the thermometer stood at 85° in the shade at three o'clock. Why, we call that comfortable summer weather in Philadelphia! They do not know what really hot weather is, these benighted Parisians, and let us hope they never may; but we, who have learned not to sigh when the thermometer stands at 96, can afford to smile when it only reaches 85°.

The truth of the matter is, that being unaccustomed to very warm weather here, they do not know how to take it, to use their own idiom. Instead of clothing themselves in cool white garments, drinking iced water and secluding themselves within doors during the hottest part of the day, the English and French alike cling to their broadcloth garments, their beer and hot coffee, their heavy meals and petits verres, and the result is—perspiration. Then, too, the want of ventilation in the theatres causes much suffering, for a Frenchman *will* go to the theatre, even in the dog-days, and the atmosphere therein is perfectly terrific in its impurity as well as its heat. I have sat in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on a scorching summer evening as cool and comfortable as though I were in my own shaded parlor, but unless the weather is actually cold the Parisian theatres speedily become torrid zones of suffocation and discomfort.

There are rumors constantly afloat respecting the failing health of the emperor, and the government journals so persistently assure the public that he is perfectly well that everybody is persuaded that he must be very much the contrary. And in truth his actions often contradict the assertions of the Imperialists. "The emperor is in excellent health"—but he was unable to be present at the last ball given by the empress. "The emperor never was better"—but his departure from the Tuileries for St. Cloud was delayed for nearly a week after the period originally appointed. These are but trifling facts, you may say, but Napoleon III. knows that the eyes of the whole civilized world are upon him, and that his friends and foes alike are anxiously calculating the chances of his life or death; and it is not likely that a man

of his resolute will and iron nerve would, under such circumstances, yield to the pressure of a slight indisposition. He was present at the races in the Bois de Boulogne on the day when the Grand Prix de Paris was carried off by the beautiful French mare Somette. It was his last appearance in public prior to his departure for St. Cloud, and any one familiar with his appearance five years ago must have been struck with the change in his aspect. An old man with a bloated face, a dyed beard and slow, feeble gestures—such is now Napoleon III. The empress sat beside him, still fair and smiling and affable, but she too is changed. The smiles and the ringlets that were both so sunny and so charming fifteen years ago are now false alike, and but for the sweet expression of her soft sad eyes, and the grace and elegance that pervade her entire aspect, the beauty of Eugenie would be among the things that were. They are growing old, this celebrated pair, and that process, painful at all times, becomes doubly so when the sufferer has been the most powerful monarch or the fairest queen in Europe. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria or the Princess of Wales now bears away the palm of royal loveliness from the once peerless Eugenie, while the sceptre in the hand of Napoleon III. is swaying to its fall, for the iron grasp that once held it so firmly is being slowly but surely relaxed by the icy touch of Death.

Et après? Will France be Orleanist, Legitimist or Imperialist? or, beginning anew her unfinished work, will she try again to mould a republic out of these shattered thrones, these disused crowns? "Will he ever reign?" is, I think, the question asked by every beholder when the young Prince Impérial, graceful, gracious and elegant-looking, rides out beside his father or appears seated beside his beautiful mother, whom he so much resembles, at the Opera or the races. The vanes that indicate the changes in the fickle blasts of popular opinion are in France either all removed or fastened officially to point in the favorable quarter, but there are straws to show how such winds blow, and one or two of these straws have fluttered across my path during my stay in Paris. Lingered late one evening on the Champs Elysées to seek for cooling breezes after encountering the suffocating atmosphere of the Grand Opera, I paused for a moment at one of those *cafés chantants*

which enliven with their lights and music the dusky verdure of that celebrated avenue. One of the performers was singing a medley of airs in which scraps of Offenbach and Verdi, Hervé and Donizetti, street songs and opera arias succeeded each other with bewildering but not displeasing rapidity. Suddenly the strain changed to the Marseillaise! As the thrilling cadences of what is perhaps the grandest of all national airs rang out upon the night, the effect upon the hearers was perfectly electrical. An uproar of applause, mingled with a few hisses, at once succeeded, but the hisses were speedily drowned by the applause, and the song was encored amid a perfect whirlwind of enthusiasm and excitement. When the imperial family appear in public no hand is raised to applaud, no voice cries "Vive l'Empereur!" or "Vive le Prince Impérial!" Silent was the throng of gazers at the last grand review in the Bois de Boulogne—silent the sea of humanity that surged around the imperial box at the grand race of the season. Napoleon moves the hearts of the Parisians no more to enthusiasm. What is the omen when the Marseillaise receives the greeting denied to the sovereign and his heir?

But a truce to politics! The imperial court seems to have taken for its motto: "Après nous le déluge!" These merry-makers may be dancing over a volcano, but they foot it gayly nevertheless. Why bend to earth a listening ear to catch the first mutterings of the subterranean thunder? Why cast aloft an anxious eye to descry the first red light from the lava floods, the first shadow from the cloud of ashes?

Dress has never before taken such shapes of artistic and elegant extravagance as it has done in Paris during the past summer. The toilettes visible on a fine day at the races or in the Bois were enough to cause Eve to be forgiven for the sin that led to the invention of clothes. Such bewildering compositions of *crêpe de Chine*, silk and lace, such exquisite looping of skirts and blending of colors and knotting of ribbons, were never before combined to adorn one sex and to drive the other to distraction, either with admiration or from inability to pay the bills. At the last of the races in the Bois de Boulogne the display of toilettes was pronounced to be really extraordinary, even for Paris. The most successful costume of the day was a dress of azure-blue *moiré* silk, with flounces,

cloak, fan, parasol and bonnet all composed of the finest point lace—the colors of the winning horse, Somette, being blue and white. This dress was mentioned by the newspapers as being of a “magnificent simplicity.” More “stunning” but less costly was the toilette of a celebrated leader of the demi-monde. It consisted of a corsage and overskirt of rose-colored satin-striped crêpe de Chine, the corsage cut square in front and the overskirt elaborately worked, trimmed with broad fringe, and looped over an underskirt of turquoise-blue silk, which was covered with narrow flounces and ruches of the silk. The hat was of turquoise-blue crape, surrounded by a wreath of very small pink roses. The wearer was bold, rouged, coarse-looking, and apparently about forty years of age, but her low Victoria was perfect in all its appointments, and the front was loaded with huge bouquets of pink roses, the offerings of her numerous admirers. The dress of the Marquise de T— was singularly simple and elegant—a costume entirely composed of silk of a delicate lilac hue, and the hat of equally pale and delicate yellow crape. The Comtesse de W— was less admired in a dress of yellow crêpe de Chine, which was considered a failure. Madame de R—, in a costume of pearl-gray trimmed with rose color, looked as if she had stepped from one of Watteau's pictures.

The Salon of 1870, which has just closed its doors, should have had inscribed over those doors “Spécialité de Femmes Nues.” So many fair damsels in the costume of Hans Breitmann's meermiden (“who hadn't got nothing on”) never before gladdened my sight on canvas or elsewhere. Nymphs, goddesses, bathers, Truth (a most beautiful figure, standing erect at the bottom of a well, and holding aloft a crystal lamp), the Sleep, the Siesta, the Awakening (these last pictures seemed to argue that lovely women are in the habit of taking naps on the floor in a state of absolute undress), slave-markets, mythological subjects, etc., met the eye at every turn. Even the grand prize picture, the “Destruction of Corinth,” whose subject one would suppose to be peculiarly unfavorable to the introduction of undraped femininity, had its group of nude beauties in the foreground. One of the finest of the prize pictures, “The Criminal's Last Day,” by the Hungarian artist Moukakzy, is, I am happy to state, about to find a permanent resting-

place in Philadelphia, it having been purchased by Mr. Wilstach of our city. It is less agreeable to write that Yvon's huge allegorical painting of the United States (belonging to A. T. Stewart) is universally considered an artistic failure. But the most interesting production to an American was undoubtedly a small group in bronze, in the sculpture department, representing a tigress in the act of springing upon—a *North American Indian*!—an undoubted Mr. Lo, with scalp-lock, eagle's plume and bear's claw necklace, all very accurately represented. “Where did the tigress come from?” is the natural query, and amazed criticism can only suggest a traveling menagerie, as tigers do not usually prowl in the virgin forests of our country, ready to pounce at any moment upon the unsuspecting aborigines.

Theatricals in Paris are dull, say the newspapers, but when were Parisian theatres ever dull? At the Grand Opera the beautiful and poetic ballet of *Coppelia*, the story of which is taken from Hoffmann's fantastic tale, *The Sandman*, has introduced to an enchanted public the most graceful, artistic and charming danseuse who has been seen upon these boards since the tragical demise of poor Emma Liny. The lovely Josephine Bozacchi (such is her name), though not yet seventeen years of age, has already been hailed with enthusiasm as the successor to the vacant throne of Fanny Ellsler and Taglion. *Maurice de Saxe*, the new drama at the Comédie Française, has had but a moderate success, and *Le Supplice d'une Femme* has been revived for Regnier and Madame Favart. The Gymnase continues its triumphant career with Sardou's *Fernande*, and Madame Pesco's acting as the heroine is beyond all praise. The papers are filled with descriptions of the forthcoming fairy piece now in preparation at the Galté, for which Sardou has written the libretto (it can hardly be called a drama) and Offenbach the music, while the principal rôle is to be filled by Montaubry, the favorite tenor of the Opéra Comique. The title of the piece is *Le Roi carotte*, and the principal scene is to represent a city lifeless and silent as the château of the Sleeping Beauty, which is to awaken gradually to life and animation. It is said that the traditional splendors of *La Biche aux Bois* and *Cendrillon* are to be entirely eclipsed by this new combination of nonsense and magnificence.

The *Figaro* treated its readers the other day to the following choice little anecdote respecting one of our Philadelphia actors, and the story depicts so accurately the lawless habits and savage nature of the inhabitants of our city that I cannot refrain from reproducing it. It appears that a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, Mr. X—, was violently in love with a young actress attached to one of our theatres, but she preferred Charles Keown, the leading actor of the same troupe, and repulsed with scorn the advances of Mr. X—. The latter was present one evening at the theatre when the actress was performing in a tender love-scene with Charles Keown. The jealous feelings of the merchant could no longer be restrained. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he pointed it full at his rival and fired, but the shot missed its mark, and passing through one of the scenes, wounded a machinist who happened to be standing behind it. (Is not one reminded of the celebrated bullet in the *School for Scandal*, which struck the little bronze statuette of Napoleon on the mantel-piece, glanced off, went through the window and wounded the postman?) "In Paris," continued the *Figaro*, "such an event would have put a stop to the performance, but in Philadelphia it was not even remarked, and Mr. X— withdrew unhindered, saying calmly, 'I have missed him!'"

Here I will close. The force of imagination or of Gossip could no further go; and so adieu.
L. H. H.

In a certain town of a certain State, where the jailer has charge of the insane, a dangerous patient—there is but one such at present—is accommodated with a strait waistcoat of a peculiar cut. When refractory, this unfortunate is laid in a coffin, and the lid—of which the upper end, we are happy to state, has been sawn off—is then screwed down. This is a "matter of fact," and as such is commended to the notice of Mr. Charles Reade, as well as of the authorities who preside over the destinies of the helpless in the town and State referred to.

... "A little knowledge" is indeed "a dangerous thing:" at least it very often tends to make its possessor ridiculous. The following conversation among some Ohio river boatmen, which was overheard by our informant, is a sample:

No. 1. That was an awful cold winter, now I tell you. The river froze tight at Cincinnati, and the thermometer went down twenty degrees below Cairo. *No. 2.* Below which? *No. 1.* Below Cairo, you timber-head! Don't you know what that means? *No. 2.* It don't mean anything, you fool! There's no such thing. *No. 1.* I say there is. You see when it freezes at Cairo, it must be pretty cold: so they say so many degrees below Cairo. *No. 2.* Ho, ho! You pretend to know! Why, you stupid, you've got the wrong word entirely. *No. 1.* What is it, then? *No. 2.* Why, so many degrees below *Nero*, of course. I don't know what it means, but I know that's what they always say when it's dreadful cold.

The following communication sufficiently explains itself, with the exception of the closing remark, which, being quite unintelligible to us, we must leave to be interpreted by the sagacious reader:

"At a time when every relic or memorial of the lamented Dickens is so eagerly sought after, and every fact in regard to his personal history is received with gratitude by an enlightened and enthusiastic public, I feel it to be my duty not to withhold a reminiscence which, after the lapse of a score of years, a faithful memory enables me to supply. I cannot claim to have been intimately acquainted with the illustrious departed: in fact, I do not feel sure that we ever personally met, though I have often communed with him in spirit. (Isn't Micawber capital? I can claim to have known *him*.) But I once saw his paternal parent—Mr. Dickens', I mean—who, at the time, was coming out of the office of the *Daily News*, and was pointed out to me by a young gentleman then in the act of conveying several mugs of beer into that extensive establishment. Mr. Dickens senior bore a considerable likeness to fathers in general. He was shorter than some of them—my own children's, for example. His hair was silvery—a hue I much admire—and was surmounted by a white

hat. His coat was a frock—the fashion of the time—would that I could say, of all times and circumstances! (My own, alas! has long been in the keeping of a respected but somewhat exacting relative.) There was in his look and bearing a certain indefinable something which announced that he was a man of business, and yet not much of one. (This I particularly noted, for I happened at the moment to be waiting in a state of lively expectation for something to turn up.) No doubt he had a feeling heart—like Copperfield, God bless him! I stood gazing wistfully after him till he turned the corner of the lane—about ten steps off—little imagining that I had laid up a recollection which would one day prove valuable and remunerative—in what degree is a matter, my dear boy, which I cheerfully submit to your delicate and generous discrimination.

"W. M."

MR. EDITOR: The following translation of an imitation by Madame de Remusat of a *chanson* by Clement Marot may interest your readers. I give you the original as well as my attempted version:

Jeune, j'aimai; le temps de mon bel age,
Le temps si court, l'amour seul le remplit.
Quand j'atteignis la saison d'être sage,
Encore j'aimai, la raison me le dit.
Me voila vieux, et le plaisir s'envole,
Mais le bonheur ne me quitte aujourd'hui,
Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console—
Rien n'aurait pu me consoler de lui.

When young I loved, for youth so swiftly flies
It gives no time but for love's ecstasies;
Then when, with riper years, cool judgment came,
I loved, for reason kindled fresh the flame:
Now I am old—the time for pleasure past—
Yet still I find my happiness to last;
For still I love, and love consoles me yet.
What could console me should I love forget?

E. H.

We who have been taught from our infancy to regard Asia as the birth-place of the human race, must receive with caution, and perhaps with incredulity, statements which upset all our preconceived ideas and transfer the creation of mankind to this continent. And yet the startling effects of such a theory can hardly be greater than those produced by Galileo's announcement of the earth's revolution round the sun.

Both theories are apparently in contradiction of the biblical writings.

A French savant, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has made the hieroglyphics of Mexico the subject of a long and arduous study, as did Champollion those of Egypt, assures us that "the cradle of civilization, instead of being found in the elevated plains of Upper Asia, must be sought near the mouths of the Orinoco or the Mississippi."

M. Brasseur de Bourbourg, having rendered himself master of the symbolism made use of by the priests, says the hieroglyphics invariably contained a double meaning—the one being the allegory offered to the vulgar in the history of the gods and heroes of the ancient world; the other, comprehended only by the priests and the initiated, and hidden by a symbolism which never changed, recounted the history of the human race.

The abbé informs us that at a period still undetermined, but not more remote than six or seven thousand years, the American continent was double its present size. The vast area now occupied by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea was then composed of immense plains, reaching, according to his calculations, at least eight hundred leagues to the eastward of the Lesser Antilles. From this advanced post the land swept round to the north and south, thus leaving two vast gulfs—the one toward the present coast of North America, and the other where the mouths of the Amazon are situated at the present day. Such is the figure given by the hieroglyphics to this region, of which Osiris was the all-powerful king. This extensive territory was thickly peopled, and its name even is discoverable by the aid of the hieroglyphics. It was called *the Land of the Crescent*. A terrible cataclysm, accompanied by fearful earthquakes, hurricanes and volcanic eruptions, destroyed those immense countries, with nearly all their inhabitants. During four days the blackness of night reigned over that portion of the Land of the Crescent lying between the Antilles and

the continent. It appeared to rise and swell from the action of the interior gases, and finally collapsed, sinking to the bottom of the sea: the larger Antilles alone remained, and the lesser ones rose from the waters, forced upward by the irresistible power of volcanic action. On the fifth day that which remained of this land, and which partially united America to Africa, disappeared in the abyss. The horrors of the situation were furthermore increased by an unforeseen calamity, which must have been incomprehensible to the few wretched beings who strove on rafts or in boats to escape from the general destruction. Vast masses of ice, detached from the poles and impelled southward by violent currents overspreading those newly-made seas, crushed the frail vessels of those who had escaped

the primary catastrophe. A few, however, survived these manifold perils, and reaching the Lesser Antilles, whose volcanic heads rose above the waters, pouring their fierce streams of fiery lava into the sea, prostrated themselves in adoration of an unknown Power, and the volcanoes became their first gods. Coarse paintings, made by witnesses of these catastrophes, recorded the scenes. But by degrees each image became a hieroglyphic, and each phase of the cataclysm represented a new fable in the eyes of the vulgar, whilst the priests alone preserved their real meaning.

It was in these islands that Columbus discovered that extensive population which, according to the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, is of the same stock as the Indians of this continent and the yellow races of Asia.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade. New York: Sheldon & Co.; Harper & Brothers.

Somebody, we suppose—nay, in a silent way, everybody—must have drawn a comparison between the method—or the art, if you choose so to apply the term—of Mr. Charles Reade and that of Mr. Anthony Trollope. The contrast is indeed striking and complete. Between Dickens and Thackeray, differing as they did in essential characteristics, there were at least superficial points of resemblance. We saw that they were looking at the same world, though not from the same position or through the same media. Each took the widest possible range, selected objects of the most varied kinds, and presented them in a light which made them seem either ludicrous or pathetic, either natural or grotesque. It might even be said that certain types, certain delineations—for example, the conceited airs of footmen in plush, and the quaint ways of precocious childhood—were common to both.

But between Mr. Reade and Mr. Trollope we perceive no single point of resemblance.

As they are contemporaries, compatriots and proficient in the same walk, this absolute dissimilarity may appear somewhat singular. The explanation lies in the fact that, unlike the two greater writers we have mentioned, they are both mere specialists, and that, owing to differences of idiosyncrasy, their specialties lie wide apart. Mr. Trollope is a photographer, and has long carried on a flourishing business in a quarter inhabited by a certain class of people, whose physiognomies he reproduces with an exactness which belongs to the camera alone. Mr. Reade is an inventor: society and the world do nothing for him except to supply him with a number of facts, which he carefully disarranges, and a code of probabilities, which he scrupulously violates.

Mr. Trollope entrenches himself within the limits not merely of the probable, but of the commonplace. He is the least pretentious, the least ambitious of writers. He thinks humbly of his profession and modestly of his own performance. He is never conscious of having "a mission." One would say his highest endeavor was to

soothe, to tranquilize, even to lull his readers. At the most, his novels have just that degree of stimulating power which suits well the hours of digestion. His characters all belong to ordinary life, and are such as he has met with in his regular beat. The heroes and heroines are the young gentlemen and ladies whom we all know as being anything rather than heroic. The villains are the mild scamps and swindlers who gamble or jilt, borrow money and forget to pay: them, too, we all know but too well. The other personages are of course somewhat less common and more varied; but if there be any of them whom we have not known before meeting them in Mr. Trollope's pages, his clear and consistent touches soon make them so familiar that we are ready to swear to them as old acquaintances. The story, too, is equally circumscribed. It is just what the characters, acting upon each other under ordinary conditions of life, would naturally make it. The lover—who is not all a lover—gets into little scrapes; the beloved—herself not quite free from failings—has her little heartaches and remorses; the scamp, after a particularly awkward affair, falls into seediness or goes off to Australia: everybody helps, in his particular way, to bring about the unharrowing catastrophe.

How different is it with Mr. Reade! He, as he has so often told us, is a man of genius. When he writes it is to accomplish a work in which Parliament and churches have failed, and in which Fiction alone, under the conduct of a master, can succeed. His aim is not to amuse, but to arouse, to startle, to stun us. He must be read fasting, or woe to the gastric apparatus! His heroes are wonderful beings—in mental activity how like angels!—in bodily power how like demigods! They are artists, inventors, creators; they are also shoulder-hitters and gymnasts, capable of flooring three men (large men) with a single left-hander, while the fingers of the right hand—used as antennæ or claws—are helping the possessor up the smooth face of a brick wall twenty feet high. Their powers of endurance are also very remarkable. They are mutilated, they are shot, they are pounded and brayed in mortars: you leave them to the undertaker and the worms while the scene changes for a single chapter, and lo! they reappear in the next, not only alive, but scatheless, scarless, their glorious features unimpaired, their chestnut hair unsinged.

And the heroines—what depth of love, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, if need be of scorn and unutterable loathing, in them! How they supplement the heroes, keeping a reserved power which at the decisive moment, when the demigod shows a momentary weakness of soul or limb, breathes forth to the rescue and sets him up all right! And the minor characters—what prodigies in their several ways!—the physician (of the newest school he!) who cures all maladies by Nature's method of a "wet sheet;" with the addition sometimes of "a flowing sea;" the seer, who knows all things, like a Yankee bagman or a hotel clerk (sometimes he is one—or both), and who is the *deus ex machinâ* to cut the Gordian knot of the story and make or mar the happiness of all parties; above all, the villain, who is a villain of the true breed—besides being a gentleman—and who consequently sticks at nothing until his final impaling, crucifixion or other satisfactory ending, which is the product of his own craft overmatched at a single point and in a decisive juncture by that of the knowing man! As for the incidents, we need only say that they are all in keeping with the mental and corporeal organization of the personages by, through, or for whom they are transacted. They are numerous, rapid and astonishing. They are all "matters of fact," Mr. Reade tells us, and we believe him; only they all belong to that class of facts which is stranger than fiction. Mr. Reade disdains anything short of the marvelous; but then this is a world of marvels, and Mr. Reade is Nature's showman. His wonders are all developed by a "natural principle of selection;" and if in his pages graves yawn oftener and more widely than they had heretofore been known to do, this can be accounted for by the progress of the ages and the increasing tendency of the extraordinary to drive out the ordinary.

In his last book Mr. Reade is at his culminating point. Art grows longer, or at least stronger, as life grows shorter. Mr. Trollope, as readers of this Magazine are aware, has been lately bringing *his* method to perfection. He soothes, tranquilizes, lulls us more than ever, moving onward like a broad, smooth river which has left behind all its torrents and cascades, and now meanders at leisure through the plain. On the other hand, Mr. Reade—for whom Nature offers no analogous type but the volcano—

has burst into an eruption fiercer and more incessant than any of his former ones. There used to be, if our memory fails not, brief, rare intervals of quiet, of suspense. You couldn't sleep, but you could breathe. Now you have no chance: you must just stand and take it, waiting till it is over to recover your breath.

We have no need to describe or analyze the present work, since every novel-reader has already devoured it. The hero, Henry Little, is an inventor, an artist, a shoulder-hitter and a martyr. He is killed at Hillsborough: the Trades Unionists kill him—at sundry times and in divers manners. But his strong point lies in his power of coming to life again, and he is assisted in this by the wise doctor—by name Amboyne—who, when he sees his patient a shapeless mass, puts himself in his place, and prescribes accordingly. The book is not ill named, for almost every character in it gets, for a time, into somebody else's place, having first put that somebody else out of it—just as if the scene had been laid in Washington. The *dénouement* is brought about by a great flood, the angry elements, as usual, performing in their very best style under Mr. Reade's direction. The heroine (angel, not goddess, on this occasion) is swept by the raging current past the garret where the hero has taken refuge, having ascended, in the heroic manner, through the ceilings, instead of by the vulgar stairway. He clutches her long floating hair with his right hand, the side of the wall with his left, sets his knee against a horizontal projection, grinds his teeth together, throws himself back with a superhuman jerk, and drags her from the furious flood, which, in its desperate effort to retain her, peels off not her shoes only, but her stockings, though gartered. In the end we are not so much thrilled at the stockings being peeled off: the garters may have got untied. But the way in which the incident is told makes us expect, in reading, that the skin is coming off with the stockings, and so we shudder.

Mr. Reade is an exceedingly clever man. He neither touches the heart nor stirs the intellect, though Nature perhaps intended him to do both. He chooses rather to thrill the nerves. He might perhaps have become a creator: he has been contented to shine as an inventor. Mr. Trollope neither creates nor invents: he simply copies. The

characters and scenes which he sets before us are depicted by a mechanical process. Still, there is a reality about them. They belong to the world, to the time, to the locality in which they are placed; and antiquarians who in a future age shall investigate the manners of the nineteenth century will not be able to dispense with a dip into Mr. Trollope's novels. They will have no occasion whatever to examine Mr. Reade's. His inventions, as is the common fate of inventions, will have been superseded; novel-readers will have forgotten their old idol; somebody will have put himself in his place.

Poems. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Twenty years ago the first number of a magazine not destined to live beyond two or three months was issued in London under the title of *The Germ*. Its editors and contributors (they formed together a single close corporation) pronounced the initial letter hard, by way of denoting their sense of the difficulty of their enterprise. The type, paper and general exterior resembled those of the weak monthlies then common in America. Of the prose articles in the single number which we saw we remember only that in tone and style they differed much from magazine articles in general. Two poems in the number impressed us more strongly, and the impression deepened with each perusal. Evidently written by different hands, they were yet alike in their exceeding delicacy of thought and language, in the clearness and finish with which each idea and trope was elaborated, and in the absence of that fluency and ease which great poets attain to by constant practice, while small versifiers have it by intuition.

One of these poems, "My Beautiful Lady," has since, by slow accretion, retaining the peculiarities of the original germ, expanded into a volume. Its author, Mr. Woolner, now so eminent as a sculptor, had already given such evidence of original power in his art as to raise the expectations of the best judges. He was at that time engaged in modeling a bust of Tennyson. His appearance seemed to indicate the bent and capacity of his genius: the figure tall and athletically formed, the head well shaped and well set, the clipped hair and beardless cheeks, the open, decisive-looking countenance, and the simple, collected bearing, were indica-

tive, to the fancy at least, not only of youthful energy but of plastic power.

The other poem, "My Sister's Sleep," is included in the collection before us. At the time of its first publication, Mr. Rossetti, though under twenty-five years of age, was the acknowledged head of a new school of painters, known among the initiated under the mysterious designation of the P. R. B., and to the public by vague reports indicative of a wild revolt against the worship of the beautiful in art. From his father, an Italian exile, he had received the name of Dante, and imbibed an extraordinary reverence for the great Florentine: according to his friends, he knew the whole of the *Divina Commedia* by heart. Rather below the common height, with a fine Italian face, dark hair and beard, and a look expressive of sweetness, but also of maturity and thought, he was to all eyes, however little skilled in physiognomy, plainly an artist—one whom color or tone, not mere form and expression, would alone satisfy.

On reading again our early favorite, after the lapse of so many years, we find that it has not lost its charm. We may still select from it to show how Mr. Rossetti conceives a scene, with what a watchful eye and hushed ear he catches the mystic sights and sounds with which strained expectation invests commonplace states and things:

"Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

"I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank:
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

"Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

"Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

* * * * *
"Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

"With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken the long watched-for rest!

"She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

"For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

"Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'
And there, all white, my sister slept."

When this poem was written the public had not been familiarized with a metre which Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was soon afterward to associate with a sweeping and majestic movement such as only a master's hand could attach to this form of versification. Mr. Rossetti has not reached the same height, but his later poems are characterized by a delicate skill which belongs only to those who have won their way to the inner secrets of language and of rhythm. A short extract from "The Stream's Secret" will testify to this, and show also how the poet enweaves with his most passionate utterances imagery and glimpses of visible nature marked by the same exquisite powers of perception evinced in his earlier efforts:

"Oh sweet her bending grace
Then when I knelt beside her feet;
And sweet her eyes' o'erhanging heaven; and sweet
The gathering folds of her embrace;
And her fall'n hair at last shed round my face
When breaths and tears shall meet.

"Beneath her sheltering hair,
In the warm silence near her breast,
Our kisses and our sobs shall sink to rest;
As in some still trance made aware
That day and night have wrought to fullness there
And Love has built our nest.

"And as in the dim grove,
When the rains cease that hushed them long,
'Mid glistening boughs the song-birds wake to song,—
So from our hearts deep-shrined in love,
While the leaves throb beneath, around, above,
The quivering notes shall throng.

"Till tenderest words found vain
Draw back to wonder mute and deep,
And closed lips in closed arms a silence keep,
Subdued by memory's circling strain,—
The wind-wrapt sound that the wind brings again
While all the willows weep."

"The Blessed Damsel" and others of these poems exhibit similar qualities, while the sonnets, and, above all, "Jenny," bring to light another gift—or, as we might call it, another sense—the faculty of seeing deeply

into moral mysteries, of feeling the pulsations of that common life of humanity of which we are continually speaking, without at all consulting our deeper consciousness in regard to it.

The extracts we have given will go farther than any criticism we could offer to convince the reader still unacquainted with this volume that it is the production of a genuine poet. What rank the author is entitled to hold among poets is a question we see no need to discuss. Posterity is supposed to decide such matters, and has itself no infallible tests. There is gold which it does not gather, and dross which it does not reject. It selects what suits it, or seems to suit it, as contemporaries do. Mr. Rossetti has written for us, and we need not allow our enjoyment of what he has given us to be disturbed by the unanswerable inquiry whether he has also written for a future time.

The *Iliad* of Homer. Translated into English verse by William Cullen Bryant. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

We have in this volume the first half of Homer's grand old poem, done into English pentameter by Mr. Bryant, perhaps as well as it is possible to render the musical, flowing and majestic original into so stiff a metre. Comparing this translation with its predecessors, we are inclined to award it the palm. We are speaking now only with reference to the pentametrical versions—those of Pope, Cowper and Lord Derby. Pope's cannot properly be called a translation: it is a paraphrase, wherein there is no pretence of adhering strictly to the text. It is a mass of verbiage made elegant by the taste and genius of the translator, but it is not Homer, except in a few happy instances, where the terseness of the original is imitated. Cowper's translation may be characterized as generally ineffective and often weak: it has never been popular, and is seldom read. Mr. Bryant's and Lord Derby's are both better than Cowper's. Both are written with elegance, as becomes the rendering of a classic poem, but to our taste there is more ease in Mr. Bryant's style than in Lord Derby's, and hence it is pleasanter reading. There is no need of taking into account the old version by Chapman, in heroic couplets; nor that by Sir John Herschel, in hexameter; nor that of Professor Blackie, in heptameter;

nor that of Mr. Buckley, in prose. With the exception of Sir John Herschel's, none of them really give the unlearned any idea of the force and beauty of the original; and Sir John's falls short of what it might have been.

We contend that the hexameter is the only metre that ought to be employed in translating the *Iliad*, because it is that of the poem itself. And if a translation of it could be made, giving line for line and pause for pause, this would, perhaps, be the utmost that could be done toward presenting the *Iliad* as it ought to be presented to English-speaking people. On this account we regret that Mr. Bryant should have adopted the stiff five-syllabled metre, and, as it were, hampered himself by its unbending rules. It would be ungracious, and not altogether just, to call his work a failure. It is not more of a failure than Pope's or Cowper's or Lord Derby's, or than any other must necessarily be which undertakes to convert six-footed into five-footed lines. And we are not a little surprised at the following passage in Mr. Bryant's preface: "I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which is very difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvelous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subdividing the thought—by compression or expansion of phrase—to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameter. I therefore fell back upon blank verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language, both because it seemed to me by the *flexibility* of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author *more perfectly than any other form of verse*, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of

constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation."

The italics are our own, and we have marked them in order to show clearly the points upon which we differ entirely from Mr. Bryant. We do not consider the pentameter, or ordinary blank verse, at all flexible; and as regards the possibility of giving the sense of the author more perfectly in it than in any other form of verse, we offer the following examples in support of our theory that it can best be done in hexameter—that metre which has been so elegantly and pathetically illustrated in Professor Longfellow's *Evangeline*. They are also given in order to show wherein Mr. Bryant has fallen short of the original. The first is taken from the First Book, lines 232–240, wherein Achilles swears that he will never more fight for the Greeks, and prophesies that the time will come when Agamemnon will feel the force of that oath, and the Greeks will implore the return of Achilles. This is Mr. Bryant's rendering (Book I., lines 298–307):

"And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath,
By this my sceptre, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains, for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more—
And now the Achaian judges bear it—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter—
Such is my oath—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back."

This can be literally rendered, line for line, and pause for pause, thus:

"And now do I say unto thee, | and with a strong
oath I confirm it—
Yes, by this sceptre I swear, | which never again
has borne branches
Or leaves since first it left | its own parent stem on
the mountains,
And never will bloom again, | for the metal has
lopped off around it
Both leaf and bark. But now | the Achaian dis-
pensers of justice
Bear it [in state] in their hands, | watching over the
statutes [and judgments]
Which they have received from Zeus; | *and this
oath shall to thee be portentous*
When the desire for Achilles | shall seize all the
sons of th' Achaïans."

"Such is my oath" is not the correct rendering: it does not give the true sense of the passage, which is that the oath shall be found full of fearful meaning when the time comes. The second example is from the same Book, lines 277–284. Mr. Bryant has it thus (Book I., lines 352–358), and we think it a very feeble translation of the passage:

"Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never yet did Jove to sceptered prince
Grant eminence and honor like to his.
Atides, calm thine anger. It is I
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host."

Such is the advice given by Minerva to Achilles, which we prefer translating thus:

And thou, Pelides, refrain | from persisting in thy op-
position
Unto [the commands of] the king, | since never did
Zeus give such glory
And honor like his before | to any one bearing a
sceptre.
*But though thou truly art brave, | and a goddess thou
hast for thy mother,
Behold thy superior is here, | since [the king] ruleth
over more people.*
Atrides, appease thy wrath: | it is I [even I], who
entreat thee
To lay all thine anger aside | for the sake of the val-
iant Achilles,
Who 'gainst the foe in this war | is the bulwark of all
the Achaïans.

This is strictly literal, almost word for word, and it will be seen that Mr. Bryant has entirely omitted the two lines which we have put in italics. Similar omissions occur elsewhere; as, for instance, a little farther on (lines 523–528):

"But now thou art at once
Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men,
Yet will I climb the Olympian height among
Its snows, and make my suit to Jupiter
The Thunderer, if haply he may yield
To my entreaties."

Which we render—

And now indeed thou art | the most short-lived and
wretched of all men,
*In that thou wast born to a most | evil fate in the
halls [of thy father].*
For this will I plead for redress | with Zeus, who de-
lighteth in thunder:
Myself will go up to snowy | Olympus and try to per-
suade him.

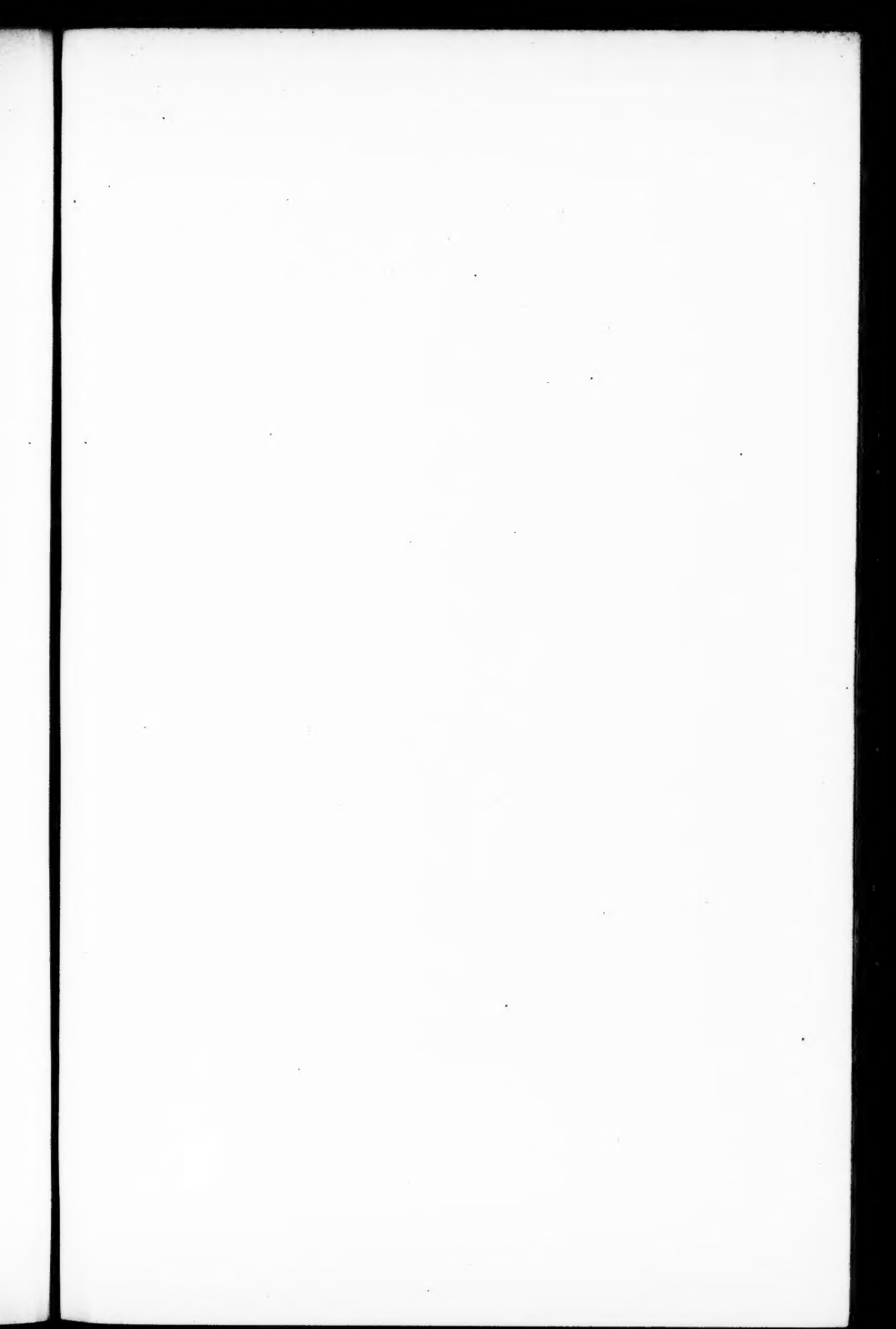
The italicized line is wholly omitted. Probably other omissions might be found if we were to closely compare the translation with the original throughout, but we have done this only with a portion of the First Book. And in that we find that Mr. Bryant has fallen into the error of translating the words "Argeioi," "Achaioi" and "Danaoi" indiscriminately by the word "Greeks," whereas there is a marked difference between them, and the poet uses each designedly, as Mr. Gladstone has already shown in his *Homeric Studies*. Thus, when he wishes to speak of the particular people over whom Agamemnon and Menelaus reigned, he used the word "Argives;" when he

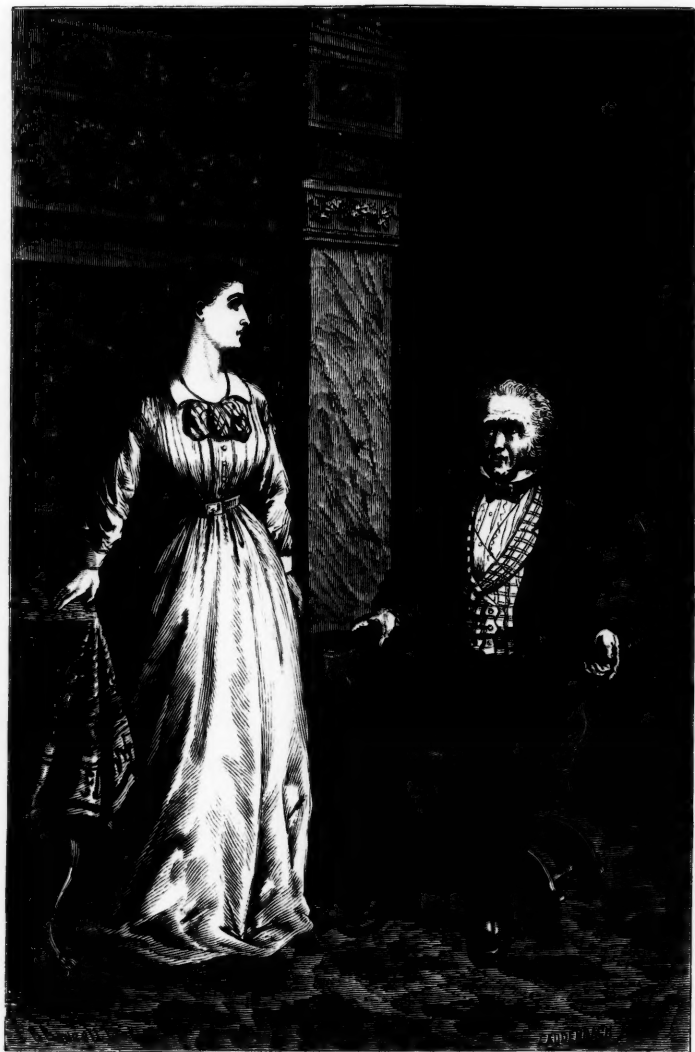
means the assembled tribes of Greece whom Agamemnon ruled over as commander-in-chief during the Trojan war, he calls them "Achaïans;" but when he speaks of the Greeks generally, he uses the word "Danaoi," or descendants of Danaus, though the proper word is "Graikoi;" and the word "Hellenes," or descendants of Hellen, is equally correct, and more frequently used. The distinction should be carefully attended to throughout the *Iliad*. And like attention is required in rendering the epithets which Homer uses so profusely. Thus the adjective "dark-eyed" is not equivalent to "quick-glancing," as applied to Chryseïs (Bryant, Bk. I., line 127); nor is "all-providing" the equivalent of "all-wise counselor" (applied to Jove, Bk. I., line 228): nor ought "sculptured" to be substituted for "well or strongly built" (Bk. I., line 563). Many other instances might be cited, did our limits admit of it. We take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bryant, in reference to the difficulties which he finds in the plot of the poem, and on which he comments in his preface, that it would be wise not to expect strict historical accuracy from Homer.

J. J. R.

Books Received.

- A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language; in which its Forms are Illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse and Old High-German. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. xii., 253.
- An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755-'59. With an Appendix of Illustrative Notes. By Wm. M. Darlington, of Pittsburg. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. 8vo. pp. xii., 190.
- Pioneer Life in Kentucky: A Series of Reminiscential Letters from Daniel Drake, M. D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited, with Notes and a Biographical Sketch, by his son, Charles D. Drake. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. 8vo. pp. xlviii., 263.
- Debenham's Vow. By Amelia B. Edwards. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 178.
- Memoirs Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S., author of "Sylva," etc. Edited by William Bray, F. S. A. L. From the last London Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 12mo. pp. 783.
- The History of English Poetry, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas Warton, B. D., Poet Laureate. From the last London Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 12mo. pp. 1032.
- Jealousy; or, Teverino: A Novel. By George Sand. With a Biography of the Author. Translated from the French by Oliver S. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 304.
- The American Colleges and the American Public. By Noah Porter, D. D., Professor in Yale College. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 16mo. pp. 285.
- The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. Translated by Fayette Robinson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 329.
- Teuchsa Grondie: A Legendary Poem. By Levi Bishop. Printed for the Author. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Printers. 8vo. pp. 446.
- Beneath the Wheels: A Romance. By the author of "Olive Varcoe," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 173.
- Goethe's Herman and Dorothea. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 165.
- The Young Ship-Builders of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 304.
- A Marriage in High Life. By Mrs. Grey. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 118.
- Life of the Empress Josephine, Wife of Napoleon I. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 377.
- The Modern Job. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co. 12mo. pp. 124.
- Frank Wentworth; or, The Story of Hawthorn Hall. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 258.
- Studies in Literature. By S. W. Griffin. Baltimore: Henry C. Turnbull, Jr. 12mo. pp. 158.
- Life and Alone. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 407.





"I will keep my promise. I will never marry him till you consent."

[Sir Harry Hotspur, Chap. XVII.]